

THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE
SPECTATORS, TATLERS,
AND
GUARDIANS.

Connected and Digested under
ALPHABETICAL HEADS.

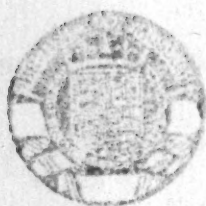
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL II.

DUBLIN:

Printed by SARAH COTTER, under Dick's Coffee-
House in Skinner-Row.

MDCCLXVII.



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OF THE
SECOND VOLUME.

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THE
B E A U T I E S
O F T H E

S P E C T A T O R S , T A T L E R S , &c.

E L O Q U E N C E .

Will's Coffee-house, September 9.

T H E Subject of the Discourse this Evening was Eloquence and graceful Action. *Lysander*, who is something particular in his Way of Thinking and Speaking, told us, a Man could not be Eloquent without Action : For the Deportment of the Body, the Turn of the Eye, and an apt Sound to every Word that is uttered, must all conspire to make an accomplished Speaker. Action in one that speaks in public, is the same Thing as a good Mein in ordinary Life. Thus, as a certain Insensibility in the Countenance recommends a Sentence of Humour and Jest, so it must be a very lively Consciousness that gives Grace to great Sentiments. The Jest is to be a Thing unexpected ;

VOL. II. B there-

therefore your undefigning Manner is a Beauty in Expressions of Mirth ; but when you are to talk on a Set Subject, the more you are moved yourself, the more you will move others.

There is, said he, a remarkable Example of that Kind. *Æschines*, a famous Orator of Antiquity, had pleaded at *Athens* in a great Cause against *Demosthenes* ; but having lost it, retired to *Rhodes*. Eloquence was then the Quality most admired among Men, and the Magistrates of that Place having heard he had a Copy of the Speech of *Demosthenes*, desired him to repeat both their Pleadings. After his own, he recited also the Oration of his Antagonist. The People expressed their Admiration of both, but more of that of *Demosthenes*. If you are, said he, thus touched with hearing only what that great Orator said, how would you have been affected had you seen him speak ? For he who hears *Demosthenes* only, loses much the better Part of the Oration. Certain it is, that they, who speak gracefully, are very lamely represented in having their Speeches read or repeated by unskilful People ; for there is something native to each Man, so inherent to his Thoughts and Sentiments, which is hardly possible for another to give a true Idea of. You may observe in common Talk, when a Sentence of any Man's is repeated, an Acquaintance of his shall immediately observe, *That is so like him, methinks I see how he looked when he said it.*

But of all the People on the Earth, there are none who puzzle me so much as the Clergy of *Great-Britain* who are, I believe, the most learned Body of Men now in the World ; and yet this Art of speaking, with the proper Ornaments of Voice and Gesture, is wholly neglected among them ; and I'll engage, were a deaf Man to behold the greater Part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the Contents only of some Discourse they intended to make, than actually in the Body of an Oration, even when they are upon Matters of such a Nature, as one would believe it were impossible to think of without Emotion.

I own there are Exceptions to this general Observation, and that the Dean we heard the other Day together

gether, is an Orator. He has so much Regard to his Congregation, that he commits to his Memory what he is to say to them; and has so soft and graceful a Behaviour, that it must attract your Attention. His Person, it is to be confessed, is no small Recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not losing that Advantage, and adding to the Propriety of Speech (which might pass the Criticism of *Longinus*) an Action which would have been approved by *Demosthenes*. He has a peculiar Force in his Way, and has many of his Audience who could not be intelligent Hearers of his Discourse, were there not Explanation as well as Grace in his Action. This Art of his is used with the most exact and honest Skill: He never attempts your Passions till he has convinced your Reason. All the Objections which he can form, are laid open and dispersed, before he uses the least Vehemence in his Sermon; but when he thinks he has your Head, he very soon wins your Heart; and never pretends to shew the Beauty of Holiness, till he hath convinced you of the Truth of it.

Would every one of our Clergymen be thus careful to recommend Truth and Virtue in their proper Figures, and shew so much Concern for them as to give them all the additional Force they were able, it is not possible that Nonsense should have so many Hearers as you find it has in Dissenting Congregations, for no Reason in the World, but because it is spoken *Extempore*: For ordinary Minds are wholly governed by their Eyes and Ears, and there is no Way to come at their Hearts, but by Power over their Imaginations.

There is my Friend and merry Companion *Daniel*: He knows a great deal better than he speaks, and can form a proper Discourse as well as any Orthodox Neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out, my Beloved; and the Words Grace! Regeneration! Sanctification! a new Light! The Day! The Day! Ah, my Beloved, the Day! or rather the Night! The Night is coming! and Judgment will come, when we least think of it! And so forth.——He knows, to be vehement is the only Way to come at his Audience. *Daniel*, when he sees my Friend *Greenbat* come in, can

give a good Hint, and cry out, This is only for the Saints ! The regenerated ! By this Force of Action, though mixed with all the Incoherence and Ribaldry imaginable, *Daniel* can laugh at his Diocesan, and grow fat by voluntary Subscription, while the Parson of the Praish goes to Law for half his Dues. *Daniel* will tell you, It is not the Shepherd, but the Sheep with the Bell, which the Flock follows.

Another Thing, very wonderful this learned Body should omit, is, Learning to read ; which is a most necessary Part of Eloquence in one who is to serve at the Altar : For there is no Man but must be sensible, that the lazy Tone, and inarticulate Sound of our common Readers, depreciates the most proper Form of Words that were ever extant in any Nation or Language, to speak their own Wants, or his Power from whom we ask Relief.

There cannot be a greater Instance of the Power of Action than in little Parson *Dapper*, who is the common Relief of all the lazy Pulpits in Town. This smart Youth has a very good Memory, a quick Eye, and a clean Handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his Text, shuts his Book fairly, shews he has no Notes in his Bible, opens both Palms, and shews all is fair there too. Thus with a decisive Air, my young Man goes on without Hesitation ; and though from the Beginning to the End of his pretty Discourse he has not used one proper Gesture, yet at the Conclusion the Churchwarden pulls his Gloves from off his Hands ; *Pray, who is this extraordinary young Man ?* Thus the Force of Action is such, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the Reason and Argument in the World without it. This Gentleman concluded his Discourse by saying, I do not doubt but if our Preachers would learn to speak, and our Readers to read, within six Months Time we should not have a Dissenter within a Mile of a Church in *Great-Britain*.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 66

EMILIA, her Character.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IF this Paper has the good Fortune to be honoured with a Place in your Writings, I shall be the more pleased, because the Character of *Emilia* is not an imaginary but a real one. I have industriously obscured the whole by the Addition of one or two Circumstances of no Consequence, that the Person it is drawn from might still be concealed; and that the Writer of it might not be in the least suspected, and for some other Reasons, I choose not to give it the Form of a Letter: But, if besides the Faults of the Composition, there be any thing in it more proper for a Correspondent than the SPECTATOR himself to write, I submit it to your better Judgment, to receive any other Model you think fit.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

There is nothing which gives one so pleasing a Prospect of human Nature, as the Contemplation of Wisdom and Beauty: The latter is the peculiar Portion of that Sex which is therefore called Fair; but the happy Concurrence of both these Excellencies in the same Person, is a Character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weening self-sufficient thing, careless of providing itself any more substantial Ornaments; nay so little does it consult its own Interests, that it too often defeats itself by betraying that Innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore Virtue makes a beautiful Woman appear more beautiful, so Beauty makes a virtuous Woman really more virtuous. Whilst I am considering these two Perfections gloriously united in one Person, I cannot help representing to my Mind the Image of *Emilia*.

Whoever beheld the charming *Emilia*, without feeling in his Breast at once the Glow of Love and the Tenderness of virtuous Friendship? The unstudied Graces of her Behaviour, and the pleasing Accents of her Tongue,

insensibly draw you on to wish for a nearer Enjoyment of them ; but even her Smiles carry in them a silent Reproof to the Impulses of licentious Love. Thus tho' the Attractives of her Beauty play almost irresistibly upon you and create Desire, you immediately stand corrected, not by the Severity but the Decency of her Virtue. That Sweetness and Good-humour which is so visible in her Face, naturally diffuses itself into every Word and Action : A Man must be a Savage, who, at the Sight of *Emilia*, is not more inclined to do her Good than gratify himself. Her Person, as it is thus studiously embellished by Nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated Graces, is a fit Lodging for a Mind so fair and lovely ; there dwell rational Piety, modest Hope, and cheerful Resignation.

Many of the prevailing Passions of Mankind do undeservedly pass under the Name of Religion ; which is thus made to express itself in Action, according to the Nature of the Constitution in which it resides : So that were we to make a Judgment from Appearances, one would imagine Religion in some is little better than Sullenness and Reserve, in many Fear, in others the Despondings of a melancholy Complexion, in others the Formality of insignificant unaffecting Observances, in others Severity, in others Ostentation. In *Emilia* it is a Principle founded in Reason and enlivened with Hope ; it does not break forth into irregular Fits and Sallies of Devotion, but is an uniform and consistent Tenour of Action : It is strict without Severity, compassionate without Weakness ; it is the Perfection of that Good-humour which proceeds from the Understanding, not the Effects of an easy Constitution.

By a generous Sympathy in Nature, we feel ourselves disposed to mourn when any of our Fellow-Creatures are afflicted ; but injured Innocence and Beauty in Distress, is an Object that carries in it something inexpressibly moving : It softens the most manly Heart with the tenderest Sensations of Love and Compassion, 'till at length it confesses its Humanity, and flows out into Tears.

Were I to relate that part of *Emilia's* Life which has given her an Opportunity of exerting the Heroism of Christianity, it would make too sad, too tender a Story :

But

But when I consider her alone in the midst of her Distresses, looking beyond this gloomy Vale of Affliction and Sorrow into the Joys of Heaven and Immortality, and when I see her in Conversation thoughtless and easy, as if she were the most happy Creature in the World, I am transported with Admiration. Surely never did such a Philosophic Soul inhabit such a beautiful Form ! For Beauty is often made a Privilege against Thought and Reflection ; it laughs at Wisdom, and will not abide the Gravity of its Instructions.

Were I able to represent *Emilia's* Virtues in their proper Colours and their due Proportions, Love or Flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the Picture larger than Life ; but as this is but an imperfect Draught of so excellent a Character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any Interest in her Person, all that I can say of her is but impartial Praise extorted from me by the prevailing Brightness of her Virtues. So rare a Pattern of Female Excellence ought not to be concealed, but should be set out to the View and Imitation of the World ; for how amiable does Virtue appear thus as it were made visible to us in so fair an Example !

Honoria's Disposition is of a very different Turn : Her Thoughts are wholly bent upon Conquest and arbitrary Power. That she has some Wit and Beauty no Body denies, and therefore has the Esteem of all her Acquaintance as a Woman of an agreeable Person and Conversation ; but (whatever her Husband may think of it) that is not sufficient for *Honoria* : She waves that Title to Respect as a mean Acquisition, and demands Veneration in the Right of an Idol ; for this Reason her natural Desire of Life is continually checked with an inconsistent Fear of Wrinkles and old Age.

Emilia cannot be supposed ignorant of her personal Charms, tho' she seems to be so ; but she will not hold her Happiness upon so precarious a Tenure, whilst her Mind is adorned with Beauties of a more exalted and lasting Nature. When in the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty we saw her surrounded with a Crowd of Adorers, she took no Pleasure in Slaughter and Destruction, gave no false deluding Hopes which might increase the Torments of her disappointed Lovers ; but having for some

Time given to the Decency of a Virgin Coyness, and examined the Merit of their several Pretensions, she at length gratified her own, by resigning herself to the ardent Passion of *Bromius*. *Bromius* was then Master of many good Qualities and a moderate Fortune, which was soon after unexpectedly increased to a plentiful Estate. This for a good while proved his Misfortune, as it furnished unexperienced Age with the Opportunities of evil Company and a sensual Life. He might have longer wandered in the Labyrinths of Vice and Folly, had not *Emilia's* prudent Conduct won him over to the Government of his Reason. Her Ingenuity has been constantly employed in humanizing his Passions and refining his Pleasures. She has shewed him by her own Example, that Virtue is consistent with decent Freedoms and good Humour, or rather, that it cannot subsist without 'em. Her good Sense readily instructed her, that a silent Example, and an easy unrepining Behaviour, will always be more persuasive than the Severity of Lectures and Admonitions; and that there is so much Pride interwoven into the Make of human Nature, than an obstinate Man must only take the Hint from another, and then be left to advise and correct himself. Thus by an artful Train of Management and unseen Persuasions, having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this Advantage, by approving it as his Thought, and seconding it as his Proposal. By this Means she has gained an Interest in some of his leading Passions, and made them accessary to his Reformation

There is another Particular of *Emilia's* Conduct which I can't forbear mentioning: To some perhaps it may at first Sight appear but a trifling inconsiderable Circumstance; but, for my Part, I think it highly worthy of Observation, and to be recommended to the Consideration of the Fair Sex. I have often thought wrapping Gowns and dirty Linen, with all that huddled Oeconomy of Dress which passes under the general Name of a Mob, the Bane of conjugal Love, and one of the readiest Means imaginable to alienate the Affection of an Husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some Ladies,
 who

who have been surpris'd by Company in such a Dishabille, apologize for it after this Manner; *Truly I am ashamed to be caught in this Pickle; but my Husband and I were sitting all alone by ourselves, and I did not expect to see such good Company* — This, by the way, is a fine Compliment to the good Man, which 'tis ten to one but he returns in dogged Answers and a churlish Behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of Humour.

Emilia's Observation teaches her, that as little Inadvertencies and Neglects cast a Blemish upon a great Character; so the Neglect of Apparel, even among the most intimate Friends, does insensibly lessen their Regards to each other, by creating a Familiarity too low and contemptible. She understands the Importance of those Things which the Generality account Trifles; and considers every Thing as a Matter of Consequence, that has the least Tendency toward keeping up or abating the Affection of her Husband; him she esteems as a fit Object to employ her Ingenuity in pleasing, because he is to be pleased for Life.

By the Help of these, and a thousand other nameless Arts, which 'tis easier for her to practise than for another to express, by the Obstinacy of her Goodness and unprovoked Submission, in spite of all her Afflictions and ill Usage, *Bromius* is become a Man of Sense and a kind Husband, and *Emilia* a happy Wife.

Ye Guardian Angels, to whose Care Heaven has intrusted its dear *Emilia*, guide her still forward in the Paths of Virtue, defend her from the Insolence and Wrongs of this undiscerning World; at length when we must no more converse with such Purity on Earth, lead her gently hence, innocent and unreprieveable, to a better Place, where by an easy Transition from what she now is, she may shine forth an Angel of Light. T.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 302.

Character of the ENGLISH.

THERE is nothing, says Plato, so delightful, as the bearing or speaking of Truth. For this Reason there is no Conversation so agreeable as that of the Man of Integrity, who hears without any Intention to betray, and speaks without any Intention to deceive.

Among all the Accounts which are given of *Cato*, I do not remember one that more redounds to his Honour than the following Passage related by *Plutarch*. As an Advocate was pleading the Cause of his Client before one of the Prætors, he could only produce a single Witness in a Point where the Law required the Testimony of two Persons; upon which the Advocate insisted on the Integrity of that Person whom he had produced: but the Prætor told him, That where the Law required two Witnesses he would not accept of one, tho' it were *Cato* himself. Such a Speech from a Person who sat at the Head of a Court of Justice, while *Cato* was still living, shews us more than a thousand Examples, the high Reputation this great Man had gained among his Cotemporaries upon the Account of his Sincerity.

When such an inflexible Integrity is a little softened and qualified by the Rules of Conversation and Good-breeding, there is not a more shining Virtue in the whole Catalogue of social Duties. A Man however ought to take great Care not to polish himself out of his Veracity, nor to refine his Behaviour to the Prejudice of his Virtue.

This Subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant Sermon of the great *British* Preacher. I shall beg leave to transcribe out of it two or three Sentences, as a proper Introduction to a very curious Letter, which I shall make the chief Entertainment of this Speculation.

‘ The old *English* Plainness and Sincerity, that generous Integrity of Nature, and Honesty of Disposition, which always argues true Greatness of Mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted Courage and Resolution, is in a great measure lost among us.

‘ The Dialect of Conversation is now-a-days so swelled with Vanity and Compliment, and so surfeited (as

‘ I may say) of Expressions of Kindness and Respect,
 ‘ that if a Man that lived an Age or two ago, should
 ‘ return into the World again, he would really want
 ‘ a Dictionary to help him to understand his own Lan-
 ‘ guage, and to know the true intrinsick Value of the
 ‘ Phrase in fashion; and would hardly, at first, believe
 ‘ at what a low Rate the highest Strains and Expressions
 ‘ of Kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current
 ‘ Payment; and when we should come to understand
 ‘ it, it would be a great while before he could bring
 ‘ himself, with a good Countenance and a good Con-
 ‘ science, to converse with Men upon equal Terms and
 ‘ in their own Way.

I have by me a Letter which I look upon as a great Curiosity, and which may serve as an Exemplification to the foregoing Passage, cited out of this most excellent Prelate. It is said to have been written in King Charles II’s Reign by the Ambassador of *Bantam*, a little after his Arrival in *England*.

Master,

‘ **T**HE People, where I now am, have Tongues
 ‘ further from their Hearts than from *London* to
 ‘ *Bantam*, and thou knowest the Inhabitants of one
 ‘ of these Places do not know what is done in the other.
 ‘ They call thee and thy Subjects Barbarians, because we
 ‘ speak what we mean; and account themselves a civi-
 ‘ lized People, because they speak one thing and mean
 ‘ another: Truth they call Barbarity, and Falshood
 ‘ Politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent
 ‘ from the King to this Place to meet me, told me,
 ‘ *That he was extremely sorry for the Storm I had met*
 ‘ *with just before my Arrival.* I was troubled to hear him
 ‘ grieve and afflict himself upon my Account; but in
 ‘ less than a Quarter of an Hour he smiled, and was as
 ‘ merry as if nothing had happened. Another, who
 ‘ came with him, told me by my Interpreter, *He should*
 ‘ *be glad to do me any Service that lay in his Power.* Up-
 ‘ on which I desir’d him to carry one of my Portman-
 ‘ tuas for me; but instead of serving me according to
 ‘ his Promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I
 ‘ lodged, the first Week, at the House of one who de-
 ‘ fired

‘ fired me to think myself at home, and to consider his
 ‘ House as my own. Accordingly, I the next Morning
 ‘ began to knock down one of the Walls of it, in order
 ‘ to let in the fresh Air, and had packed up some of
 ‘ the Household-Goods, of which I intended to have
 ‘ made thee a present ; but the false Varlet no sooner
 ‘ saw me falling to Work, but he sent Word to desire
 ‘ me to give over, for he would have no such Doings in
 ‘ his House. I had not been long in this Nation, be-
 ‘ fore I was told by one, for whom I had asked a cer-
 ‘ tain Favour from the Chief of the King’s Servants,
 ‘ whom they here call the Lord-Treasurer, That I had
 ‘ eternally obliged him. I was so surpris’d at this Grati-
 ‘ tude, that I could not forbear saying, what Service is
 ‘ there which one Man can do for another, that can
 ‘ oblige him to all Eternity ! However, I only asked
 ‘ him, for my Reward, that he would lend me his eld-
 ‘ est Daughter during my Stay in this Country ; but I
 ‘ quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest
 ‘ of his Countrymen.

‘ At my first going to Court, one of the great Men
 ‘ almost put me out of Countenance, by asking *ten*
 ‘ *thousand Pardons* of me for only treading by Accident
 ‘ upon my Toe. They call this kind of Lye a Com-
 ‘ pliment ; for when they are civil to a great Man, they
 ‘ tell him Untruths, for which thou wouldest order any
 ‘ of thy Officers of State to receive a hundred Blows
 ‘ upon his Foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate
 ‘ any thing with this People, since there is so little Cre-
 ‘ dit to be given to them. When I go to see the King’s
 ‘ Scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, tho’
 ‘ perhaps I saw him go into his House almost the very
 ‘ Moment before. Thou wouldest fancy the whole
 ‘ Nation are Physicians, for the first Question they al-
 ‘ ways ask me, is, *How I do* : I have this Question put
 ‘ to me above a hundred times a Day. Nay, they are
 ‘ not only thus inquisitive after my Health, but with it
 ‘ in a more solemn Manner, with a full Glas in their
 ‘ Hands, every time I sit with them at Table, tho’ at
 ‘ the same time they would persuade me to drink their
 ‘ Liquors in such Quantities as I have found by Expe-
 ‘ rience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray

pray for my Health also in the same Manner; but I have more Reason to expect it from the Goodness of thy Constitution, than the Sincerity of their Wishes. May thy Slave escape in Safety from this double-tongued Race of Men, and live to lay himself once more at thy Feet in thy Royal City of *Bantam*.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 557.

ENGLISH *Language*.

I HAVE somewhere read of an eminent Person, who used in his private Offices of Devotion, to give Thanks to Heaven that he was born a *Frenchman*: For my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar Blessing that I was born an *Englishman*. Among many other Reasons, I think myself very happy in my Country, as the *Language* of it is wonderfully adapted to a Man who is sparing of his Words, and an Enemy to Loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good Fortune in this Particular, I shall communicate to the Publick my Speculations upon the *English* Tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious Readers.

The *English* delight in Silence more than any other *European* Nation, if the Remarks which are made on us by Foreigners are true. Our Discourse is not kept up in Conversation, but falls into more Pauses and Intervals than our Neighbouring Countries; as it is observed, that the Matter of our Writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower Compass than is usual in the Works of Foreign Authors: For, to favour our natural Taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our Thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a Birth to our Conceptions as possible.

This Humour shews itself in several Remarks that we may make upon the *English* Language. As first of all by its abounding in Monosyllables, gives us an Opportunity of delivering our Thoughts in few Sounds. This indeed takes off from the Elegance of our Tongue, but at the same time expresses our Ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first Design of Speech

Speech better than the Multitude of Syllables, which make the Words of other Languages more Tunable and Sonorous. The Sound of our *English* Words are commonly like those of String Musick, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single Touch; those of other Languages are like the Notes of Wind Instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthen'd out into variety of Modulation.

In the next Place we may observe, that where the Words are not Monosyllables, we often make them so as much as lies in our Power, by our Rapidity of Pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long Words which are derived from the *Latin*, where we contract the Length of the Syllables that gives them a grave and solemn Air in their own Language, to make them the more proper for Dispatch, and more conformable to the Genius of our Tongue. This we may find in a Multitude of Words, as *Liberty, Conspiracy, Theatre, Orator*, &c.

The same natural Aversion to Loquacity has of late Years made a very considerable Alteration in our Language, by closing in one Syllable the Termination of our Præterperfect Tense, as in these Words, *drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd*, for *drowned, walked, arrived*, which has very much disfigured the Tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest Words into so many Clusters of Consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of Vowels in our Language has been the general Complaint of our politest Authors, who nevertheless are the Men that have made these Retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former Scarcity.

This Reflection on the Words that end in *ed*, I have heard in Conversation from one of the greatest Geniuses this Age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing Observation, the Change which has happened in our Language, by the Abbreviation of several Words that are determined in *eth*, by substituting an *s* in the room of the last Syllable, as in *drowns, walks, arrives* and innumerable other Words, which in the Pronunciation of our Forefathers were *drowneth, walketh, arriveth*. This has wonderfully multiplied a Letter which was before too frequent in the *English* Tongue, and added

added to that *biffing* in our Language, which is taken so much notice of by Foreigners; but at the same time humours our Taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous Syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single Letter on many Occasions does the Office of a whole Word, and represents the *His* and *Her* of our Forefathers. There is no doubt but the Ear of a Foreigner, which is the best Judge in this Case, would very much disapprove of such Innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some Measure, by retaining the old Termination in Writing, and in all the solemn Offices of our Religion.

As in the Instances I have given we have epitomized many of our peculiar Words to the Detriment of our Tongue, so on other Occasions we have drawn two Words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our Language, and clogged it with Consonants, as *mayn't*, *can't*, *shan't*, *won't*, and the like, for *may not*, *can not*, *shall not*, *will not*, &c.

It is perhaps this Humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our Words, that in familiar Writings and Conversations they often lose all but their first Syllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. incog* and the like; and as all ridiculous Words make their first Entry into a Language by familiar Phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a Part of our Tongue. We see some of our Poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate *Hudibras's* Doggrel Expressions in their serious Compositions, by throwing out the Signs of our Substantives, which are essential to the *English* Language. Nay, this Humour of shortning our Language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated Authors, among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger L'Estrange* in particular, began to prune their Words of all superfluous Letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the Spelling to the Pronunciation; which would have confounded all our Etymologies, and have quite destroyed our Tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper Names when familiarized in *English*, generally dwindle to Monosyllables, whereas in other modern Languages they

they receive a softer Turn on this Occasion, by the Addition of a new Syllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is *Nicolini*; *Jack* in *French* *Janot*; and so of the rest.

There is another Particular in our Language which is a great Instance of our Frugality of Words, and that is the suppressing of several Particles which must be produced in other Tongues to make a Sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best Writers, when they find the Relatives *whom*, *which*, or *they*, at their Mercy, whether they may have Admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an Academy, that by the best Authorities and Rules drawn from the Analogy of Languages, shall settle all Controversies between Grammar and Idiom.

I have only considered our Language as it shews the Genius and natural Temper of the *English*, which is modest, thoughtful and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the People, though it has spoiled the Tongue. We might perhaps carry the same Thought into other Languages, and deduce a great Part of what is peculiar to them from the Genius of the People who speak them. It is certain, the light talkative Humour of the *French* has not a little infected their Tongue, which might be shewn by many Instances; as the Genius of the *Italians*, which is so much addicted to Musick and Ceremony, has moulded all their Words and Phrases to those particular Uses. The Stateliness and Gravity of the *Spaniards* shew itself to perfection in the Solemnity of their Language, and the blunt honest Humour of the *Germans* found better in the Roughness of the *Highb Dutch* than it would in a politer Tongue.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 165. C

I have often wish'd, that as in our Constitution there are several Persons whose Business is to watch over our Laws, our Liberties and Commerce, certain Men might be set apart as Superintendents of our Language, to hinder any Words of a Foreign Coin from passing among us; and in particular to prohibit any *French* Phrases from becoming current in this Kingdom, when those of our own Stamp are altogether as valuable. The present War has so adulterated our Tongue with

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strange Words, that it would be impossible for one of our great Grandfathers to know what his Posterity have been doing, were he to read their Exploits in a modern News Paper. Our Warriors are very industrious in propagating the *French* Language, at the same Time that they are so gloriously successful in beating down their Power. Our Soldiers are Men of strong Heads for Action, and perform such Feats as they are not able to express. They want Words in their own Tongue to tell us what it is they achieve, and therefore send us over Accounts of their Performances in a Jargon of Phrases, which they learn among their conquered Enemies. They ought however to be provided with Secretaries, and assisted by our foreign Ministers, to tell their Story for them in plain *English*, and to let us know in our Mother Tongue what it is our brave Countrymen are about. The *French* would indeed be in the right to publish the News of the present War in *English* Phrase, and make their Campaigns unintelligible. Their People might flatter themselves that Things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with foreign Terms, and thrown into Shades and Obscurity; but the *English* cannot be too clear in the Narrative of those Actions which have rais'd their Country to a higher Pitch of Glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that Time a Siege is carried on two or three Days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable Difficulties, that I scarce know which Side has the better of it, till I am inform'd by the Tower Guns that the Place is surrendered. I do indeed make some Allowances for this Part of the War, Fortifications having been foreign Inventions, and upon that Account abounding in foreign Terms. But when we have won Battles which may be described in our own Language, why are our Papers filled with so many unintelligible Exploits, and the *French* obliged to lend us a Part of their Tongue before we can know how they are conquered? They must be made necessary to their own Disgrace, as the *Britons* were formerly so artificially wrought in the Curtain of the *Roman* Theatre, that they seemed to draw it up in order to give the Spectators

Spectators an Opportunity of seeing their own Defeat celebrated upon the Stage: For so Mr. *Dryden* has translated that Verse in *Virgil*:

Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britanni.

Georg. 3. v. 25.

Which interwoven *Britons* seem to raise,
And shew the Triumph that their Shame displays.

The Histories of all our former Wars are transmitted to us in our Vernacular Idiom, to use the Phrase of a great modern Critick. I do not find, in any of our Chronicles, that *Edward* the III. ever reconnoitred the Enemy, though he often discovered the Posture of the *French*, and as often vanquished them in Battle. The *Black Prince* passed many a River without the Help of pontoons, and filled a Ditch with Faggots as successfully as the Generals of our Times do it with Fascines. Our Commanders loose half their Praise, and our People half their Joy, by means of those hard Words and dark Expressions in which our News Papers do so much abound. I have seen many a prudent Citizen, after having read every Article, inquire of his next Neighbour what News the Mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable Year when our Country was delivered from the greatest Fears and Apprehensions, and raised to the greatest Height of Gladness it had ever felt since it was a Nation, I mean the Year of *Blenheim*, I had a Copy of a Letter sent me out of the Country, which was written from a young Gentleman in the Army to his Father, a Man of good Estate and plain Sense: As the Letter was very modestly chequered with this modern military Eloquence, I shall present my Reader with a Copy of it.

S I R,

‘ UPON the Junction of the *French* and *Bavarian*
‘ Armies they took Post behind a great Morass
‘ which they thought impracticable. Our General the
‘ next Day sent a Party of Horse to reconnoitre them
‘ from a little Hauteur, at about a Quarter of an
‘ Hour’s Distance from the Army, who returned again

to the Camp unobserved through several Defiles, in one of which they met with a Party of *French* that had been Marauding, and made them all Prisoners at Discretion. The Day after a Drum arrived at our Camp, with a Message which he would communicate to none but the General; he was followed by a Trumpet, who they say behaved himself very saucily, with a Message from the Duke of *Bavaria*. The next Morning our Army being divided into two Corps, made a Movement towards the Enemy: You will hear in the public Prints how we treated them, with the other Circumstances of that glorious Day. I had the Good-fortune to be in that Regiment that pushed the *Gen d'Armes*. Several *French* Battalions, whom some say were a Corps de Reserve, made a Shew of Resistance; but it only proved a Gasconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little Fossé, in order to attack them, they beat the Chamade, and sent us *Charte Blanche*. Their Commandant, with a great many other General Officers, and Troops without number, are made Prisoners of War, and will I believe give you a Visit in *England*, the Cartel not being yet settled. Not questioning but these Particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful Son, &c.'

The Father of the young Gentleman upon the Perusal of the Letter found it contained great News, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the Curate of the Parish, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of a Passion, and told him that his Son had sent him a Letter that was neither Fish, Flesh, nor good Red-Herring. I wish, says he, the Captain may be *Compos Mentis*, he talks of a saucy Trumpet, and a Drum that carries Messages; then who is this *Charte Blanche*? He must either banter us, or he is out of his Senses. The Father, who always looked upon the Curate as a learned Man, began to fret inwardly at his Son's Usage, and producing a Letter which he had written to him about three Posts before

before, You see here, says he, when he writes for Money he knows how to speak intelligibly enough: there is no Man in *England* can express himself clearly when he wants a new Furniture for his Horse. In short the old Man was so puzzled upon the Point, that he might have fared ill with his Son, had he not seen at the Prints about three Days after filled with the same Terms of Art, and that *Charles* only writ like other Men.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 165

SIR,

‘ I am an old Man retired from all Acquaintance with the Town, but what I have from your Paper (not the worst Entertainment of my Solitude;) yet being still a Well-wisher to my Country, and the Common-wealth of Learning, (*à qua confiteor nullam Etatis meae partem abhorruisse*) and hoping the Plain Phrase in Writing that was current in my younger Days would have lasted for my Time. I was startled at the Picture of modern Politeness, (transmitted by your ingenious Correspondent) and grieved to see our Sterling *English* Language fallen into the Hands of *Clippers* and *Coiners*. That mutilated Epistle, consisting of *Hippo*, *Rep’s*, and such like enormous Cur tailings, was a mortifying Spectacle, but with the Reserve of Comfort to find this and other Abuses of our Mother Tongue, so pathetically complained of, and to the proper Person for redressing them, the Censor of *Great Britain*.

‘ He had before represented the deplorable Ignorance that for several Years past has reigned amongst our *English Writers*, the great Depravity of our Taste, and continual Corruption of our Style. But, Sir, before you give yourself the Trouble of prescribing Remedies for these Distempers (which you own will require the greatest Care and Application) give me Leave (having long had my Eye upon these Mischiefs, and Thoughts exercised about them) to mention what I humbly conceive to be the Cause of them, and in your Friend *Horace’s* Words, *Quo fonte derivatae clades in patriam populumque fluxit*.

‘ I take

I take our corrupt Ways of Writing to proceed from the Mistakes and wrong Measures in our common Methods of *Education*, which I always looked upon as one of our national Grievances, and a Singularity that renders us, no less than our Situation,

— *Penitus toto advisos orbe Britannos.*

This puts me upon consulting the most celebrated Critics on that Subject, to compare our Practice with their Precepts, and find where it was that we came short or went wide.

‘ But after all, I found our Case required something more than these Doctors had directed, and the principal Defect of our *English* Discipline to lie in the *Initiatory* Part, which although it needs the greatest Care and Skill, is usually left to the Conduct of those blind Guides, *viz.* Chance and Ignorance.

‘ I shall trouble you but with a single Instance, pursuant to what your sagacious Friend has said, That he could furnish you with a Catalogue of *English Books*, that would cost you an hundred Pounds at first Hand, wherein you could not find ten Lines together of common Grammar; which is a necessary Consequence of Mismanagement in that Province.

‘ For can any thing be more absurd than our Way of Proceeding in this Part of Literature? To push tender Wits into the intricate Mazes of Grammar, and a *Latin* Grammar? To learn an unknown Art by an unknown Tongue? To carry them a dark round-about Way to let them in at a Back-door? Whereas by teaching them first the Grammar of their Mother Tongue (so easy to be learned) their Advance to the Grammars of *Latin* and *Greek* would be gradual and easy; but our precipitate Way of hurrying them over such a *Gulph*, before we have built them a *Bridge* to it, is a Shock to their weak Understandings, which they seldom, or very late, recover. In the mean Time we wrong Nature, and slender Infants, who want neither Capacity nor Will to learn, till we put them upon Service beyond their Strength, and then indeed we baulk them.

‘ The

‘ The Liberal Arts and Sciences are all beautiful
 ‘ the Graces ; nor has *Grammar* (the severe Mother
 ‘ all) so frightful a Face of her own ; it is the *Vizor*
 ‘ put upon it that scares Children. She is made to spe
 ‘ hard Words, that to them sound like Conjurin
 ‘ Let her talk intelligibly, and they will listen to her

‘ In this, I think, as ca other Accounts, we she
 ‘ ourselves true *Britains*, always overlooking our nat
 ‘ ral Advantages. It has been the Practice of the wife
 ‘ Nations to learn their own Language by stated Rule
 ‘ to avoid the Confusion that would follow from lea
 ‘ ing it to vulgar Use. Our *English* Tongue (says
 ‘ learned Man) is the most determinate in its Construc
 ‘ tion, and reducible to the fewest Rules ; whatev
 ‘ Language has less Grammar in it, is not intelligible
 ‘ and whatever has more, all that it has more is supe
 ‘ fluous ; for which Reasons he would have it made th
 ‘ Foundation of learning *Latin*, and all other La
 ‘ guages.

‘ To speak and write without Absurdity the Language
 ‘ of one’s Country, is commendable in Persons of all St
 ‘ tions, and to some indispensably necessary ; and to th
 ‘ Purpose I would recommend above all Things the h
 ‘ ving a *Grammar* of our Mother Tongue first taught
 ‘ our Schools, which would facilitate our Youths lea
 ‘ ing their *Latin* and *Greek Grammars*, with spare Tim
 ‘ for Arithmetic, Astronomy, Cosmography, History
 ‘ &c. that would make them pass the Spring of the
 ‘ Life with Profit and Pleasure, that is now miserabl
 ‘ spent in Grammatical Perplexities.

‘ But here, methinks, I see the Reader smile, and
 ‘ ready to ask me (as the Lawyer did Sexton *Diego* o
 ‘ his bequeathing rich Legacies to the Poor of the Pa
 ‘ rish, where are these mighty Sums to be raised ?
 ‘ where is there such a *Grammar* to be had ? I will no
 ‘ answer, as he did, Even where your Worship please
 ‘ No, it is our good Fortune to have such a *Gram*
 ‘ *mar* with Notes, now in the Press, and to be publi
 ‘ ed next Term.

‘ I hear it is a chargeable Work, and with the Pub
 ‘ lisher to have Customers of all that have need of suc
 ‘ a Book ; yet fancy that he cannot be such a Sufferer,

‘ it is only bought by all that have more Need of it
‘ than they think they have.

‘ A certain Author brought a Poem to Mr. *Cowley*,
‘ for his Perusal and Judgment of the Performance,
‘ which he demanded at the next Visit with a Poetaster’s
‘ Assurance; and Mr. *Cowley*, with his usual Mo-
‘ desty, desired that he would be pleased to look a
‘ little to the *Grammar* of it. To the Grammar of it!
‘ What do you mean, Sir, Would you send me to
‘ School again? Why Mr. ———, Would it do you
‘ any Harm?

‘ This put me on considering how this Voyage of
‘ Literature may be made with more Safety and Profit,
‘ Expedition and Delight; and at last, for compleating
‘ so good a Service, to request your Directions in so de-
‘ plorable a Case; hoping that, as you have had Com-
‘ passion on our over-grown Coxcombs in Concerns of
‘ less Consequence, you will exert your Charity towards
‘ Innocents, and vouchsafe to be Guardian to the Chil-
‘ dren and Youth of *Great Britain* in this important
‘ Affair of *Education*, wherein Mistakes and wrong
‘ Measures have so often occasioned their Aversion to
‘ Books, that had otherwise proved the chief Orna-
‘ ment and Pleasure of their Life. I am with sincerest
‘ Respect,

S I R,

Yours, &c.

ENVY.

OBSERVING one Person behold another, who
was an utter Stranger to him, with a Cast of his
Eye, which, methought, expressed an Emotion of
Heart very different from what could be raised by an
Object so agreeable as the Gentleman he looked at, I
began to consider, not without some secret Sorrow, the
Condition of an envious Man. Some have fancied that
Envy has a certain magical Force in it, and that the
Eyes of the Envious have by their Fascination blasted
the Enjoyments of the Happy. Sir *Francis Bacon* says,
Some have been so curious as to remark the Times
and

and Seasons when the Stroke of an envious Eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the Person envied has been in any Circumstance of Glory and Triumph. At Such a time the Mind of the prosperous Man goes, as it were, abroad among Things without him, and is more exposed to the Malignity. But I shall not dwell upon Speculation so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent Things which one might collect out of Authors upon this miserable Affection; but keeping in the Road of common Life, consider the Envious Man with relation to these three Heads, His Pains, His Reliefs, and His Happiness.

The Envious man is in Pain upon all Occasions which ought to give him Pleasure. The Relish of his Life is inverted; and the Objects which administer the highest Satisfaction to those who are exempt from this Passion give the quickest Pangs to Persons who are subject to it. All the Perfections of their Fellow Creatures are odious to him. Youth, Beauty, Valour, and Wisdom are Provocations of their Displeasure. What a wretched and apostate State is this! To be offended with Excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The Condition of the Envious Man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's Merit or Success, but lives in a World wherein all Mankind are in a Plot against his Quiet, by studying their own Happiness and Advantage. *Will Prosper* is an honest Tale-bearer, he makes it his Business to join in Conversation with Envious Men. He points to such an handsome young Fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great Fortune: When they doubt, he adds Circumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their Distress, by assuring 'em, that, to his Knowledge he has an Uncle will leave him some Thousands. *Will* has many Arts of this kind to torture this sort of Temper, and delights in it. When he finds them changing Colour, and say faintly they wish such a Piece of News is true, he has the Malice to speak some good or other of every Man of their Acquaintance.

The Reliefs of the Envious Man are those little Blemishes and Imperfections that discover themselves in a
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illustrious Character. It is matter of great Consolation to an envious Person, when a Man of known Honour does a thing unworthy himself: Or when any Action which was well executed, upon better Information appears so altered in its Circumstances, that the Fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to One. This is a secret Satisfaction to these Malignants; for the Person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own Condition as soon as his Merit is shared among others. I remember some Years ago there came out an excellent Poem without the Name of the Author. The little Wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in Pieces the supposed Writer. When that would not do, they took great Pains to suppress the Opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next Refuge was to say it was overlooked by one Man, and many Pages wholly written by another. An honest Fellow, who sat among a Cluster of them in debate on this Subject, cried out, *Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had a Hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.* But the most usual Succour to the Envious, in Cases of nameless Merit in this Kind, is to keep the Property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the Reputation of it from falling upon any particular Person. You see an Envious Man clear up his Countenance, if in the Relation of any Man's great Happiness in one Point, you mention his Uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many Children. In a Word, the only sure Way to an envious Man's Favour is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious Man in Delight, it is like reading the Seat of a Giant in a Romance; the Magnificence of his House consists in the many Limbs of Men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves Success in any uncommon Undertaking miscarry in the Attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been useful and laudable meets with Contempt and Derision, the envious Man, under the Colour of

hating Vain-glory, can smile with an inward Wantonness of Heart at the ill Effect it may have upon an honest Ambition for the future.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 19.

It is the Business of Reason and Philosophy to sooth and allay the Passions of the Mind, or turn them to a vigorous Prosecution of what is dictated by the Understanding. In order to this good End, I would keep a watchful Eye upon the growing Inclinations of Youth, and be peculiarly careful to prevent their indulging themselves in such Sentiments as may imbitter their more advanced Age. I have now under Cure a young Gentleman, who lately communicated to me, that he was of all Men living the most miserably envious. I desired the Circumstances of his Distemper; upon which, with a Sigh that would have moved the most inhuman Breast, ‘ Mr. *Bickerstaff*, said he, I am Nephew to a Gentleman of a very great Estate, to whose Favour I have a Cousin that has equal Pretensions with myself. This Kinsman of mine is a young Man of the highest Merit imaginable, and has a Mind so tender and so generous, that I can observe he returns my Envy with Pity. He makes me, upon all Occasions, the most obliging Condescensions: And I cannot but take Notice of the Concern he is in to see my Life blasted with this racking Passion, though it is against himself. In the Presence of my Uncle, when I am in the Room, he never speaks so well as he is capable of, but always lowers his Talents and Accomplishments out of Regard to me. What I beg of you, dear Sir, is to instruct me how to love him as I know he does me: And I beseech you, if possible, to set my Heart right, that it may no longer be tormented where it should be pleased, or hate a Man whom I cannot but approve.’

The Patient gave me this Account with such Candour and Openness, that I conceived immediate Hopes of his Cure; because in Diseases of the Mind, the Person afflicted is half recovered when he is sensible of his Distemper. Sir, said I, the Acknowledgment of your Kinsman’s Merit is a very hopeful Symptom; for

for it is the Nature of Persons afflicted with this Evil, when they are incurable, to pretend a Contempt of the Person envied, if they are taxed with that Weakness. A Man who is really envious, will not allow he is so ; but upon such an Accusation is tormented with the Reflection, that to envy a Man is to allow him your Superior. But in your Case, when you examine the Bottom of your Heart, I am apt to think it is Avarice, which you mistake for Envy. Were it not that you have both Expectations from the same Man, you would look upon your Cousin's Accomplishments with Pleasure. You that now consider him as an Obstacle to your Interest, would then behold him as an Ornament to your Family. I observed my Patient upon this Occasion recover himself in some Measure ; and he owned to me that he hoped it was as I imagined ; for that in all Places but where he was his Rival, he had Pleasure in his Company. This was the first Discourse we had upon this Malady ; but I do not doubt but, after two or three more, I shall by just Degrees soften his Envy into Emulation.

Such an Envy as I have here described, may possibly creep into an ingenuous Mind : But the Envy which makes a Man uneasy to himself and others is a certain Distortion and Perverseness of Temper, that renders him unwilling to be pleased with any Thing without him, that has either Beauty or Perfection in it. I look upon it as a Distemper in the Mind, (which I know no Moralist that has described in this Light) when a Man cannot discern any Thing which another is Master of that is agreeable. For which Reason I look upon the good-natured Man to be endowed with a certain discerning Faculty which the Envious are altogether deprived of. Shallow Wits, superficial Critics, and conceited Fops, are with me so many blind Men in respect of Excellencies. They behold nothing but Faults and Blemishes, and indeed see nothing that is worth seeing. Shew them a Poem, it is Stuff ; a Picture, it is Daubing. They find nothing in Architecture that is not irregular, or in Music that is not out of Tune. These should consider, that it is their Envy which deforms every Thing, and that the Ugliness

linefs is not in the Object, but in the Eye. And as for nobler Minds, whose Merits are either not discovered, or are misrepresented by the envious Part of Mankind, they should rather consider their Defamers with Pity than Indignation. A Man cannot have an Idea of Perfection in another, which he was never sensible of in himself. Mr. *Lock* tells us, that upon asking a blind Man, what he thought Scarlet was? He answered, That he believed it was like the Sound of a Trumpet. He was forced to form his Conceptions of Ideas which he had not, by those which he had. In the same manner, ask an envious Man what he thinks of Virtue? He will call it Design; What of good Nature? And he will term it Dulness. The Difference is, That as the Person before-mentioned was born blind, your envious Men have contracted the Distemper themselves, and are troubled with a Sort of an acquired Blindness. Thus the Devil in *Milton*, though made an Angel of Light, could see nothing to please him even in Paradise, and hated our first Patents, though in their State of Innocence.

. TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 227

ETERNITY.

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo*, I picked up several Oriental Manuscripts, which I have fitted by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Visions of Mirzab*, which I have read over with great Pleasure. I intend to give it to the Public when I have the first Vision, which I have translated Word for Word as follows.

‘ ON the fifth Day of the Moon, which according to the Custom of my Forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my Morning Devotions, I ascended the high Hills of *Bagdad*, in order to pass the rest of the Day in Meditation and Prayer. As I was here airing myself on the Tops of the Mountains, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Vanity of human Life; and

‘ passing

passing from one Thought to another, Surely, said I, Man is but a Shadow, and Life a Dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my Eye towards the Summit of a Rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a little musical Instrument in his Hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his Lips, and began to play upon it. The Sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a Variety of Tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: They put me in mind of those heavenly Airs that are played to the departed Souls of good Men upon their first Arrival in Paradise, to wear out the Impressions of the last Agonies, and qualify them for the Pleasures of that happy Place. My Heart melted away in secret Raptures.

I had been often told that the Rock before me was the Haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with Musick who had passed by it, but never heard that the Musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my Thoughts by those transporting Airs which he played, to taste the Pleasures of his Conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his Hand directed me to approach the Place where he sat. I drew near with that Reverence which is due to a superior Nature; and as my Heart was entirely subdued by the captivating Strains I had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that familiarized him to my Imagination, and at once dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the Ground, and taking me by the Hand, *Mirzab*, said he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and placing me on the Top of it, Cast thy Eyes Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley, and a prodigious Tide of Water roll through it. The Valley that thou seest, said he, is

the Vale of Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou see'st is Part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a thick Mist at one End, and again loses itself in a thick Mist at the other? What thou see'st, said he, is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the Beginning of the World to its Consummation. Examine now, said he, the Sea that is bounded with Darknes at both Ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the Tide. The Bridge thou see'st, said he, is human Life, consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely Survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten intire Arches, with several broken Arches which added to those that were intire, made up the Number about an hundred. As I was counting the Arches, the Genius told me that this Bridge consisted at first of a thousand Arches; but that a great Flood swept away the rest, and left the Bridge in the ruinous Condition I now beheld it: But tell me farther, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see Multitude of People passing over it, said I, and a black Cloud hanging on each End of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the Passengers dropping through the Bridge into the great Tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther Examination, perceived there were innumerable Trap-doors that lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the Tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden Pit-falls were set very thick at the Entrance of the Bridge, so that Throngs of People no sooner broke through the Cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the Middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the Ends of the Arches that were intire.

There were indeed some Persons, but their Number was very small, that continued a kind of a hobbling March on the broken Arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with a long a Walk.

I pass

‘ I passed some Time in the Contemplation of this wonderful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which it represented. My Heart was filled with a deep Melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful Posture, and in the midst of a Speculation stumbled and fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very busy in the Pursuit of Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the Reach of them their Footing failed and down they sunk. In this Confusion of Objects, I observed some with Scimetars in their Hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro upon the Bridge, thrusting several Persons on Trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their Way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

‘ The Genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy Prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What means said I, those great Flights of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, and settling upon it from time to time; I see Vultures, Harpies, Ravens, Cormorants, and among many other feathered Creatures several little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers upon the middle Arches. These, said the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like Cares and Passions that infest human Life.

‘ I here fetched a deep Sigh, Alas, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given away to Misery and Mortality! tortured in Life, and swallowed up in Death! The Genius being moved with Compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a Prospect. Look no more, said he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine Eye on that thick Mist into which the Tide bears the several Generations of Mortals that fall into it. I directed my Sight as I was ordered, and (whether

' or no the good Genius strengthened it with any super-
 ' natural Force, or dissipated Part of the Mist that was
 ' before too thick for the Eye to penetrate) I saw the
 ' Valley opening at the farther End, and spreading forth
 ' into an immense Ocean, that had a huge Rock of
 ' Adamant running through the midst of it, and divid-
 ' ing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds still rested
 ' on one Halt of it, insomuch that I could discover no-
 ' thing in it: But the other appeared to me a vast
 ' Ocean planted with innumerable Islands, that were
 ' covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven with
 ' a thousand little shining Seas that ran among them.
 ' I could see Persons dressed in glorious Habits with
 ' Garlands upon their Heads, passing among the Trees,
 ' lying down by the Sides of fountains, or resting on
 ' Beds of Flowers; and could hear a confused Harmony
 ' of singing Birds, falling Waters, human Voices, and
 ' musical Instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the
 ' Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished for the
 ' Wings of an Eagle, than I might fly away to those
 ' happy Seats; but the Genius told me there was no
 ' Passage to them, except through the Gates of Death
 ' that I saw opening every Moment upon the Bridge.
 ' The Islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before
 ' thee, and with which the whole Face of the Ocean
 ' appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in
 ' Number than the Sands on the Sea-shore: there are
 ' Myriads of Islands behind those which thou here dis-
 ' coverest, reaching farther than thine Eye, or even
 ' thine Imagination can extend itself. These are the
 ' Mansions of good Men after Death, who according to
 ' the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in which they excel-
 ' led are distributed among these several Islands, which
 ' abound with Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees
 ' suitable to the Relishes and Perfections of those who
 ' are settled in them; every Island is a Paradise accom-
 ' modated to its respective Inhabitants. Are not these
 ' O *Mirzab*, Habitations worth contending for? Does
 ' Life appear miserable, that gives thee Opportunities
 ' of earning such a Reward? Is Death to be feared
 ' that will convey thee to so happy an Existence
 ' Think not Man was made in vain, who has such an

Etern

Eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible Pleasure on these happy Islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that lie hid under these dark Clouds which cover the Ocean on the other side of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the Vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of *Bagdat*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels grazing upon the Sides of it.

The End of the first Vision of Mirzah.

C.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 159.

EXPENCES.

SOME ludicrous Schoolmen have put the Case, that if an Ass were placed between two Bundles of Hay, which affected his Senses equally on each Side, and tempted him in the very same Degree, whether it would be possible for him to eat of either. They generally determine this Question to the Disadvantage of the Ass, who they say would starve in the midst of Plenty, as not having a single Grain of Free-will to determine him more to the one than to the other. The Bundle of Hay on either Side striking his Sight and Smell in the same Proportion, would keep him in a perpetual Suspence, like the two Magnets, which Travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the Roof, and the other in the Floor of *Mahomet's* Burying-place at *Mecca*, and by that means, say they, pull the Impostor's Iron Coffin with such an equal Attraction, that it hangs in the Air between both of them. As for the Ass's Behaviour in such nice Circumstances, whether he would starve sooner than violate his Neutrality to the two Bundles of Hay, I shall not presume to determine; but only take notice of the Conduct of our own Species in the same Perplexity. When a Man has a mind to venture his Money in Lottery, every Figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its Fellows. They

all of them have the same Pretensions to Good-luck, stand upon the same Foot of Competition, and no manner of Reason can be given why a Man should prefer one to the other before the Lottery is drawn. In this Case therefore Caprice very often acts in the Place of Reason, and forms to itself some groundless imaginary Motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning Man that is very well pleased to risk his Good-fortune upon the Number 1711, because it is the Year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a Tacker, that would give a good deal for the Number 134. On the contrary, I have been told of a certain zealous Dissenter, who being a great Enemy to Popery, and believing that bad Men are the most fortunate in this World, will lay two to one on the Number 666 against any other Number, because, says he, it is the Number of the Beast. Several would prefer the Number 12000 before any other, as it is the Number of the Pounds in the great Prize. In short, some are pleased to find their own Age in their Number; some that they have got a Number which makes a pretty Appearance in the Cyphers; and others, because it is the same Number that succeeded in the last Lottery. Each of these, upon no other Grounds, thinks he stands fairest for the great Lot, and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called the *Golden Number*.

These Principles of Election are the Pastimes and Extravagancies of human Reason, which is of so busy a Nature, that it will be exerting itself in the meanest Trifles, and working even when it wants Materials. The wisest of Men are sometimes actuated by such unaccountable Motives, as the Life of the Fool and the Superstitious is guided by nothing else.

I am surpris'd that none of the Fortune-tellers, or, as the *French* call them, the *Diseurs de bonne Avanture*, who publish their Bills in every Quarter of the Town, have not turned our Lotteries to their Advantage: Did any of them set up for a Caster of fortunate Figures, what might he not get by his pretended Discoveries and Predictions?

I remember among the Advertisements in the *Post-Boy* of September the 27th, I was surpris'd to see the following one:

This

This is to give Notice, That Ten Shillings over and above the Market-Price, will be given for the Ticket in 1500000l. Lottery, No 132. by Nath. Cliff at the Bible and three Crowns in Cheapside.

This Advertisement has given great Matter of Speculation to Coffee-House Theorists. Mr. Cliff's Principles and Conversation have been canvassed upon this Occasion, and various Conjectures made why he should thus set his Heart upon No. 132. I have examined all the Powers in those Numbers, broken them into Fractions, extracted the Square and Cube Root, divided and multiplied them all Ways, but could not arrive at the Secret till about three Days ago, when I received the following Letter from an unknown Hand, by which I find that Mr. Nathaniel Cliff is only the Agent, and not the Principal in this Advertisement.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Am the Person that lately advertised I would give ten Shillings more than the current Price for the Ticket No. 132 in the Lottery now drawing; which is a Secret I have communicated to some Friends, who rally me incessantly upon that Account. You must know I have but one Ticket, for which Reason, and a certain Dream I have lately had more than once, I was resolved it should be the Number I most approved. I am so positive I have pitched upon the great Lot, that I could almost lay all I am worth on it. My Visions are so frequent and strong upon this Occasion, that I have not only possessed the Lot, but disposed of the Money which in all Probability it will sell for. This Morning, in particular, I set up an Equipage which I look upon to be the gayest in the Town; the Liveries are very rich, but not gaudy. I should be very glad to see a Speculation or two upon Lottery Subjects, in which you will oblige all People concern'd, and in particular

Your most humble Servant,

George Gosling.

P. S.

‘ P. S. Dear SPEC, if I get the 12000 Pound, I’ll
‘ make thee a handsome Present.

After having wished my Correspondent good Luck, and thanked him for his intended Kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the Subject of the Lottery, and only observe, that the greatest Part of Mankind are in some Degree guilty of my Friend *Gosling’s* Extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future Prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in Possibility. We live up to our Expectations, not to our Possessions, and make a Figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our present Income, as not doubting to disburse ourselves out of the Profits of some future Place, Project, or Reversion that we have in view. It is through this Temper of Mind, which is so common among us, that we see Tradesmen break, who have met with no Misfortunes in their Business; and Men of Estates reduced to Poverty, who have never suffered from Losses or Repairs, Tenants, Taxes, or Law-suits. In short, it is this foolish sanguine Temper, this depending upon contingent Futurities, that occasions Romantick Generosity, Chimerical Grandeur, senseless Ostentation, and generally ends in Beggary and Ruin. The Man, who will live above his present Circumstances, is in great Danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the *Italian* Proverb runs, The Man who lives by Hope will dye by Hunger.

It should be an indispensable Rule in Life, to contract our Desires to our present Condition, and whatever may be our Expectations, to live within the Compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an Estate when it comes into our Hands; but if we anticipate our good Fortune, we shall lose the Pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon.

L.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 191.

EXERCISE.

EXERCISE.

THERE is a Story in the *Arabian Night's Tales*, of a King who had long languished under an ill Habit of Body and had taken Abundance of Remedies to no Purpose; at length, says the Fable, a Physician cured him by the following Method: He took a hollow Ball of Wood, and filled it with several Drugs, after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared, he likewise took a Mall, and after having hollowed the Handle and that Part which strikes the Ball, he inclosed in them several Drugs after the same manner as in the Ball itself; he then ordered the Sultan who was his Patient, to exercise himself early in the Morning with these *rightly prepared* Instruments, till such Time as he should sweat. When, as the Story goes, the Virtue of the Medicaments perspiring through the Wood had so good an Effect on the Sultan's Constitution, that they cured him of an Indisposition which all the Compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This Eastern Allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial Bodily Labour is to Health, and that Exercise is the most effectual Physic.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 195.

FAITH.

RELIGION may be considered under two general Heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practice. By those things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the Holy Writings, and which we could not have obtained the Knowledge of by the Light of Nature; by the things which we are to practice, I mean all those Duties to which we are directed by Reason or Natural Religion. The first of these I shall distinguish by the Name of Faith, the second by that of Morality.

If

If we look into the more serious Part of Mankind we find many who lay so great a Stress upon Faith, that they neglect Morality; and many who build so much upon Morality, that they do not pay a due Regard to Faith. The perfect Man should be defective in neither of these Particulars, as will be very evident to those who consider the Benefits that arise from both of them, and which I shall make the Subject of this Day's Paper.

Notwithstanding this general Division of Christian Duty into Morality and Faith, and that they have both their peculiar Excellencies, the first has the Pre-eminence in several Respects.

First, Because the greatest part of Morality (as I have stated the Notion of it) is of a fixt Eternal Nature, and will endure when Faith shall fail, and be lost in Con-
viction.

Secondly, Because a Person may be qualified to do greater good to Mankind, and become more beneficial to the World, by Morality without Faith, than by Faith without Morality.

Thirdly, Because Morality gives a greater Perfection to human Nature, by quieting the Minds, moderating the Passions, and advancing the Happiness of every Man in his private Capacity.

Fourthly, Because the Rule of Morality is much more certain than that of Faith, all the Civilized Nations of the World agreeing in the great Points of Morality, as much as they differ in those of Faith.

Fifthly, Because Infidelity is not of so malignant a Nature as Immorality; or to put the same Reason in another Light, because it is generally owned, there may be Salvation for a virtuous Infidel, (particularly in the Case of Invincible Ignorance) but none for a vicious Believer.

Sixthly, Because Faith seems to draw its principal, if not all its Excellency, from the Influence it has upon Morality; as we shall see more at large, if we consider wherein consists the Excellency of Faith, or the Belief of Revealed Religion; and this I think is,

First, In explaining and carrying to greater Heights several Points of Morality.

Secondly,

Secondly, In furnishing new and stronger Motives to enforce the Practice of Morality.

Thirdly, In giving us more amiable Ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing Notions of one another, and a true State of ourselves, both in regard to the Grandeur and Vileness of our Natures.

Fourthly, By shewing us the Blackness and Deformity of Vice, which in the Christian System is so very great, that he who is possessed of all Perfection and the Sovereign Judge of it, is represented by several of our Divines as hating Sin to the same Degree that he loves the Sacred Person who was made the Propitiation of it.

Fifthly, In being the ordinary and prescribed Method of making Morality effectual to Salvation.

I have only touched on these several Heads, which every one who is conversant in Discourses of this Nature will easily enlarge upon in his own Thoughts, and draw Conclusions from them which may be useful to him in the Conduct of his Life. One I am sure is so obvious, that he cannot miss it, namely, that a Man cannot be perfect in his Scheme of Morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the Christian Faith.

Besides this, I shall lay down two or three other Maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been said.

First, that we should be particularly cautious of making any thing an Article of Faith, which does not contribute to the Confirmation and Improvement of Morality.

Secondly, That no Article of Faith can be true and authentic, which awakens and subverts the practical Part of Religion, or what I have hitherto called Morality.

Thirdly, that the greatest Friend of Morality, or Natural Religion, cannot possibly apprehend any Danger from embracing Christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the Doctrines of our National Church.

There is likewise another Maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing Considerations, which

is this, that we should, in all dubious Points, consider any ill Consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be erroneous, because we give up our Assent to them.

For Example, in that disputable Point of persecuting Men for Conscience Sake, besides the imbittering their Minds with Hatred and Indignation, and all the Vehemence of Resentment, and insnaring them to profess what they do not believe; we cut them off from the Pleasures and Advantages of Society, afflict their Bodies, distress their Fortunes, hurt their Reputations, ruin their Families, make their Lives painful, or put an End to them. Sure when I see such dreadful Consequences rising from a Principle, I would be as fully convinced of the Truth of it, as of a Mathematical Demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a Part of my Religion.

In this Case the Injury done our Neighbour is plain and evident; the Principle that put us upon doing it, of a dubious and disputable Nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a Zeal for what a Man thinks the true System of Faith, may justify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our Religion produces Charity as well as Zeal, it will not be for shewing itself by such cruel Instances. But to conclude with the Words of an excellent Author, *We have just Religion enough to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 459. C.

F A L S E H O O D.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me Yesterday, that the Conversation of the Town is so altered of late Years, that a fine Gentleman is at a Loss for Matter to start Discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the Talk he generally meets with. WILL takes Notice, that there is now an Evil under the Sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any Satyrist or Moralist in any Age: Men, said he, grow Knaves sooner than they ever did since the Creation of the World before. If you read the Tragedies of

of the last Age, you find the artful Men, and Persons of Intrigue, are advanced very far in Years, and beyond the Pleasures and Sallies of Youth; but now WILL observes that the Young have taken in the Vices of the Aged, and you shall have a Man of Five and Twenty crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My Friend adds, that till about the latter End of King *Charles's* Reign, there was not a Rascal of any Eminence under Forty: In the Place of Resort for Conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving Men's Fortunes, without regard to the Methods toward it. This is so fashionable, that young Men form themselves upon a certain Neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true Esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general Turn of Mind and Discourse that they have not any remaining Value for true Honour and Honesty; preferring the Capacity of being artful to gain their Ends, to the Merit of despising those Ends when they come in Competition with their Honesty. All this is due to the very silly Pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the Ability of carrying their Point; in a word, from the Opinion that shallow and unexperienced People entertain of the short-lived Force of Cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various Faces which Folly, covered with Artifice, puts on to impose upon the Unthinking, produce a great Authority for asserting, that nothing but Truth and Ingenuity has any lasting good Effect, even upon a Man's Fortune and Interest.

‘ Truth and Reality have all the Advantages of Appearances, and many more. If the Shew of any thing, be good for any thing, I am sure Sincerity is better: For why does any Man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a Quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the Appearance of some real Excellency. Now the best way in the World for a Man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the Pretence of a good Quality as to have it;
‘ and

‘ and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he
 ‘ discover'd to want it, and then all his Pains and L
 ‘ bour to seem to have it is lost. There is somethin
 ‘ unnatural in Painting, which a skilful Eye will easi
 ‘ discern from native Beauty and Complexion.

‘ It is hard to personate and act a Part long ; f
 ‘ where Truth is not at the Bottom, Nature will alwa
 ‘ be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and b
 ‘ tray herself one time or other. Therefore if any Ma
 ‘ think it convenient to seem good, let him be so i
 ‘ deed, and then his Goodness will appear to every b
 ‘ dy's Satisfaction ; so that upon all Accounts Sincerit
 ‘ is true Wisdom. Particularly as to the Affairs of th
 ‘ World, Integrity hath many Advantages over all th
 ‘ fine and artificial Ways of Dissimulation and Deceit
 ‘ it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer an
 ‘ more secure Way of dealing in the World ; it ha
 ‘ less of Trouble and Difficulty, of Entanglement an
 ‘ Perplexity, of Danger and Hazard in it ; it is the shor
 ‘ est and nearest way to our End, carrying us thither
 ‘ a straight Line, and will hold out and last longest. Th
 ‘ Arts of Deceit and Cunning do continually gro
 ‘ weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them th
 ‘ use them ; whereas Integrity gains Strength by U
 ‘ and the more and longer any Man practised it, th
 ‘ greater Service it does him, by confirming his Reput
 ‘ tion, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do
 ‘ to repose the greatest Trust and Confidence in him
 ‘ which is an unspeakable Advantage in the Busine
 ‘ and Affairs of Life.

‘ Truth is always consistent with itself, and need
 ‘ nothing to help it out ; it is always near at Hand
 ‘ and sits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out befor
 ‘ we are aware ; whereas a Lye is troublesome, an
 ‘ sets a Man's Invention upon the Rack, and one Tric
 ‘ needs a great many more to make it good. It is lik
 ‘ building upon a false Foundation, which continually
 ‘ stands in need of Props to shore it up, and proves a
 ‘ last more chargeable, than to have raised a substanti
 ‘ Building at first upon a true and solid Foundation
 ‘ for Sincerity is firm and substantial. and there is no
 ‘ thing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain
 ‘ an

and open, fears no Discovery; of which the Crafty Man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the Dark, all his Pretences are so transparent that he that runs may read them; he is the last Man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes Fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

‘ Add to all this, that Sincerity is the most compendious Wisdom, and an excellent Instrument for the speedy Dispatch of Business; it creates Confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the Labour of many Enquiries, and brings things to an Issue in few Words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten Road, which commonly brings a Man sooner to his Journey’s End than Bye-ways, in which Men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever Conveniencies may be thought to be in Falshood and Dissimulation, it is soon over; but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousy and Suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks Truth, nor trusted when he perhaps means honestly. When a Man has once forfeited the Reputation of his Integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his Turn, neither Truth nor Falshood.

‘ And I have often thought, that God hath in his great Wisdom hid from Men of false and dishonest Minds the wonderful Advantages of Truth and Integrity to the Prosperity even of our worldly Affairs; these Men are so blinded by their Covetousness and Ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present Advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, tho’ by Ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remotest Consequences of a steady Integrity, and the vast Benefit and Advantages which it will bring a Man at last. Were but this sort of Men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very Knavery, not out of any Love to Honesty and Virtue, but with a crafty Design to promote and advance more effectually their own Interests; and therefore the Justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest Point of Wisdom from their Eyes, that bad Men might not be upon equal Terms with the Just and

‘ Up-

‘ Upright, and serve their own wicked Designs by honest and lawful Means.

‘ Indeed, if a Man were only to deal in the World for a Day, and should never have Occasion to converse more with Mankind, never more need their good Opinion or good Word, it were then no great Matter (speaking as to the Concernments of this World) if a Man spent his Reputation all at once, and ventur’d it at one Throw: But if he be to continue in the World and would have the Advantage of Conversation while he is in it, let him make use of Truth and Sincerity in all his Words and Actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the End; all other Arts will fail, but Truth and Integrity will carry a Man through and bear him out to the last.’

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 554

F A M E.

THE Soul, considered abstractedly from its Passions is of a remiss and sedentary Nature, slow in its Resolves, and languishing in its Executions. ‘The Use therefore of the Passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon Action, to awaken the Understanding, to enforce the Will, and to make the whole Man more vigorous and attentive in the Prosecution of his Designs. As this is the End of the Passions in general, so it is particularly of Ambition, which pushes the Soul to such Actions as are apt to procure Honour and Reputation to the Actor. But if we carry our Reflections higher, we may discover farther Ends of Providence in implanting this Passion in Mankind

It was necessary for the World, that Arts should be invented and improved, Books written and transmitted to Posterity, Nations conquered and civilized: Now since the proper and genuine Motives to these and the like great Actions, would only influence virtuous Minds, there would be but small Improvements in the World were there not some common Principle of Action working equally with all Men. And such a Principle is Ambition or a Desire of Fame, by which great Endowments

are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the Publick, and many vicious Men, over-reached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural Inclinations in a glorious and laudable Course of Action. For we may farther observe, that Men of the greatest Abilities are most fired with Ambition: And that on the contrary, mean and narrow Minds are the least actuated by it: whether it be that a Man's Sense of his own Incapacities makes him despair of coming at Fame, or that he has not enough Range of Thought to look out for any Good which does not more immediately relate to his Interest or Convenience, or that Providence, in the very Frame of his Soul, would not subject him to such a Passion as would be useless to the World, and a Torment to himself.

Were not this Desire of Fame very strong, the Difficulty of obtaining it, and the Danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a Man from so vain a Pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with Abilities sufficient to recommend their Actions to the Admiration of the World, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of Mankind? Providence for the most part sets us upon a Level, and observes a kind of Proportion in its Dispensations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one Accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every Person from being mean and deficient in his Qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

And among those who are the most richly endowed by Nature, and accomplished by their own Industry, how few are there whose Virtues are not obscured by the Ignorance, Prejudice or Envy of their Beholders? Some Men cannot discern between a noble and a mean Action. Others are apt to attribute them to some false End or Intention: and others purposely misrepresent or put a wrong Interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this Consideration, we may observe, that those are generally most unsuccessful in their Pursuit after Fame, who are most desirous of obtaining

taining it. It is *Salust's* Remark upon *Cato*, that the less he coveted Glory the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natur'd Pleasure in crossing our Inclinations, and disappointing us in what our Hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate Desire of Fame in the ambitious Man (as no Temper of Mind is more apt to shew itself) they become sparing and reserved in their Commendations, they envy him the Satisfaction of an Applause, and look on their Praises rather as a Kindness done to his Person, than as a Tribute paid to his Merit. Others who are free from this natural Perverseness of Temper grow wary in their Praises of one, who sets too great a Value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own Imagination, and by consequence remove him to a greater Distance from themselves.

But farther, this Desire of Fame naturally betrays the ambitious Man into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his Actions should be thrown away in private, lest his Deserts should be concealed from the Notice of the World, or receive any Disadvantage from the Reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty Boasts and Ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastical Recitals of his own Performances: His Discourse generally leans one Way, and, whatever is the Subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural Weakness of an ambitious Man, which exposes him to the secret Scorn and Derision of those he converses with, and ruins the Character he is so industrious to advance by it. For tho' his Actions are never so glorious, they lose their Lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to shew by his own Hand; and as the World is more apt to find fault than to commend, the Boast will probably be censured, when the great Action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides, this very Desire of Fame is looked on as a Meanness and Imperfection in the greatest Character. A solid and substantial Greatness of Soul looks down with a generous Neglect on the Censures and Applauses of the Multitude, and places a Man beyond the little Noise

Noise and Strife of Tongues. Accordingly we find in ourselves a secret Awe and Veneration for the Character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious Course of Virtue, without any regard to our good or ill Opinions of him, to our Reproaches or Commendations. As on the contrary it is usual for us, when we would take off from the Fame and Reputation of an Action, to ascribe it to Vain-Glory, and a Desire of Fame in the Actor. Nor is this common Judgment and Opinion of Mankind ill founded: for certainly it denotes no great Bravery of Mind to be worked up to any noble Action by so selfish a Motive, and to do that out of a Desire of Fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested Love to Mankind, or by a generous Passion for the Glory of him that made us.

Thus is Fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it, since most Men have so much either of Ill-nature, or of Wariness, as not to gratify or sooth the Vanity of the ambitious Man, and since this very Thirst after Fame naturally betrays him into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation, and is itself looked upon as a Weakness in the greatest Characters.

In the next place, Fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the Subject of a following Paper.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 256. C.

There are many Passions and Tempers of Mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the Merit of one rising in the Esteem of Mankind. All those who make their Entrance into the World with the same Advantages, and were once looked on as his Equals, are apt to think the Fame of his Merit a Reflection on their own Indeserts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the Scandal of some past Action, or derogate from the Worth of the present, that they may still keep on the same Level with themselves. The like kind of Consideration often stirs up the Envy of such as were once his Superiors, who think it a Detraction from their Merit to see another get Ground upon them and outtake them in the Pursuits of Glory; and will therefore

fore endeavour to sink his Reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his Equals envy and defame him, because they now look upon him their Superior; and those who were once his Superiors, because they look upon him as their Equal.

But farther, a Man whose extraordinary Reputation thus lifts him up to the Notice and Observation of Mankind, draws a Multitude of Eyes upon him that narrowly inspect every Part of him, consider him nicely in all Views, and be not a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous Light. There are many who find a Pleasure in contradicting the common Reports of Fame, and in spreading abroad the Weaknesses of an exalted Character. They publish their ill-natured Discoveries with a secret Pride, and applaud themselves for the Singularity of their Judgments, which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the World have overlooked, and found a Flaw in what the Generality of Mankind admire. Others there are who proclaim the Errors and Infirmities of a great Man with an inward Satisfaction and Complacency, if they discover none of the like Errors and Infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's Weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own Commendations, who are not subject to the like Infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of Vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated Reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the Blemishes of an extraordinary Reputation, than such as lie open to the same Censures in their own Characters, as either hoping to excuse their own Defects by the Authority of so high an Example, or raising an Imaginary Applause to themselves for resembling a Person of an exalted Reputation, though they expose the blameable Parts of his Character. If all these Springs of Detraction fail, yet very often a vain Ostentation of Wit sets a Man on attacking an established Name, and sacrificing it to the Mirth and Laughter of those about him. A Satire or a Libel on one of the common Stamp, never meets with that Reception and Approbation among its Readers, as what is aimed at

Person whose Merit places him upon an Eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous Figure among Men. Whether it be that we think it shews greater Art to expose and turn to Ridicule a Man whose Character seems so improper a Subject for it, or that we are pleased, by some implicit kind of Revenge, to see him taken down and humbled in his Reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own Rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the Reports and Opinions of Mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate Motives there are to Detraction and Defamation, and how many malicious Spies are searching into the Actions of a great Man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an Inspection. For we may generally observe, that our Admiration of a famous Man lessens upon our nearer Acquaintance with him; and that we seldom hear the Description of a celebrated Person, without a Catalogue of some notorious Weaknesses and Infirmities. The Reason may be, because any little Slip is more conspicuous and observable in his Conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his Character, or because it is impossible for a Man at the same time to be attentive to the more important Part of his Life, and to keep a watchful Eye over all the inconsiderable Circumstances of his Behaviour and Conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same Temper of Mind which inclines us to a Desire of Fame, naturally betrays us into such Slips and Unwarinesses as are not incident to Men of a contrary Disposition.

After all it must be confess'd, that a noble and triumphant Merit often breaks through and dissipates these little Spots and Sullies in its Reputation; but if by a mistaken Pursuit after Fame, or through human Infirmitv, any false Step be made in the more momentous Concerns of Life, the whole Scheme of ambitious Designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller Stains and Blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the Brightness that surrounds them; but a Blot of a deeper Nature casts a Shade on all the other Beauties, and darkens the whole Character. How difficult therefore

is it to preserve a great Name, when he that has ac-

quired it is so obnoxious to such little Weaknesses and Infirmities as are no small Diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his Superiors or Equals; by such as would set to show their Judgment or their Wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same Slips or Misconducts in their own Behaviour?

But were there none of these Dispositions in others to censure a famous Man, nor any such Miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small Trouble in keeping up his Reputation in all its Height and Splendor. There must be always a noble Train of Actions to preserve his Fame in Life and Motion. For when it is once at a Stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-liv'd Passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its Object, unless it be still fed with fresh Discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual Succession of Miracles rising up to its View. And even the greatest Actions of a celebrated Person labour under this Disadvantage, that however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the Opinion that is conceived of him, tho' they might raise the Reputation of another, they are a Diminution to *his*.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the Possession of Fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying Considerations, can engage a Man in so desperate a Pursuit; and yet if we consider the little Happiness that attends a great Character, and the Multitude of Disquietudes to which the Desire of it subjects an ambitious Mind, one would be still the more surpris'd to see so many restless Candidates for Glory.

Ambition raises a secret Tumult in the Soul, it inflames the Mind, and puts it into a violent Hurry of Thought: It is still reaching after an empty imaginary Good, that has not in it the Power to abate or satisfy it. Most other Things we long for can allay the Cravings of their proper Sense, and for a while set the Appetite at rest: But Fame is a Good so wholly foreign to our Natures, that we have no Faculty in the Soul adapt-

ed to it, nor any Organ in the Body to relish it; an Object of Desire placed out of the Possibility of Fruition. It may indeed fill the Mind for a while with a giddy kind of Pleasure, but it is such a Pleasure as makes a Man restless and uneasy under it; and which does not so much satisfy the present Thirst, as it excites fresh Desires, and sets the Soul on new Enterprises. For how few ambitious Men are there, who have got as much Fame as they desired, and whose Thirst after it has not been as eager in the very Height of their Reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among Men? There is not any Circumstance in *Cæsar's* Character which gives me a greater Idea of him, than a Saying which *Cicero* tells us he frequently made use of in private Conversation, *That he was satisfied with his Share of Life and Fame, Se satis vel ad Naturam, vel ad Gloriam vixisse.* Many indeed have given over their Pursuits after Fame, but that has proceeded either from the Disappointments they have met in it, or from their Experience of the little Pleasure which attends it, or from the better Informations or natural Coldness of Old Age; but seldom from a full Satisfaction and Acquiescence in their present Enjoyments of it.

Nor is Fame only unsatisfying in itself, but the Desire of it lays us open to many accidental Troubles which those are free from who have no such a tender Regard for it. How often is the ambitious Man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no Praise where he expected it? Nay, how often is he mortified with the very Praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do unless increased by Flattery, since few Men have so good an Opinion of us as we have of ourselves? But if the ambitious Man can be so much grieved even with Praise itself, how will he be able to bear up under Scandal and Defamation? For the same Temper of Mind which makes him desire Fame, makes him hate Reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary Praises of Men, he will be as much dejected by their Censures. How little therefore is the Happiness of an ambitious Man, who gives every one a Dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill Speeches of

others, and puts it in the Power of every malicious Tongue to throw him into a Fit of Melancholy, and destroy his natural Rest and Repose of Mind? Especially when we consider that the World is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of Imperfections than Virtues.

We may farther observe, that such a Man will be more grieved for the Loss of Fame, than he could have been pleased with the Enjoyment of it. For tho' the Presence of this imaginary Good cannot make us happy, the Absence of it may make us miserable: Because in the Enjoyment of an Object we only find that Share of Pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the Loss of it we do not proportion our Grief to the real Value it bears, but to the Value our Fancies and Imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the Satisfaction that Fame brings along with it, and so great the Disquietudes, to which it makes us liable. The Desire of it stirs up very uneasy Motions in the Mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the Presence of the Thing desired. The Enjoyment of it brings but very little Pleasure, tho' the Loss or Want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little Happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the Will of others. We are not only tortured by the Reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the Silence of Men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their Praises.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 257

That I might not lose myself upon a Subject of so great Extent as that of Fame, I have treated it in a particular Order and Method. I have first of all considered the Reasons why Providence may have implanted in our Minds such a Principle of Action. I have in the next Place shewn from many Considerations, first, that Fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost. Secondly, that it brings the ambitious Man very little Happiness, but subjects him to much Uneasiness and Dissatisfaction. I shall in the last Place shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an End which we have Abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with Fulness

of Satisfaction. I need not tell my Reader, that I mean by this End that Happiness which is reserved for us in another World, which every one has Abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it Fulness of Joy and Pleasures for ever more.

How the Pursuit after Fame may hinder us in the Attainment of this great End, I shall leave the Reader to collect from the three following Considerations.

First, Because the strong Desire of Fame breeds several vicious Habits in the Mind.

Secondly, Because many of those Actions, which are apt to procure Fame, are not in their Nature conducive to this our ultimate Happiness.

Thirdly, Because if we should allow the same Actions to be the proper Instruments, both of acquiring Fame, and of procuring this Happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the Attainment of this last End, if they proceeded from a Desire of the first.

These three Propositions are self evident to those who are versed in Speculations of Morality. For which Reason I shall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a Point of the same Nature, which may open to us a more uncommon Field of Speculation.

From what has already been observed, I think we may have a natural Conclusion, that it is the greatest Folly to seek the Praise or Approbation of any Being, besides the Supreme, and that for these two Reasons; because no other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and esteem us according to our Merits; and because we can procure no considerable Benefit or Advantage from the Esteem and Approbation of any other Being.

In the first Place, No other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and esteem us according to our Merits. Created Beings see nothing but our Outside, and can therefore only frame a Judgment of us from our exterior Actions and Behaviour; but how unfit these are to give a right Notion of each other's Perfections, may appear from several Considerations. There are many Virtues, which in their own Nature are incapable of any outward Representation: Many silent Perfections in the Soul of a good Man, which are great Ornaments to human Nature, but not able to discover themselves to the

Knowledge of others; they are transacted in private without Noise or Show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of Hearts. What Actions can express the intense Purity of Thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous Man? That secret Rest and Contentedness of Mind, which gives him a perfect Enjoyment of his present Condition? That inward Pleasure and Complacency, which he feels in doing Good? That Delight and Satisfaction which he takes in the Prosperity and Happiness of another? These and the like Virtues are the hidden Beauties of a Soul, the secret Graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal Eye, but make the Soul lovely and precious in his Sight, from whom no Secrets are concealed. Again, there are many Virtues which want an Opportunity of exerting and shewing themselves in Actions. Every Virtue requires Time and Place, proper Object, and a fit Conjunction of Circumstances for the due Exercise of it. A State of Poverty obscures all the Virtues of Liberality and Munificence. The Patience and Fortitude of a Martyr or Confessor lie concealed in the flourishing Times of Christianity. Some Virtues are only seen in Affliction, and some in Prosperity; some in a private, and others in a public Capacity. But the great Sovereign of the World beholds every Perfection in its Obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our Behaviour in every Concurrence of Affairs, and sees us engaged in the Possibilities of Action. He discovers the Martyr and Confessor without the Trial of Flames and Tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the Reward of their Actions, which they had never the Opportunity of performing. Another Reason why Men cannot form a right Judgment of us is, because the same Actions may be aimed at different Ends, and arise from quite contrary Principles. Actions are of so mixt a Nature, and so full of Circumstances, that as Men pry into them more or less, or observe some Parts more than others, they take different Hints, and put contrary Interpretations on them; so that the same Actions may represent a Man as hypocritical and designing to one, which makes him appear a Saint or Hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the Soul through its outward Actions, often

sees it through a deceitful Medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the Object: So that on this Account also, *he* is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, who does not guess at the Sincerity of our Intentions from the Goodness of our Actions, but weighs the Goodness of our Actions by the Sincerity of our Intentions.

But farther; it is impossible for outward Actions to represent the Perfections of the Soul, because they can never shew the Strength of those Principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate Expressions of our Virtues, and can only shew us what Habits are in the Soul, without discovering the Degree and Perfection of such Habits. They are at best but weak Resemblances of our Intentions, faint and imperfect Copies that may acquaint us with the general Design, but can never express the Beauty and Life of the Original. But the great Judge of all the Earth knows every different State and Degree of human Improvement, from those weak Stirrings and Tendencies of the Will which have not yet formed themselves into regular Purposes and Designs, to the last intire Finishing and Consummation of a good Habit. He beholds the first imperfect Rudiments of a Virtue in the Soul, and keeps a watchful Eye over it in all its Progress, 'till it has received every Grace it is capable of, and appears in its full Beauty and Perfection. Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper Merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward Actions, which can never give them a just Estimate of us, since there are many Perfections of a Man, which are not capable of appearing in Actions; many, which, allowing no natural Incapacity of shewing themselves, want an Opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an Opportunity of appearing by Actions, yet those Actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong Principles; or though they plainly discovered the Principle from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the Degree, Strength and Perfection of those Principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, so is he the only fit Rewarder of them.

them. This is a Consideration that comes home to our Interest, as the other adapts itself to our Ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish Man desire more, were he to form the Notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a Knowledge as can discover the least Appearance of Perfection in him, and such a Goodness as will proportion a Reward to it.

Let the ambitious Man therefore turn all his Desire of Fame this Way; and that he may propose to himself a Fame worthy of his Ambition, let him consider that if he employs his Abilities to the best Advantage, the Time will come when the supreme Governor of the World, the great Judge of Mankind, who sees every Degree of Perfection in others, and possesses all possible Perfection in himself, shall proclaim his Wrath before Men and Angels, and pronounce to him in the Presence of the whole Creation that best and most significant of Applauses, *Well done, thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into thy Master's Joy.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 258.

FEAR of GOD.

LOOKING over the late Edition of Monsieur *Boileau's* Works, I was very much pleased with the Article which he has added to his Notes on the Translation of *Longinus*. He there tells us, that the Sublime in Writing rises either from the Nobleness of the Thought, the Magnificence of the Words, or the harmonious and lively Turn of the Phrase, and that the perfect Sublime arises from all these three in Conjunction together. He produces an Instance of this perfect Sublime in four Verses from the *Athaliah* of Monsieur *Racine*. When *Abner*, one of the chief Officers of the Court, represents to *Joad* the High Priest that the Queen was incensed against him, the High Priest, not in the least terrified at the News, returns this Answer:

*Celui que met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait aussi des mechans arrêter les complots,
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & n'ai point d'autre
crainte.*

*He who ruleth the Raging of the Sea, knows also how
check the Designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with
Reverence to his holy Will. O Abner, I fear my God,
and I fear none but him. Such a Thought gives no
idea of a Sublimity to Human Nature, than it does to good
Writing. This Religious Fear, when it was produced
by just Apprehensions of a divine Power, naturally
overlooks all Human Greatness that stands in Competi-
tion with it, and extinguishes every other Terror that
can settle itself in the Heart of Man; it lessens and con-
tracts the Figure of the most exalted Person: it disarms
the Tyrant and Executioner, and represents to our
minds the most enraged and the most powerful as alto-
gether harmless and impotent.*

There is no true Fortitude which is not founded up-
on this Fear, as there is no other Principle of so settled
and fixed a Nature. Courage that grows from Consti-
tution very often forsakes a Man when he has Occasion
to use it; and when it is only a kind of Instinct in the Soul
breaks out upon all Occasions without Judgment or Dis-
cretion. That Courage which proceeds from the Sense
of our Duty, and from the Fear of offending him that
made us, acts always in an uniform Manner, and ac-
cording to the Dictates of right Reason.

What can the Man fear, who takes care in all his
actions to please a Being that is Omnipotent? A Being
who is able to crush all his Adversaries? A Being that
can divert any Misfortune from befalling him, or turn
such Misfortune to his Advantage? The Person who
looks with this constant and habitual Regard to the
great Superintendant of the World, is indeed sure that
no real Evil can come into his Lot. Blessings may ap-
pear under the Shape of Pains, Losses and Disappoint-
ments, but let him have Patience, and he will see
them, in their proper Figures. Dangers may threaten

him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be the Instruments of Good to him. In short, he may look upon all Crosses and Accidents, Sufferings and Afflictions, as Means which are made use of to bring him to Happiness. This is even the worst of that Man's Condition whose Mind is possessed with the habit of Fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear Evils in our own Eyes, appear also as such to him who has Human Nature under his Care, in which Case they are certainly averted from the Person who has made himself by this Virtue, an Object of Divine Favour. Histories are full of Instances of this Nature, where Men of Virtue have had extraordinary Escapes out of such Dangers as have inclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no Example of this Kind in Pagan History which more pleases me than that which is recorded of the Life of *Timoleon*. This extraordinary Man was famous for referring all his Successes to Providence. *Cornelius Nepos* acquaints us that he had in his House a private Chappel in which he used to pay his Devotion to the Goddess who represented Providence among the Heathens. I think no Man was ever more distinguished, by the Deity whom he blindly worshipped, than the great Person I am speaking of in several Occurrences of his Life, but particularly in the following of which I shall relate out of *Plutarch*.

Three Persons had entered into a Conspiracy to assassinate *Timoleon* as he was offering up his Devotions in a certain Temple. In order to it they took their several Stands in the most convenient Places for their Purpose. As they were waiting for an Opportunity to put their Design in Execution, a Stranger having observed one of the Conspirators, fell upon him and killed him. Upon which the other two, thinking their Plot had been discovered, threw themselves at *Timoleon's* Feet and confessed the whole Matter. This Stranger upon Examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended Assassination, but having several Years before had a Brother killed by the Conspirators

who

whom he here put to Death, and having till now sought in vain for an Opportunity of Revenge, he chanced to meet the Murderer in the Temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned Purpose. *Plutarch* cannot forbear on this Occasion speaking with a kind of Rapture on the Schemes of Providence, which, in this Particular, had so contrived it that the Stranger should for so great a Space of Time, be debarr'd the Means of doing Justice to his Brother, till, by the same Blow that revenged the Death of one innocent Man, he preserved the Life of another.

For my own Part, I cannot wonder that a Man of *Timoleon's* Religion should have his Intrepidity and Firmness of Mind, or that he should be distinguished by such a Deliverance as I have here related.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 117.

FORTITUDE.

IT is necessary to an easy and happy Life, to possess our Minds in such a Manner as to be always well satisfied with our own Reflections. The Way to this State is to measure our Actions by our own Opinion, and not by that of the rest of the World. The Sense of other Men ought to prevail over us in Things of less Consideration, but not in Concerns where Truth and Honour are engaged. When we look into the Bottom of Things, what at first appears a Paradox, is a plain Truth; and those Professions which for want of being duly weighed, seem to proceed from a Sort of romantic Philosophy, and Ignorance of the World, after a little Reflection are so reasonable, that it is direct Madness to walk by any other Rules. Thus to contradict our Desires, and to conquer the Impulses of our Ambition, if they do not fall in with what we in our inward Sentiments approve, is so much our Interest, and so absolutely necessary to our real Happiness, that to condemn all the Wealth and Power in the World, where they stand in Competition with a Man's Honour, is rather good Sense than Greatness of Mind.

Did

Did we consider that the Mind of a Man is the Man himself, we should think it the most unnatural Sort of Self-Murder to sacrifice the Sentiment of the Soul to gratify the Appetites of the Body. Bless us ! Is it possible, that when the Necessities of Life are supplied a Man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful ? When we meet a poor Wretch, urged with Hunger and Cold, asking an Alms, we are apt to think this a State we could rather starve than submit to ? But yet how much more despicable is his Condition who is above Necessity, and yet shall resign his Reason and his Integrity to purchase Superfluities. These are both abject and common Beggars ; but surely it is less despicable to beg a Supply to Man's Hunger than his Vanity. But Custom and general Prepossessions have so far prevailed over an unthinking World, that those necessitous Creatures who cannot relish Life without Applause, Attendance, and Equipage, are so far from making a contemptible Figure, that distressed Virtue is less esteemed than successful Vice. But if a Man's Appeal in Cases that regard his Honour were made to his own Soul, there would be a Basis and standing Rule for our Conduct, and we should always endeavour rather to be, than appear Honourable. Mr. Collier, in his Essay on *Fortitude*, has treated this Subject with great Wit and Magnanimity. ' What, says he, can be more honourable than to have Courage enough to execute the Commands of Reason and Conscience ; to maintain the Dignity of our Nature, and the Station assigned us ? To be Proof against Poverty, Pain, and Death itself ? I mean so far as not to do any Thing that's scandalous or sinful, to avoid them. To stand Adversity under all Shapes with Decency and Resolution ? To do this, is to be great above Title and Fortune. This argues the Soul of an heavenly Extraction, and is worthy the Offspring of the Deity.

What a generous Ambition has this Man pointed to us ? When Men have settled in themselves a Conviction by such noble Precepts, that there is nothing honourable that is not accompanied with Innocence ; nothing mean but what has Guilt in it : I say, when they have attained

attained thus much, though Poverty, Pain, and Death, may still retain their Terrors, yet Riches, Pleasures, and Honours, will easily lose their Charms, if they stand between us and our Integrity.

What is here said with Allusion to Fortune and Fame may as justly be applied to Wit and Beauty; for these latter are as adventitious as the other, and as little concern the Essence of the Soul. They are all laudable in the Man who possesses them only for the just Application of them. A bright Imagination, while it is subservient to an honest and noble Soul, is a Faculty which makes a man justly admired by Mankind, and furnishes him with Reflection upon his own Actions, which add Delicates to the Feast of a good Conscience: But when Wit descends to wait upon sensual Pleasures, or promote the base Purposes of Ambition, it is then to be contemned in Proportion to its Excellence. If a Man will not resolve to place the Foundation of his Happiness in his own Mind, Life is a bewildered and unhappy State, incapable of Rest or Tranquillity. For to such a one the general Applause of Valour, Wit, nay of Honesty itself, can give but a very feeble Comfort, since it is capable of being interrupted by any one who wants either Understanding or Good-nature to see or acknowledge such Excellencies. This Rule is so necessary, that one may very safely say, it is impossible to know any true Relish of our Being without it. Look about you in common Life among the ordinary Race of Mankind, and you will find Merit in every Kind is allowed only to those who are in peculiar Districts or Sets of Company: But since Men can have little Pleasure in these Faculties which denominate them Persons of Distinction, let them give up such an empty Pursuit, and think nothing essential to Happiness but what is in their Power, the Capacity of reflecting with Pleasure on their own Actions, however they are interpreted.

It is so evident a Truth, that it is only in our own Bosoms we are to search for any Thing to make us happy, that it is, methinks, a Disgrace to our Nature to talk of the taking our Measures from thence only as a Matter of Fortitude. When all is well there, the Vicissitudes,

cissitudes and Distinctions of Life are the meer Scene of a Drama, and he will never act his Part well who has his Thoughts more fixed upon the Applause of the Audience than the Design of his Part.

The Life of a Man who acts with a steady Integrity without valuing the Interpretations of his Actions, has but one uniform regular Path to move in, where he cannot meet Opposition, or fear Ambuscade. On the other Side, the least Deviation from the Rules of Honour introduces a Train of numberless Evils, and involves him in inexplicable Mazes. He that has entered into Guilt has bid adieu to Rest, and every Criminal has his Share of the Misery expressed so emphatically in the Tragedian ;

Mackbeth shall sleep no more !

It was with Detestation of any other Grandeur but the calm Command of his own Passion, that the excellent Mr. Cowley cries out with so much Justice ;

*If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any Thought so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n still from me to remove
The humble Blessings of that Life I love.*

TATLER, Vol. IV. No. 25

F F E E - T H I N K E R S .

IT is indeed a melancholy Reflection to consider, that the *British* Nation which is now at a greater Height of Glory for its Councils and Conquests, than it ever was before, should distinguish itself by a certain looseness of Principles, and a Falling off from those Schemes of Thinking, which conduce to the Happiness and Perfection of human Nature. This Evil comes upon us from the Works of a few solemn Blockheads, that mix together with the Zeal and Seriousness of Apostles, extirpate common Sense, and propagate Infidelity. These are Wretches, who, without any Shew of Wit, Learn

ing, or Reason, publish their crude Conceptions with an Ambition of appearing more wise than the rest of Mankind, upon no other Pretence than that of dissenting, from them. One gets by Heart a Catalogue of Title-Pages and Editions; and immediately to become conspicuous, declares that he is an Unbeliever. Another knows how to write a Receipt, or cut up a Dog, and forthwith argues against the Immortality of the Soul. I have known many a little Wit, in the Ostentation of his Parts, rally the Truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a Chapter in it. These poor Wretches talk Blasphemy for want of Discourse, and are rather the Objects of Scorn or Pity, than of our Indignation; but the grave Disputant, that reads and writes, and spends all his Time in convincing himself and the World, that he is no better than a Brute, ought to be whipped out of a Government, as a Blot to civil Society, and a Defamer of Mankind. I love to consider an Infidel, whether distinguish'd by the Title of Deist, Atheist or Free-Thinker, in three different Lights, in his Solitudes, his Afflictions, and his last Moments.

A wise Man that lives up to the Principles of Reason and Virtue, if one considers him in his Solitude, as taking in the System of the Universe, observing the mutual Dependence and Harmony, by which the whole Frame of it hangs together, beating down his Passions, or swelling his Thoughts with magnificent Ideas of Providence, makes a nobler Figure in the Eye of an intelligent Being, than the greatest Conqueror amidst all the Poms and Solemnities of a Triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous Animal than an Atheist in his Retirement. His Mind is incapable of Rapture or Elevation: He can only consider himself as an insignificant Figure in a Land-skip, and wandering up and down in a Field or Meadow, under the same Terms as the meanest Animals about him, and as subject to as total a Mortality as they, with this Aggravation, that he is the only one amongst 'em who lies under the Apprehension of it.

In Distresses, he must be of all Creatures the most helpless and forlorn; he feels the whole Pressure of a present Calamity, without being relieved by the Memory of any thing that is past, or the Prospect of any thing
that

that is to come. Annihilation is the greatest Blessing that he proposes to himself, and an Halter or a Pistol the only Refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of those gloomy Miscreants in his poorest Figure, you must consider him under the Terrors, or at the Approach of Death.

About thirty Years ago I was a Shipboard with one of these Vermin, when there arose a brisk Gale, which could frighten no Body but himself. Upon the Rowling of the Ship he fell upon his Knees, and confessed to the Chaplain, that he had been a vile Atheist, and had denied the Supreme Being ever since he came to his Estate. The good Man was astonished, and a Report immediately ran through the Ship, that there was an Atheist upon the Upper Deck. Several of the common Seamen, who had never heard the Word before, thought it had been some strange Fish: but they were more surprized when they saw it was a Man, and heard out of his own Mouth, That he never believed till that Day that there was a God. As he lay in the Agonies of Confession, one of the honest Tars whispered to the Boatswain, that it would be a good Deed to heave him over-board. But we were now within Sight of Port, when of a sudden the Wind fell, and the Penitent relapsed, begging all of us that were present, as we were Gentlemen, not to say any thing of what had passed.

He had not been ashore above two Days, when one of the Company began to rally him upon his Devotion on Shipboard, which the other denied in so high Terms, that it produced the Lye on both Sides, and ended in a Duel. The Atheist was run through the Body, and after some Loss of Blood, became as good a Christian as he was at Sea, till he found that his Wound was not mortal. He is at present one of the Free-Thinkers of the Age, and now writing a Pamphlet against several receiv'd Opinions concerning the Existence of Fairies.

As I have taken upon me to censure the Faults of the Age and Country which I live in, I should have thought myself inexcusable to have passed over this crying one, which is the Subject of my present Discourse. I shall therefore from Time to Time give my Countrymen particular Cautions against this Dissemper of the
Mind,

Mind, that is almost become fashionable, and by that Means more likely do spread. I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable Sentence, That a Man would be a most insupportable Monster, should he have the Faults that are incident to his Years, Constitution, Profession, Family, Religion, Age, and Country; and yet every Man is in Danger of them all. For this Reason, as I am an old Man, I take particular Care to avoid being Covetous, and telling long Stories: As I am choleric, I forbear not only Swearing, but all Interjections of Fretting, as Pugh! or Pish! and the like. As I am a Lay man, I resolve not to conceive an Aversion for a wise and a good Man, because his Coat is of a different Colour from mine. As I am descended of the antient Family of the *Bickerstaffs*, I never call a Man of Merit an *Upstart*. As a Protestant, I do not suffer my Zeal so far to transport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate Age, I guard myself particularly against the folly I have been now speaking of. And as I am an *Englishman*, I am very cautious not to hate a Stranger, or despise a poor *Palatine*.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. III.

Several Letters which I have lately received give me information, that some well disposed Persons have taken Offence at my using the Word Free Thinker as a term of Reproach. To set therefore this Matter in a clear Light, I must declare, That no One can have a greater Veneration than myself for the Free-Thinkers of Antiquity, who acted the same Part in those Times, as the great Men of the Reformation did in several Nations of *Europe*, by exerting themselves against the Idolatry and Superstition of the Times in which they lived. It was by this noble Impulse that *Socrates* and his Disciples, as well as all the Philosophers of Note in *Greece*, and *Cicero*, *Seneca*, with all the learned Men of *Rome*, endeavoured to enlighten their Contemporaries amidst the Darkness and Ignorance in which the World was then sunk and buried.

The great Points which these Free-Thinkers endeavoured to establish and inculcate into the Minds of Men, were

were, the Formation of the Universe, the Superintendency of Providence, the Perfection of the Divine Nature, the Immortality of the Soul, and the future State Rewards and Punishments. They all complied with the Religion of their Country, as much as possible, in Particulars as did not contradict and prevent these general and fundamental Doctrines of Mankind. On the contrary, the Persons who now set up for Free-Thinkers are such as endeavour by a little Trash of Words and Sophistry, to weaken and destroy those very Principles for the Vindication of which, Freedom of Thought first became laudable and heroic. These Apostles from Reason and good Sense, can look at the glorious Frame of Nature, without paying an Adoration to that which raised it; can consider the great Revolutions in the Universe, without lifting up their Minds to that superlative Power which hath the Direction of it; can presume to censure the Deity in his Ways towards Men; can lecture Mankind with the Beasts that perish; can extinguish their own Minds all the pleasing Hopes of a future State, and lull themselves into a stupid Security against the Terrors of it. If one were to take the Word Priesthood out of the Mouths of these shallow Monsters, they would be immediately struck dumb. It is by the Habit of this single Term that they endeavour to disappoint the good Works of the most learned and venerable Order of Men, and harden the Hearts of the Ignorant against the very Light of Nature, and the common received Notions of Mankind. We ought not to treat such Miscreants as these upon the Foot of fair Disputants, but to pour out Contempt upon them, and speck them with Scorn and Infamy, as the Pests of Society, the Revilers of human Nature, and the Blasphemers of a Being, whom a good Man would rather die than be dishonoured. *Cicero*, after having mentioned the great Heroes of Knowledge that recommended this Divine Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul, call the small Pretenders to Wisdom who declared against certain *Minute* Philosophers, using a Diminutive of the Word *Little*, to express the despicable Opinion they had of them. The Contempt he throws upon them in another Passage is yet more remarkable; where, to the

the mean Thoughts he entertains of them, he declares, he would rather be in the Wrong with *Plato*, than in the Right with such Company. There is indeed nothing in the World so ridiculous as one of these grave philosophical Free-Thinkers, who hath neither Passions nor Appetites to gratify, no Heats of Blood nor Vigour of Constitution that can turn his Systems of Infidelity to his Advantage, or raise Pleasures out of them which are inconsistent with the Belief of an Hereafter. One that has neither Wit, Gallantry, Mirth or Youth to indulge in these Notions, but only a poor, joyless, uncomfortable Vanity of distinguishing himself from the rest of Mankind, is rather to be regarded as a mischievous Lurker, than a mistaken Philosopher. A chaste Infidel, a speculative Libertine, is an Animal that I should not believe to be in Nature, did I not sometimes meet with these Species of Men, that plead for the Indulgence of their Passions in the Midst of a severe studious Life, and talk against the Immortality of the Soul over a Dish of Coffee.

I would fain ask a *Minute* Philosopher, What Good he proposes to Mankind by the publishing of his Doctrines? Will they make a Man a better Citizen, or Father of a Family, a more endearing Husband, Friend, or Son? Will they enlarge his public or private Virtues, or correct any of his Frailties or Vices? What is there either joyful or glorious in such Opinions? Do they either refresh or enlarge our Thoughts? Do they contribute to the Happiness, or raise the Dignity of human Nature? The only Good that I have ever heard pretended to, is, That they banish Terrors, and set the Mind at Ease. But whose Terrors do they banish? It is certain, if there were any Strength in their Arguments, they would give great Disturbance to Minds that are influenced by Virtue, Honour and Mortality, and take from us the only Comforts and Supports of Affection, Sickness and old Age. The Minds therefore which they set at Ease, are only those of impenitent Criminals and Malefactors, and which, to the Good of Mankind, should be in perpetual Terror and Alarm.

I must confess, nothing is more usual than for Free-Thinkers, in Proportion as the Insolence of Scepticism is abated

abated in him by Years and Knowledge, or humbled beaten down by Sorrow or Sickness, to reconcile him to the general Conceptions of reasonable Creatures ; that we frequently see the Apostates turning from the Revolt towards the End of their Lives, and employing the Refuse of their Parts and promoting those Truths which they had before endeavoured to invalidate.

The History of a Gentleman in *France* is very well known, who was so zealous a promoter of Infidelity that he had got together a select Company of Disciples and travelled into all Parts of the Kingdom to make Converts. In the midst of his fantastical Success he fell sick, and was reclaimed to such a Sense of his Condition that after he had passed some Time in great Agony and Horrors of Mind, he begged those who had the Care of burying him, to dress his Body in the Habit of a Capuchin, that the Devil might not run away with him. And to do further Justice upon himself, desired them to tie an Halter about his Neck, as a mark of that ignominious Punishment, which in his own Thoughts he had so justly deserved.

I would not have Persecution so far disgraced, as with these Vermin might be animadverted on by legal Penalties ; though I think it would be highly reasonable, that those few of them who die in the Professions of their infidelity, should have such Tokens of infamy fixed upon them, as might distinguish those Bodies which are given up by the Owners to Oblivion and Perdition, from those which rest in Hope, and shall rise in Glory. But at the same Time that I am aggrivated against them the Honour of the Notice of our Laws, which ought not to suppose there are such Criminals in Being. I have often wondered, how they can be tolerated in any mixt Conversations while they are venting these absurd Opinions ; and should think, that if on any such Occasions, half a Dozen of the most robust Christians in the Company would lead one of these Gentlemen to a Pump, or convey him into a Blanket, they would do very good Service both to Church and State. I do not know how the Laws stand in this Particular ; but I hope, whatever Knocks, Bangs, or Thumps, might be given, with such an honest Intention, would not be considered as a true

strued as a Breach of the Peace. I dare say, they would not be returned by the Person who receives them ; for whatever these Fools may say in the Vanity of their Hearts, they are too wise to risque their Lives upon the Uncertainty of their Opinions.

When I was a young Man about this Town, I frequented the Ordinary of the *Black-Horse* in *Holbourn*, where the Person that usually presided at the Table was a rough old-fashioned Gentleman, who, according to the Customs of those Times, had been the Major and Teacher of a Regiment. It happened one Day that a young Officer, bred in *France*, was venting some long-winded Notions, and speaking, in the Gaiety of Humour, against the Dispensations of Providence. The Major at first only desired him to talk more respectfully of one for whom all the Company had an Honour ; but finding him run on in his Extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more serious Manner. The young Man, said he, do not abuse your Benefactor ; till you are eating his Bread. Consider whose Air you breathe, whose Presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the Power of that very Speech which you make use of to his Dishonour. The young Fellow, who thought to turn Matters into a Jest, asked him, if he was going to preach ? But at the same Time desired the Professor to take Care what he said when he spoke to a Man of Honour. A Man of Honour ! says the Major ; Thou art an Infidel and a Blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such. In short, the Quarrel ran so high, that the Major was desired to walk out. Upon their coming into the Garden, the old Fellow advised his Antagonist to consider the Place into which one Pass might drive him ; Being finding him to grow upon him to a Degree of Scurrilousness, as believing the Advice proceeded from Fear ; he said, says he, if a Thunderbolt does not strike thee before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy Profaneness to thy Maker, and thy Sawciness to his Servant. Upon this he drew his Sword, and held it out with a loud Voice. *The Sword of the Lord of Gideon* ; which so terrified his Antagonist, that he was immediately disarmed, and thrown upon his Knees. In this Posture he begged his Life ; but the Major refused

fused to grant it, before he had asked Pardon for his Offence in a short extemporary Prayer which the old Gentleman dictated to him on the Spot, and which his Profelyte repeated after him in the Presence of the whole Ordinary, who were now gathered about him in the Garden.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 135.

It is usual with Polemical Writers to object ill Designs to their Adversaries. This turns their Argument into Satire, which instead of shewing an Error in the Understanding, tends only to expose the Morals of those they write against. I shall not act after this manner with respect to the *Free-thinkers*. Virtue, and the Happiness of Society, are the great Ends which all Men ought to promote, and some of that Sect would be thought to have at Heart above the rest of Mankind. But supposing those who make that Profession to carry on a good Design in the Simplicity of their Hearts, and according to their best Knowledge, yet it is much to be feared, those well-meaning Souls, while they endeavoured to recommend Virtue, have in reality been advancing the Interests of Vice, which as I take to proceed from their Ignorance of Human Nature, we may hope, when they become sensible of their Mistake, they will, in consequence of that beneficent Principle they pretend to act upon, reform their Practice for the future.

The Sages whom I have in my Eye speak of Virtue as the most amiable Thing in the World; but at the same Time that they extol her Beauty, they take care to lessen her Portion. Such innocent Creatures are they, and so great Strangers to the World, that they think this a likely Method to increase the Number of her Admirers.

Virtue has in herself the most engaging Charms and Christianity as it places her in the strongest Light and adorned with all her native Attractions, so it kindles a new Fire in the Soul, by adding to them the unutterable Rewards which attend her Votaries in an Eternal State. Or if there are Men of a Saturnine and heavy Complexion, who are not easily lifted up by

Hope

Hope, there is the Prospect of everlasting Punishments to agitate their Souls, and frighten them into the Practice of Virtue and an Aversion from Vice.

Whereas your sober *Free thinkers* tell you, that Virtue indeed is beautiful, and Vice deformed; the former deserves your Love, and the latter your Abhorrence; but then, it is for their own Sake, or on Account of the Good and Evil which immediately attend them, and are inseparable from their respective Natures. As for the Immortality of the Soul, or Eternal Punishments and Rewards, those are openly ridiculed, or rendered suspicious by the most sly and labour'd Artifice.

I will not say, these Men act treacherously in the Cause of Virtue; but will any one deny, that they are foolishly, who pretend to advance the Interest of Virtue by destroying or weakening the strongest Motives to it, which are accommodated to all Capacities, and fitted to work on all Dispositions, and enforcing those alone which can affect only a generous and exalted Mind?

Surely they must be destitute of Passion themselves, and unacquainted with the Force it hath on the Minds of others, who can imagine that the mere Beauty of Modesty, Temperance, and Justice, is sufficient to sustain the Mind of Man in a severe Course of Self-denial against all the Temptations of present Profit and Sensuality.

It is my Opinion the *Free-thinkers* should be treated as a Set of poor ignorant Creatures, that have not Power to discover the Excellency of Religion; it being evident those Men are not Witches, nor likely to be the Authors of any deep Design, who proclaim aloud to the World, that they have less Motives to Honesty than the rest of their Fellow Subjects? who have all the Incentives to the Exercise of any Virtue which a *Free-thinker* can possibly have, and besides the Expectation of either ending Happiness or Misery as the Consequence of their Choice.

Are not Men actuated by their Passions, and are not Love and Fear the most powerful of our Passions? and are there any Objects which can rouse and awaken our

our Hopes and Fears, like those Prospects that warm and penetrate the Heart of a Christian, but are not regarded by a *Free-thinker*?

It is not only a clear Point, that a Christian breaks through stronger Engagements whenever he surrenders himself to commit a criminal Action, and is stung with a sharper Remorse after it, than a *Free-thinker*; but it should even seem that a Man who believes no future State, would act a foolish Part in being thoroughly honest. For what Reason is there why such a one should postpone his own private Interest or Pleasure to the doing his Duty? If a Christian foregoes some present Advantage for the Sake of his Conscience, he acts accountably, because it is with a View of gaining some greater future Good. But he that, having no such View, should yet conscientiously deny himself a present Good in any Incident where he may save Appearance is altogether as stupid as he that would trust him at such a Juncture.

It will, perhaps, be said, that Virtue is her own Reward, that a natural Gratification attends good Actions which is alone sufficient to excite Men to the Performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than Virtue, and the Practice of it is the surest Way to solid, natural Happiness, even in this Life yet Titles, Estates, and fantastical Pleasures, are more ardently sought after by most Men, than the natural Gratifications of a reasonable Mind; and it cannot be denied, that Virtue and Innocence are not always the readiest Methods to attain that Sort of Happiness. Besides, the Fumes of Passion must be allayed, and Reason must burn brighter than ordinary, to enable Men to see and relish all the native Beauties and Delights of a virtuous Life. And though we should grant our *Free-thinkers* to be a Set of refined Spirits capable only of being enamoured of Virtue, yet what would become of the Bulk of Mankind who have gross Understandings, but lively Senses and strong Passions? What a Deluge of Lust, and Fraud, and Violence would in a little Time overflow the whole Nation, these wise Advocates for Morality were universally hearkened to? Lastly, Opportunities do sometimes offer

Thus far you have done as constrain'd by my Authority: I shall not be satisfied of your kind Usage of her, without you sign a Gift of your whole Estate to her after your Decease. To the Performance of this also the Duke was Witness. When these two Acts were executed, the Duke turned to the Lady, and told her, It now remains for me to put you in quiet Possession of what your Husband has so bountifully bestow'd on you; and order'd the immediate Execution of *Rhynsfault*. T

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 491.

J U S T I C E.

THERE is no Virtue so truly great and godlike as Justice. Most of the other Virtues are the virtues of created Beings, or accommodated to our Nature as we are Men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its Perfection by none but him. Omniscience and Omnipotence are requisite for the full Exertion of it. The one to discover every Degree of Uprightness in Thoughts, Words and Actions. The other, to measure out and impart suitable Rewards and Punishments.

As, to be perfectly just is an Attribute in the Divine Nature, to be so to the utmost of our Abilities is the glory of a Man. Such an one who has the Public Administration in his Hands, acts like the Representative of his Maker, in recompencing the Virtuous, and punishing the Offender. By the extirpating of a Criminal he averts the Judgments of Heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious People; or as my Friend *Cato* expresses it much better in a Sentiment conformable to his Character,

*When by just Vengeance impious Mortals perish,
The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted Thunderbolt aside.*

When a Nation once loses its Regard to Justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, sacred and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to

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lessen,

lessen, affront or terrify those who have the Distribution of it in their Hands; when a Judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but Law, or a Cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own Merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a Nation is hastening to its Ruin.

I always rejoice when I see a Tribunal filled with a Man of an upright and inflexible Temper, who in the Execution of his Country's Laws can overcome all private Fear, Resentment, Solicitation, and even Pity itself. Whatever Passion enters into a Sentence or Decision, so far will there be in it a Tincture of Injustice. In short, Justice discards Party, Friendship, Kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her Thoughts are wholly intent on the Equity of the Cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by Objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this Paper with a *Persian* Story which is very suitable to my present Subject. It will not a little please the Reader, if he has the same Taste of which I myself have.

As one of the Sultans lay encamped on the Plains of *Avala*, a certain great Man of the Army entered by Force into a Peasant's House, and finding his Wife very handsome, turned the good Man out of his Dwelling and went to Bed to her. The Peasant complain'd the next Morning to the Sultan, and desir'd Redress; but was unable to point out the Criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incensed at the Injury done to the poor Man, told him that probably the Offender might give his Wife another Visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his Tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three Days an Officer entered again the Peasant's House and turn'd the Owner out of Doors; who thereupon applied himself to the Imperial Tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in Person with his Guards, to the poor Man's House, where he arrived about Midnight. As the Attendants carried each of them a Flambeau in their Hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the Lights to be put out, gave the Word to enter the House, and out the Criminal, and put him to Death. This

mediately executed, and the Corps laid out upon the floor by the Emperor's Command. He then bid every one light his Flambeaux, and stand about the dead Body. The Sultan approaching it look'd upon the Face, and immediately fell upon his Knees in Prayer. Upon his rising up he ordered the Peasant to set before him whatever Food he had in his House. The Peasant brought a great deal of coarse Fare, of which the Emperor ate very heartily. The Peasant seeing him in Good-mour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the Flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the Adulterer should be slain? Why, upon their being asked again he look'd upon the Face of the dead Body, and fell down in pray'r? and why, after this he had ordered Meat to be set before him, of which he now ate heartily? The Sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his Host, answered him in this manner, Upon hearing the Greatness of the Offence which had been committed by one of the Army, I had Reason to think it might have been one of my own Sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming? I gave Orders therefore for the Lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray by Partiality or Compassion, from doing Justice on the Criminal. Upon lighting the Flambeaux a second time, I look'd upon the Face of the dead Person, and to my unspeakable Joy, found it was not my Son. It was for this Reason that I immediately fell upon my Knees and gave Thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the Food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great Anxiety of Mind I have been in, upon this Occasion, since the first Complaint you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time 'till this very Moment.'

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 99.

K N O W L E D G E.

THE last Method which I proposed in my *Saturday's* Paper, for filling up those empty Spaces of which are so tedious and burdensome to idle People,

is the employing ourselves in the Pursuit of Knowledge. I remember Mr. *Boyle*, speaking of a certain Mine tells us, That a Man may consume his whole Life in the Study of it, without arriving at the Knowledge of all its Qualities. The Truth of it is, there is not a single Science, or any Branch of it, that might not furnish a Man with Business for Life, though it were no longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten Subjects the Usefulness of Knowledge, nor of the Pleasure or Perfection it gives the Mind, nor on the Methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular Branch of all which have been the Topics of many other Writers; but shall indulge myself in a Speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shewn how the unemployed Parts of Life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to shew how those Parts of Life which are exercised in Study, Reading, and the Pursuits of Knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that means discover a Method of lengthening our Lives, and at the same time turning all the Parts of them to our Advantage.

Mr. *Locke* observes, "That we get the Idea of Time, or Duration, by reflecting on that Train of Ideas which succeed one another in our Minds; That this Reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no Perception of Time, or the Length of it, whilst we sleep; and that the Moment when we leave off to think, till the Moment we begin to think again, seems to have no Distance." which the Author adds, "And so I doubt not but it would be to a waking Man, if it were possible for him to keep only one *Idea* in his Mind without Variation, and the Succession of others; we see, that one who fixes his Thoughts very intently on one thing, so as to take but little notice of the Succession of *Ideas* that pass in his Mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest Contemplation, lets out of his Account a good Part of that Duration, and thinks that Time shorter than it is."

We might carry this Thought farther, and consider Man as, on one Side, shortening his Time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so, on the other, lengthening it, by employing his Thoughts on many Subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant Succession of Ideas. Accordingly Monsieur *Mallebranche*, in his *Inquiry after Truth*, (which was published several Years before Mr. *Locke's Essay on Human Understanding*) tells us, That it is possible some Creatures may think of an Hour as long as we do a thousand Years; or upon that Space of Duration which we call a Minute, as an Hour, a Week, a Month, or a whole Year.

This Notion of Monsieur *Mallebranche* is capable of the little Explanations from what I have quoted out of Mr. *Locke*; for if our Notion of Time is produced by our reflecting on the Succession of Ideas in our Mind, and this Succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different Beings may have different Notions of the same Parts of Duration, according as their Ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less Degree of Rapidity.

There is a famous Passage in the *Alcoran*, which is as if *Mahomet* had been possessed of the Notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, That the Angel *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* out of his Bed one Morning to shew him a Sight of all Things in the seven Heavens, Paradise, and in Hell, which the Prophet took a distinct View of; and after having held ninety thousand Conferences with God, was brought back again to his Bed.

All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a Space of Time, that *Mahomet* at his Return found his Bed still warm, and took up an Earthen Pitcher (which was thrown down at the very Instant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away) before the Water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty Story in the *Turkish Tales* which relates to this Passage of that famous Impostor, and bears some Affinity to the Subject we are now treating of. A Sultan of *Egypt*, who was an Infidel, used to boast of this Circumstance in *Mahomet's* Life, as what

was altogether impossible and absurd: But convert one Day with a great Doctor in the Law, who had Gift of working Miracles, the Doctor told him would quickly convince him of the Truth of this Passage in the History of *Mahomet*, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge Tub of Water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood the Tub amidst a Circle of his great Men, the holy Man bid him plunge his Head in the Water, and draw it out again: The King accordingly thrust his Head into the Water and at the same time found himself at the Foot of a Mountain on a Sea Shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for this Piece of Treachery and Witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper Methods for getting a Livelihood in this strange Country: Accordingly he applied himself to some People whom he saw at work in a Neighbouring Wood: These People conducted him to a Town that stood at a little Distance from the Wood, where after some Adventures, he married a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune. He lived with this Woman so long till he was surrounded by her seven Sons and seven Daughters: He was afterwards reduced to great Want, and forced to think of plying in the Streets as a Porter for his Livelihood. One Day as he was walking alone by the Sea-side, being seized with many melancholy Reflections upon his former and present State of Life, which had raised a Firm Devotion in him, he threw off his Cloaths with a Design to wash himself, according to the Custom of the *Mahometans*, before he said his Prayers.

After his first Plunge into the Sea, he no sooner raised his Head above the Water but he found himself standing by the side of the Tub, with the great Men of his Court about him, and the holy Man at his Side. He immediately upbraided his Teacher for having led him on such a Course of Adventures, and betrayed him into so long a State of Misery and Servitude; but he was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the State he talked of, was only a Dream and Delusion; that he had not stirred from the Place where he then stood;

at he had only dipped his Head into the Water, and immediately taken it out again.

The *Mahometan* Doctor took this Occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that *He*, with whom a thousand Years are but as one Day, can, if he pleases, make a single Day, or a single Moment, appear to any of his Creatures as a Thousand Years.

I shall leave my Reader to compare these Eastern Fables with the Notions of those two great Philosophers whom I have quoted in this Paper; and shall only, by way of Application, desire him to consider, how we may extend life beyond its natural Dimensions by applying ourselves diligently to the Pursuits of Knowledge.

The Hours of a wise Man are lengthened by his Ideas, as those of a Fool are by his Passions: The Time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every Moment of it with useful or amusing Thoughts; or, in other Words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the View of past Life, in the Man who is grown old in Knowledge and Wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in Ignorance and Folly: The latter is like the Owner of a barren Country that fills his Eye with the Prospect of naked Hills and Plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious Landskip, divided into delightful Gardens, green Meadows, fruitful Fields, and can scarce cast his Eye on a single Spot of his Possessions that is not covered with some beautiful Plant or Flower.

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SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 94.

I am very much concerned when I see young Gentlemen of Fortune and Quality so wholly set upon Pleasures and Diversions, that they neglect all those Improvements in Wisdom and Knowledge which may make them easy to themselves and useful to the World. The greatest Part of our *British* Youth lose their Figure

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and

and grow out of Fashion by that Time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural Gaiety and Amiability of the young Man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie by* the rest of their Lives among the Lumber and Refuse of the Species. It sometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due Time to the Pursuits of Knowledge, they take up a Book in their declining Years, and grow very hopeful Scholars, by that Time they are threescore. I must therefore earnestly press my Readers, who are in the Flower of their Youth, to labour at those Accomplishments which may set off their Persons when their Blood is gone, and to *lay in* timely Provisions for Manhood and old Age. In short, I would advise the Youth of fifteen to be dressing up every Day the Man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Young Men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest Men of Antiquity made it their Ambition to excel all their Contemporaries in Knowledge. *Julius Cæsar* and *Alexander*, the most celebrated Instances of Human Greatness, took a particular Care to distinguish themselves by their Skill in the Arts and Sciences. We have still extant several Remains of the former, which justify the Character given of him by the learned Men of his own Age. As for the latter, it is a known Saying of his, that he was more obliged to *Aristotle* who had instructed him, than to *Philip* who had given him Life and Empire. There is a Letter of his recorded by *Plutarch* and *Aulus Gellius*, which he wrote to *Aristotle* upon hearing that he had published those Lectures he had given him in private. This Letter was written in the following Words at a Time when he was in the Height of his *Persian* Conquests.

Alexander to Aristotle, Greeting.

YOU have not done well to publish your Books of Select Knowledge; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in, are communicated to every Body? For my own part I declare to you, I would rather excel others in Knowledge than Power. Farewel.

We see by this Letter, that the Love of Conquest was but the second Ambition in *Alexander's* Soul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to Virtue, truly and essentially raises one Man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes Being pleasant to us, fills the Mind with entertaining Views, and administers to it a perpetual Series of Gratifications. It gives Ease to Solitude, and gracefulness to Retirement. It fills a public Station with suitable Abilities and adds Lustre to those who are in the Possession of them.

Learning, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether Speculative or Practical, is in popular and mixt Governments the natural Source of Wealth and Honour. If we look into most of the Reigns from the Conquest, we shall find that the Favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest Men are generally the Growth of that particular Age in which they flourish. A superior Capacity for Business, and a more extensive Knowledge, are the steps by which a new Man often mounts to Favour, and outshines the rest of his Contemporaries. But when Men are actually born to Titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional Greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

The Story of *Solomon's* Choice does not only instruct us in that Point of History, but furnishes out a very fine Moral to us, namely, that he who applies his Heart to Wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper Method for gaining long Life, Riches and Reputation, which are very often not only the Reward but the Effects of Wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present Subject, I shall first of all quote this Passage in the Words of sacred Writ, and afterwards mention an Allegory, in which this whole Passage is represented by a famous *French* Poet; not questioning but it will be very pleasing to each of my Readers who have a Taste for fine Writing. IN Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a Dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast shewn unto thy Servant David my Father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in Truth and in Righteousness, and in Uprightness

of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him th is gr
Kindness, and thou hast given him a Son to sit on th
Throne, as it is this Day And now, O Lord my God th
hast made thy Servant King instead of David my Father
and I am but a little Child: I know not how to go out
come in. Give therefore thy Servant an understanding
Heart to judge thy People, that I may discern between g
and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a Pe
ple! And the Speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon ha
asked this thing And God said unto him, because th
hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself lo
life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast aske
Life of thine Enemies, but hast asked for thyself Unde
standing to discern Judgment; Behold I have done a
ccording to thy words: lo I have given thee a wise an
understanding Heart, so that there was none like thee be
fore thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto the
And I have also given thee that which thou hast not aske
both riches and honour, so that there shall not be any
mong the Kings like unto thee all thy Days. And if th
wilt walk in my ways, to keep my Statutes, and my Co
mandments, as thy Father David did walk, then I will
lengthen thy Days. And Solomon awoke, and beheld
was a Dream —

The French Poet has shadowed this Story in
Allegory, of which he seems to have taken the Hint
from the Fables of the three Goddesses appearing
Paris, or rather from the Vision of Hercules, recor
ed by Xenophon, where Pleasure and Virtue are rep
sented as real Persons making their Court to the Hero
with all their several Charms and Allurements. Health
Wealth, Victory and Honour are introduced successiv
ly in their proper Emblems and Characters, each of
them spreading their Temptations, and recommending
herself to the young Monarch's Choice. Wisdom enters
the last, and so captivates him with her Appearance, th
he gives himself up to her. Upon which the informant
him, that those who appeared before her were nothing
else but her Equipage, and that since he had placed his
Heart upon Wisdom; Health, Wealth, Victory and
Honour should always wait on her as her Handmaid

KNOWLEDGE of *One's-Self*.

HYPOCRISY, at the fashionable End of the Town, is very different from Hypocrisy in the City. The modish Hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of Hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every Thing that has the Shew of Religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal Gallantries and Amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a Face of Sanctity, and covers a Multitude of Vices under a seeming religious Deportment.

But there is another Kind of Hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the Subject of this Paper: I mean that Hypocrisy, by which a Man does not only deceive the World, but very often imposes on himself: That Hypocrisy which conceals his own Heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his Vices, or mistake even his Vices for Virtues. It is this fatal Hypocrisy and Self-deceit, which is taken notice of in those Words, *Who can understand his Errors? cleanse thou me from secret Faults.*

If the open Professors of Impiety deserve the utmost Application and Endeavours of moral Writers to recover them from Vice and Folly, how much more may those lay a Claim to their Care and Compassion, who are walking in the Paths of Death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a Course of Virtue! I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some Rules for the discovery of those Vices that lurk in the secret Corners of the Soul, and to shew my Reader those Methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial Knowledge of himself. The usual Means prescribed for this Purpose, are to examine ourselves by the Rules which are laid down for our Direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our Lives with the Life of that Person who acted to the Perfection of human Nature, and is the standing Example, as well as the great Guide and Instructor, those who receive his Doctrines. Though these two

Heads

Heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many Great and Eminent Writers.

I would therefore propose the following Methods to the Consideration of such as would find out their secret Faults, and make a true Estimate of themselves:

In the first Place, let them consider well what are the Characters which they bear among their Enemies. Our Friends very often flatter us, as much as our own Hearts. They either do not see our Faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their Representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An Adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter Search into us, discovers every Flaw and Imperfection in our Tempers, and though his Malice may set them in too strong a Light, it has generally some Ground for what it advances. A Friend exaggerates a Man's Virtues, an Enemy inflames his Crimes. A wise Man should give a just Attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the Improvement of one, and the Diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an Essay on the Benefits which a Man may receive from his Enemies, and, among the good Fruits of Enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the Reproaches which it casts upon us we see the worst Side of ourselves, and open our Eyes to several Blemishes and Defects in our Lives and Conversations, which we should not have observed, without the Help of such ill natured Monitors.

In order likewise to come at a true Knowledge of ourselves, we should consider on the other Hand how far we may deserve the Praises and Approbations which the World bestows upon us; whether the Actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy Motives; and how far we are really possessed of the Virtues which gain us Applause among those with whom we converse. Such a Reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the Opinions of others, and to sacrifice the Report of our own Hearts to the Judgment of the World.

In the next Place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a Point of so much Importance, we should not lay too great a Stress on any supposed Virtues we possess the

are of a doubtful Nature: And such we may esteem all those in which Multitudes of Men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great Cautiousness and Circumspection in Points, where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate Zeal, Bigotry and Persecution for any Party or Opinion, how praise-worthy soever they may appear to weak Men of our own Principles, produce infinite Calamities among Mankind, and are highly criminal in their own Nature; and yet how many Persons, eminent for Piety, suffer such monstrous and absurd Principles of Action to take Root in their Minds under the Colour of Virtues? For my Part I must own, I never knew any Party so just and reasonable, that a Man could follow it in its Height and Violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those Actions which proceed from natural Constitution, favourite Passions, particular Education, or whatever promotes our worldly Interest or Advantage. In these and the like Cases, a Man's Judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong Bias hung upon his Mind. These are the Inlets of Prejudice, the ungarded Avenues of the Mind, by which a thousand Errors and secret Faults find Admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise Man will suspect those Actions to which he is directed by something besides Reason, and always apprehend some concealed Evil in every Resolution that is of a disputable Nature, when it is conformable to his particular Temper, his Age, or Way of Life, or when it favours his Pleasure or his Profit.

There is nothing of greater Importance to us than thus diligently to sift our Thoughts, and examine all these dark Recesses of the Mind, if we would establish our Souls in such a solid and substantial Virtue as will turn to Account in that great Day, when it must stand the Test of infinite Wisdom and Justice.

I shall conclude this Essay with observing, that the two kinds of Hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely, that of deceiving the World, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful Beauty in the hundred and thirty ninth Psalm. The Folly of the first kind of Hypocrisy is there set forth by Reflections on
God's

God's Omniscience and Omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble Strains of Poetry as any other I ever met with, either Sacred or Profane. The other kind of Hypocrisy, whereby a Man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last Verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of Hearts in that emphatical Petition; *Try me, O God, and seek the Ground of my Heart; prove me, and examine my Thoughts. Look well if there be any way of Wickedness in me, and lead me in the Way everlasting.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 399

LETTERS on various Occasions.

S I R,

I AM one of those unhappy Men that are plagued with a Gospel Gossip, so common among Dissenters (especially Friends.) Lectures in the Morning, Church-Meetings at Noon, and Preparation Sermons at Night, take up so much of her Time, 'tis very rare she knows what we have for Dinner, unless when the Preacher is to be at it. With him come a Tribe, all Brothers and Sisters it seems; while others, really such, are deemed no Relations. If at any time I have her Company alone, she is a meer Sermon Pop gun, repeating and discharging Texts, Proofs, and Applications so perpetually, that however weary I may go to Bed, the Noise in my Head will not let me sleep 'till towards Morning. The Misery of my Case, and great Numbers of such Sufferers plead your Pity and speedy Relief, otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached and prayed into Want, unless the Happiness of being sooner talked to Death prevent it.

I am, &c. R. G.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 46.

To Colonel R——s in Spain.

BEFORE this can reach the best of Husbands and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will be no more of Concern to me. The Indisposition in which

which you, to obey the Dictates of your Honour and Duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted by my Physicians I cannot live a Week longer. At this time my Spirits fail me; and it is the ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond my Strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful Thing in the Prospect of Death, is, that I must part with you. But let it be a Comfort to you, that I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented Folly that retards me; but I pass away my last Hours in Reflection upon the Happiness we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it is so soon to have an End. This is a Frailty which I hope is so far from criminal, that methinks there is a kind of Piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a State which is the Institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its Laws. As we know no more of the next Life, but that it will be an happy one to the Good, and miserable to the Wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the Difficulty of resigning this Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the Steps of those with whom we walked with Innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my usual Work, and tho' unknown to you, be assistant in all the Conflicts of your Mind: Give me leave to say to you, O best of Men, that I cannot figure to myself a greater Happiness than in such an Employment: To be present at all the Adventures to which human Life is exposed, to administer Slumber to thy Eyelids in the Agonies of a Fever, to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle, to go with thee a Guardian Angel, incapable of Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful Woman: These, my Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not capable under my present Weakness of bearing the strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form to myself the Grief you will be in upon your first hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon this because your kind and generous Heart will be but the more
afflicted,

‘ afflicted, the more the Person for whom you lament
 ‘ offers you Consolation. My last Breath will, if I am
 ‘ myself, expire in a Prayer for you. I shall never
 ‘ see thy Face again. Farewell for ever.

SPECTATOR, Vol. No. III. 204

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

S I R.

‘ YOUR having done considerable Services in
 ‘ this great City, by rectifying the Disorders of
 ‘ Families, and several Wives having preferred your
 ‘ Advice and Directions to those of their Husbands,
 ‘ emboldens me to apply to you at this time. I am a
 ‘ Shop-keeper, and tho’ but a young Man, I find by
 ‘ Experience that nothing but the utmost Diligence
 ‘ both of Husband and Wife (among trading People)
 ‘ can keep Affairs in any tolerable Order. My Wife
 ‘ at the Beginning of our Establishment shewed herself
 ‘ very assisting to me in my Business, as much as could
 ‘ lie in her Way, and I have Reason to believe ’twas
 ‘ with her Inclination; but of late she has got ac-
 ‘ quainted with a Schoolman, who values himself for
 ‘ his great Knowledge in the *Greek* Tongue. He en-
 ‘ tertains her frequently in the Shop with Discourses
 ‘ of the Beauties and Excellencies of that Language;
 ‘ and repeats to her several Passages out of the *Greek*
 ‘ Poets, wherein he tells her there is unspeakable
 ‘ Harmony and agreeable Sounds that all other Lan-
 ‘ guages are wholly unacquainted with. He has so
 ‘ infatuated her with his Jargon, that instead of using
 ‘ her former Diligence in the Shop, she now neglects
 ‘ the Affairs of the House, and is wholly taken up
 ‘ with her Tutor in learning by heart Scraps of *Greek*
 ‘ which she vents upon all Occasions. She told me
 ‘ some Days ago, that whereas I use some *Latin* In-
 ‘ scriptions in my Shop, she advised me, with a great
 ‘ deal of Concern, to have them changed into *Greek*;
 ‘ it being a Language less understood, would be more
 ‘ conformable to the Mytery of my Profession; that
 ‘ our good Friend would be assisting to us in this
 ‘ Work; and that a certain Faculty of Gentlemen

‘ would

would find themselves so much obliged to me, that they would infallibly make my Fortune: In short, her frequent Importunities upon this and other Impertinences of the like Nature make me very uneasy; and if your Remonstrances have no more Effect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be obliged to ruin myself to procure her a Settlement at Oxford with her Tutor, for she's already too mad for Bedlam. Now, Sir, you see the Danger my Family is exposed to, and the Likelihood of my Wife's becoming both troublesome and useless, unless her reading herself in your Paper may make her reflect. She is so very learned that I cannot pretend by Word of Mouth to argue with her. She laugh'd out at your ending a paper in *Greek*, and said 'twas a Hint to Women of Literature, and very civil not to translate it to expose them to the Vulgar. You see how it is with.

S I R, Your humble Servant.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 278.

When I consider the false Impressions which are received by the Generality of the World, I am troubled at none more than a certain Levity of Thought, which many young Women of Quality have entertained, to the Hazard of their Characters, and the certain Misfortune of their Lives. The first of the following Letters may best represent the Faults I would now point at, and the Answer to it the Temper of Mind in a contrary Character.

My dear Harriot,

IF thou art she, but oh! how fallen, how changed, what an Apostate! how lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married I find is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Manor House in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a sober Husband and an aukward Chamber-Maid. For Variety I suppose you may entertain yourself with Madam

dam in her Grogram Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has by this Time I am sure well furnished you with Receipts for making Salves and Possets, distilling Cordial Waters, making Syrups, and applying Poultrices.

‘ Blest Solitude ! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described : But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels : After six Months Marriage to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country Scenes so softly is a little extravagant ; one would think you lived the Lives of *Sylvan* Deities, or roved among the Walks of Paradise, like the first happy Pair. But pr’ythee leave these Whimsies, and come to Town in order to live and talk like other mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman : ’Tis a little Insolence in me perhaps, to advise a Matron ; but I am so afraid you’ll make so silly a Figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any public Places with your Husband, and never to saunter about *St. James’s Park* together : If you presume to enter the Ring at *Hide Park* together, you are ruined for ever ; nor must you take the least notice of one another at the Play-house or Opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving Couple most happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation ; she is the most negligent and fashionable Wife in the World ; she is hardly ever seen in the same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect Strangers : She never was heard to name him in his Absence, and takes care he shall never be the Subject of any Discourse that she has a Share in. I hope you’ll propose this Lady as a Pattern, tho’ I am very much afraid you’ll be so silly to think *Portia*, &c. *Sabine* and *Roman* Wives, much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head to imitate those antiquated

‘ Creatures so far, as to come into Public in the Habit
‘ as well as Air of a *Roman* Matron. You make already
‘ the Entertainment at Mrs. *Modish*’s Tea-Table; she
‘ says, she always thought you a discreet Person, and
‘ qualified to manage a family with admirable Pru-
‘ dence; she dies to see what demure and serious Airs
‘ Wedlock has given you, but she says she shall never
‘ forgive your Choice of so gallant a Man as *Bellamour*
‘ to transform him to a mere sober husband; ’twas un-
‘ pardonable: You see, my Dear, we all envy your Hap-
‘ piness, and no Person more than

Your humble Servant,

Lydia.

‘ **B**E not in Pain, good Madam, for my Appearance
‘ in Town; I shall frequent no public Places, or
‘ make any Visits where the Character of a modest Wife
‘ is ridiculous. As for your wild Raillery on Matrimo-
‘ ny, ’tis all Hypocrisy; you, and all the handsome young
‘ Women of your Acquaintance, shew yourselves to no
‘ other Purpose than to gain a Conquest over some Man
‘ of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and For-
‘ tune on him. There’s no Indecency in the Confession,
‘ the Design is modest and honourable, and all your
‘ Affectation can’t disguise it.

‘ I am married, and have no other Concern but to
‘ please the Man I love; he’s the End of every Care I
‘ have; if I dress ’tis for him; if I read a Poem or a
‘ Play, ’tis to qualify myself for a Conversation agree-
‘ able to his Taste: He’s almost the End of my Devo-
‘ tions; half my Prayers are for his Happiness—I love
‘ to talk of him, and never hear him named but with
‘ Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wish
‘ you Happiness, but am sorry to see by the Air of your
‘ Letter that there are a Set of Women who are got in-
‘ to the Common-Place Raillery of every thing that is
‘ sober, decent, and proper: Matrimony and the Clergy
‘ are the Topics of People of little Wit and no Under-
‘ standing. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar’s
‘ Wife all you tax me with: She is a discreet, ingenious,
‘ plea-

‘ pleasant, pious Women ; I wish she had the handling
 ‘ of you and Mrs. *Modish* ; you would find, if you were
 ‘ too free with her, she would soon make you as charm-
 ‘ ing as ever you were, she would make you blush as
 ‘ much as if you never had been fine Ladies. The
 ‘ Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my Husband,
 ‘ and his agreeable Conversation has brought him to
 ‘ enjoy many sober happy Hours when even I am
 ‘ shut out, and my dear Master is entertained only with
 ‘ his own Thoughts. These Things, dear Madam,
 ‘ will be lasting Satisfaction, when the fine Ladies,
 ‘ and the Coxcombs by whom they form themselves,
 ‘ are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old Age. I
 ‘ am,

Madam, your most humble Servant,

Mary Home.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 254.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ I AM the happy Father of a very towardsly Son, in
 ‘ whom I do not only see my Life, but also my
 ‘ Manner of Life, renewed. It would be extremely
 ‘ beneficial to Society, if you would frequently resume
 ‘ Subjects which serve to bind these sort of Relations
 ‘ faster, and endear the Ties of Blood with those of
 ‘ Good will, Protection, Observance, Indulgence and
 ‘ Veneration. I would, methinks, have this done af-
 ‘ ter an uncommon Method, and do not think any one,
 ‘ who is not capable of writing a good Play, fit to un-
 ‘ dertake a Work wherein there will necessarily occur
 ‘ so many secret Instincts, and Biasses of human Nature
 ‘ which would pass unobserved by common Eyes. I
 ‘ thank Heaven, I have no outrageous Offence against
 ‘ my own excellent Parents to answer for ; but when I
 ‘ am now and then alone, and look back upon my past
 ‘ Life, from my earliest Infancy to this Time there are
 ‘ many Faults which I committed that did not appear
 ‘ to me, even till I myself became a Father. I had not
 ‘ till then a Notion of the Yearnings of Heart, which a
 ‘ Man has when he sees his Child do a laudable Thing,
 ‘ or the sudden Damp which seizes him when he fears
 ‘ he

he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a Remorse touched me for a long Train of childish Negligences of my Mother, when I saw my Wife the other Day look out of the Window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger Boy sliding upon the Ice. These slight Intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little Crimes which Children take no notice of while they are doing, which upon Reflections, when they shall themselves become Fathers, they will look upon with the utmost Sorrow and Contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand Things do I remember which would have highly pleased my Father, and I omitted for no other Reason, but that I thought what he proposed the Effect of Humour and old Age which I am now convinced had Reason and good Sense in it. I cannot now go into the Parlour to him, and make his Heart glad with an Account of a Matter which was of no Consequence, but that I told it, and acted in it. The good Man and Woman are long since in their Graves, who used to sit and plot the Welfare of us their Children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old Folks at another End of the House. The Truth of it is, were we merely to follow Nature in these great Duties of Life, tho' we have a strong Instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both Sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the Generality of Mankind, and Growth towards Manhood so desirable to all, that Resignation to Decay is too difficult a Task in the Father; and Deference, amidst the Impulse of gay Desires, appears unreasonable to the Son. There are so few who can grow old with a good Grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the World, that a Father, were he to be actuated by his Desires, and a Son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when Reason interposes against Instinct, where it would carry either out of the Interests of the other, there arises that happiest Intercourse of good Offices between those dearest Relations of human Life. The
Father,

' Father, according to the Opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down Blessings on the Son, and the Son endeavouring to appear the worthy Offspring of such a Father. It is after this manner that *Camillus* and his First born dwell together. *Camillus* enjoys a pleasing and indolent old Age, in which Passion is subdued, and Reason exalted. He waits the Day of his Dissolution with a Resignation mixed with Delight, and the Son fears the Accellion of his Father's Fortune with Diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his Predecessor. Add to this, that the Father knows he leaves a Friend to the Children of his Friends, an easy Landlord to his Tenants, and an agreeable Companion to his Acquaintance. He believes his Son's Behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This Commerce is so well cemented, that without the Pomp of saying, *Son, be a Friend to such a one when I am gone*; *Camillus* knows, being in his Favour, is Direction enough to the grateful Youth who is to succeed him, without the Admonition of his mentioning it. These Gentlemen are honoured in all their Neighbourhood, and the same Effect which the Court has on the Manners of a Kingdom, their Characters have on all who live within the Influence of them.

' My Son and I are not of Fortune to communicate our good Actions or Intentions to so many as these Gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my Son has, by the Applause and Approbation which his Behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old Man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other Mens Children follow the Example of mine, and I have the inexpressible Happiness of over-hearing our Neighbours, as we ride by, point to their Children, and say, with a Voice of Joy, There they go.

' You cannot, Mr. SPECTATOR, pass your Time better than in insinuating the Delights which these Relations well regarded bestow upon each other. Ordinary Passages are no longer such, but mutual Love gives an Importance to the most indifferent things, and a Merit to Actions the most insignificant. When we look round the World, and observe the many Mis-

' understandings

understandings which are created by the Malice and Insinuation of the meanest Servants between People thus related, how necessary will it appear that it were inculcated that Men would be upon their Guard to support a Constancy of Affection, and that grounded upon the Principles of Reason, not the Impulses of Instinct.

• It is from the common Prejudices which Men receive from their Parents, that Hatreds are kept alive from one Generation to another; and when Men act by Instinct, Hatreds will descend when good Offices are forgotten. For the Degeneracy of human Life is such that our Anger is more easily transferred to our Children than our Love. Love always gives something to the Object it delights in, and Anger spoils the Person against whom it is moved of something laudable in him: From this Degeneracy therefore, and a sort of Self-Love, we are more prone to take up the Ill-will of our Parents, than to follow them in their Friendships.

• One would think there should need no more to make Men keep up this sort of Relation with the utmost Sanctity, than to examine their own Hearts. If every Father remembered his own Thoughts and Inclinations when he was a Son, and every Son remembered what he expected from his Father, when he himself was in a State of Dependence, this one Reflection would preserve Men from being dissolute or rigid in these several Capacities. The Power and Subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically Tyrants and Rebels against each other, with greater Cruelty of Heart, than the Disruption of States and Empires can possibly produce. I shall end this Application to you with two Letters which passed between a Mother and Son very lately, and are as follows.

Dear FRANK,

IF the Pleasures, which I have the Grief to hear you pursue in Town, do not take up all your Time, do not deny your Mother so much of it, as to read seriously this Letter. You said before Mr. *Letacre*, that

‘ an

' an old Woman might live very well in the Country
 ' upon half my Jointure, and that your Father was
 ' fond Fool to give me a Rent Charge of Eight Hun-
 ' dred a Year to the Prejudice of his Son. What *La-*
 ' *acre* said to you upon that Occasion, you ought
 ' have born with more Decency, as he was your Fa-
 ' ther's well-beloved Servant, than to have called him
 ' *Country Put*. In the first place, *Frank*, I must tell you
 ' I will have my Rent duly paid, for I will make up
 ' to your Sisters for the Partiality I was guilty of, in
 ' making your Father do so much as he hath done for
 ' you. I may, it seems, live upon half my Jointure
 ' I lived upon much less. *Frank*, when I carried you
 ' from place to place in these Arms, and could neither
 ' eat, dress, or mind any thing for feeding and tending
 ' you a weakly Child, and shedding Tears when the
 ' Convulsions you were then troubled with returned
 ' upon you. By my Care you outgrew them, to throw
 ' away the Vigour of your Youth in the Arms of Har-
 ' lots, and deny your Mother what is not yours to de-
 ' tain. Both your Sisters are crying to see the Passion
 ' which I smother; but if you please to go on thus like
 ' a Gentleman of the Town, and forget all Regards
 ' to yourself and Family, I shall immediately enter up-
 ' on your Estate for the Arrear due to me, and without
 ' one Tear more condemn you for forgetting the Fonde-
 ' nefs of your Mother, as much as you have the Exam-
 ' ple of your Father. O *Frank*, do I live to omit wit-
 ' ting myself,

Your affectionate Mother,

A. T.

MADAM,

' I Will come down To-morrow and pay the Money
 ' on my Knees. Pray write so no more. I will
 ' take Care you never shall, for I will be for ever here-
 ' after,

Your most dutiful Son,

F. T.

' I will bring down new Heads for my Sisters. Pray
 ' let all be forgotten.

SPECTATOR, VOL. IV. No. 263

Mrs.

thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts, and Refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing Joys and inward Satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the Thoughts of good Men. He is lodged in our very Essence, and is a Soul within the soul to irradiate its Understanding, rectify its Will, purify its Passions, and enliven all the Powers of Man. How happy therefore is an intellectual Being, who, by Prayer and Meditation, by Virtue and good Works, maintains this Communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole Creation frowns upon him, and all Nature looks black about him, he has his Light and Support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those Horrors which encompass him. He knows that his Helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing he can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of Calumny or Contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his Soul, and whom he looks upon as his Defender, his Propriety, and the Lifter-up of his Head. In his deepest solitude and Retirements he knows that he is in Company with the greatest of Beings; and perceives within himself such real Sensations of his Presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his Creatures. Even in the Hour of Death, he considers the Pains of his Dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that Partition, which stands betwixt his Soul, and the Sight of that Being, who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in Fulness of Joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's Presence, from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Goodness, we must keep such a Watch over all our thoughts, that, in the Language of the Scripture, his soul may have Pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the Communications of our Hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The Light of Nature could direct *Seneca* to this Doctrine, in a very remarkable Passage among his Epistles;

OL. II.

F

Sacer

' an old Woman might live very well in the Count
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SPECTATOR, VOL. IV. No. 264

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F
Sacer

*Sacer inest in nobis Spiritus bonorum malorumque
 & observator, & quemadmodum nos illum tractamus,
 & ille nos.* ' There is a holy Spirit residing in us, who
 ' watches and observes both good and evil Men, and
 ' will treat us after the same manner that we treat him.
 But I shall conclude this Discourse with those more
 phatical Words of Divine Revelation, *If a Man love me
 will keep my Words; and my Father will love him, and
 we will come unto him, and make our Abode with him.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 5

I had this Morning a very valuable and kind Present
 sent me, of a translated Work of a most excellent Foreign
 reign Writer, who makes a very considerable Figure in
 the Learned and Christian World. It is entitled,
*Demonstration of the Existence, Wisdom and Omnipotence
 of God*, drawn from the Knowledge of Nature, particularly
 of Man, and fitted to the meanest Capacity, by the
 Archbishop of Cambray, Author of *Telemachus*, and
 Translated from the *French* by the same Hand, and
Englisht that excellent Piece. This great Author, in his
 Writings which he has before produced, has manifested
 an Heart full of virtuous Sentiments, great Benevolence
 to Mankind, as well as a sincere and fervent Piety towards
 his Creator. His Talents and Parts are a very great
 Good to the World, and it is a pleasing Thing to behold
 the polite Arts subservient to Religion, and to commend
 it from its natural Beauty. Looking over the Letters of my
 Correspondents, I find one which celebrates this Treatise,
 and recommends it to my Readers.

To the GUARDIAN.

SIR,

' I think I have somewhere read, in the Writings
 ' one whom I take to be a Friend of yours, a Sentence
 ' ing which struck me very much, and as I remember
 ' ber it was to this Purpose: *The Existence of a God
 ' is so far from being a Thing that wants to be proved,
 ' ed, that I think it is the only Thing of which we are
 ' certain.* This is a sprightly and just Expression
 ' however, I dare say, you will not be displeased
 ' I put you in mind of saying something on the

monstration of the Bishop of *Cambray*. A Man of his Talents views all Things in a Light different from that in which ordinary Men see them, and the devout Disposition of his Soul turns all those Talents, to the Improvement of the Pleasures of a good Life, His Stile cloaths Philosophy in a Dress almost Poetick, and his Readers enjoy in full Perfection the Advantage, while they are reading him, of being what he is. The pleasing Representation of the Animal Powers in the beginning of his Work, and his Consideration of the Nature of Man with the Addition of Reason, in the subsequent Discourse, impresses upon the Mind a strong Satisfaction in itself, and Gratitude towards Him who bestowed that Superiority over the Brute World. These Thoughts had such an Effect upon the Author himself, that he has ended his Discourse with a Prayer. This Adoration has a Sublimity in it, befitting his Character, and the Emotions of his Heart flow from Wisdom and Knowledge. I thought it would be proper for a *Saturday's* Paper, and have translated it, to make you a Present of it. I have not, as the Translator was obliged to do, confined myself to an exact Version from the Original, but have endeavoured to suppress the Spirit of it, by taking the Liberty to render his Thoughts in such a Way as I should have uttered them if they had been my own. It has been observed, that the private Letters of a great Man are the best Pictures of their Souls, but certainly their private Devotions would be still more instructive, and I know not why they should not be as curious and entertaining.

If you insert this Paper, I know not but I may send you, for another Occasion, one used by a very great Wit of the last Age, which has Allusions to the Errors of a very wild Life, and I believe you will think it written with an uncommon Spirit. The Person whom I mean was an excellent Writer, and the Publication of this Prayer of his may be, perhaps, some kind of Antidote against the Infection in his other Writings. But this Supplication of the Bishop has in it a more happy and untroubled Spirit; it is (if that is not saying something too fond) the Worship

of an Angel concerned for those that had fallen, but himself still in the State of Glory and Innocence. The Book ends with an Act of Devotion, to this Effect :
O my God, if the greater Number of Mankind do not discover Thee in that glorious Show of Nature which thou hast placed before our Eyes, it is not because Thou art far from every one of us ; Thou art present to us more than any Object which we touch with our Hands ; but our Senses, and the Passions which they produce in us, turn our Attention from Thee. Thy Light shines in the midst of Darkness, but the Darkness comprehends it not. Thou, O Lord, dost every where display thyself. Thou shinest in all thy Works, but art not regarded by heedless and unthinking Man. The whole Creation talks aloud of Thee, and echoes with the Repetitions of thy holy Name. But such is our Insensibility, that we are deaf to the great and universal Voice of Nature. Thou art every where about us, and within us ; but we wander from ourselves, become Strangers to our own Souls, and do not apprehend thy Presence. O thou who art the eternal Fountain of Light and Beauty, who art the Ancient of Days, without Beginning and without End ; O thou, who art the Life of all that truly live, those can never fail to find Thee, who seek for Thee within themselves. But alas, the very Gifts which thou bestowest upon us, do so employ our Thoughts, that they hinder us from perceiving the Hand which conveys them to us. We live by Thee, and yet we live without thinking on Thee, but O Lord, what is Life in the Ignorance of Thee ? A dead unactive Piece of Matter, a Flower that withers, a River that glides away, a Palace that hastens to its Ruin, a Picture made up of fading Colours, a Mass of shining Ore, strike our Imaginations, and make us sensible of their Existence. We regard them as Objects capable of giving us Pleasure, not considering that thou conveyest through them all the Pleasure which we imagine they give us. Such vain empty Objects that are only the Shadows of Being, are proportioned to our low and groveling Thoughts. That Beauty which thou hast poured out

on thy Creation, is as a Veil which hides thee from our Eyes. As Thou art a Being too pure and exalted to pass through our Senses, Thou art not regarded by Men, who have debased their Nature, and have made themselves like the Beasts that perish. So infatuated are they, that, notwithstanding they know what is Wisdom and Virtue, which have neither Sound, nor Colour, nor Smell, nor Taste, nor Figure, nor any other sensible Quality, they can doubt of thy Existence, because thou art not apprehended by the grosser Organs of Sense. Wretches that we are! we consider Shadows as Realities, and Truth as a Phantom. That which is Nothing, is All to us, and that which is All, appears to us Nothing. What do we see in all Nature but Thee, O my God! Thou, and only Thou, appearest in every thing. When I consider Thee, O Lord, I am swallowed up, and lost in Contemplation of Thee. Every thing besides Thee, even my own Existence, vanishes and disappears in the Contemplation of Thee. I am lost to myself, and fall into nothing, when I think on Thee. The Man who does not see Thee, has beheld nothing; he who does not taste Thee, has a Relish of nothing. His Being is vain, and his Life but a Dream. Set up Thyself, O Lord, set up Thyself that we may behold Thee. As Wax consumes before the Fire, and as the Smoke is driven away, so let Thine Enemies vanish out of thy Presence. How unhappy is that Soul who, without the Sense of Thee, has no God, no Hope, no Comfort to support him? but how happy the Man who searches, sighs and thirsts after Thee! But he only is fully happy on whom Thou livest up the Light of thy Countenance, whose Tears Thou hast wiped away, and who enjoys in Thy Loving-kindness the Completion of all his Desires. How long, how long, O Lord, shall I wait for that Day, when I shall possess, in thy Presence, Fulness of Joy and Pleasures for evermore? O my God, in this pleasing Hope, my Bones rejoyce and cry out, Who is like unto Thee! My Heart melts away, and my Soul faints within me, when I look up to Thee who art the God of my Life, and my Portion to all Eternity.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 69.

I will make no Apology for preferring this Letters, and the Extract following, to any thing else which I could possibly insert.

S I R,

Cambridge, May 31.

‘ You having been pleased to take notice of what you conceived excellent in some of our *English* Divines, I have here presumed to send a Specimen, which, if I am not mistaken, may, for Acuteness of Judgment, Ornament of Speech, and true Sublime, compare with any of the choicest Writings of the Ancient Fathers or Doctors of the Church, who lived nearest to the Apostles Times. The Subject is no less than that of God himself; and the Design, besides doing some Honour to our own Nation, is to shew, by a fresh Example, to what a Height and Strength of Thought a Person, who appears not to be by Nature endued with the quickest Parts, may arrive through a sincere and steady Practice of the Christian Religion, I mean, as taught and administered in the Church of *England*: Which will, at the same time, prove that the Force of Spiritual Assistance is not at all abated by Length of Time, or the Iniquity of Mankind; but that if Men were not wanting to themselves, and (as our excellent Author speaks) could but be persuaded to conform to our Church Rules, they might still live as the primitive Christians did, and come short of none of those eminent Saints for Virtue and Holiness. The Author from whom this Collection is made, is Bishop *Beveridge*, Vol. 2. Sermon I. *Philotheus.*

In treating upon that Passage in the Book of *Exodus*, where *Moses* being ordered to lead the Children of *Israel* out of *Egypt*, he asked God what Name he should mention Him by to that People, in order to dispose them to obey him; and God answered, *I am that I am*; and bade him tell them, *I am hath sent me unto you*: The admirable Author thus discourses; ‘ *GOD* having been pleased to reveal himself to us under this Name or Title, *I am that I am*, He thereby suggests to us, that he would not have us apprehend of Him, as of any particular or limited Being, but as a Being in ge-
neral

neral, or the Being of all Beings; who giveth Being to, and therefore exerciseth Authority over all Things in the World. He did not answer *Moses*, I am the Great, the Living, the True, the Everlasting God; he did not say, I am the Almighty Creator, Preserver and Governor of the whole World, but *I am that I am*: Intimating, that *Moses* desired such a Name of God as might fully describe his Nature as in itself, that is a thing impossible, there being no Words to be found in any Language, whereby to express the Glory of an infinite Being, especially so as that finite Creatures should be able fully to conceive it. Yet, however, in these Words He is pleased to acquaint us what kind of Thoughts he would have us entertain of him: Insomuch, that could we but rightly apprehend what is couch'd under and intended by them, we should doubtless have as high and true Conceptions of God as it is possible for any Creatures to have.—The Answer given suggests farther to us these following Notions of the most High God. 'First, that he is *one Being*, existing in and of himself: His Unity is implied in that he saith, *I*; his *Existence* in that he saith, *I am*; his *Essence in and of himself*, in that he saith, *I am that I am*, that is, *I am in and of myself*, not receiving any thing from, nor depending upon any other.—The same Expression implies, that as *GOD is only One*, so that He is *a most pure and simple Being*; for here, we see, He admits nothing into the Manifestation of Himself but *pure Essence*, saying *I am that I am*, that is, *Being itself*, without any Mixture, or Composition. And therefore we must not conceive of *GOD*, as made up of several Parts, or Faculties, or Ingredients, but only as *One*, who is *that He is*, and whatsoever is in Him is Himself: And although we read of several Properties attributed to him in Scripture, as *Wisdom*, *Goodness*, *Justice*, &c we must not apprehend them to be several Powers, Habits or Qualities, as they are in us; for as they are in *GOD*, they are neither distinguished from one another, nor from his *Nature* or *Essence*, in whom they are said to be. In whom, I say, they are said to be: For to speak properly, they are not in Him, but are his *very Essence or Nature itself*; which acting

' severally upon several Objects, seems to us to arise
 ' from several Properties or Perfections in him ; where
 ' all the Difference is only in our different Apprehen
 ' sions of the same thing. *GOD* in himself is a *most sim*
 ' *ple and pure Act*, and therefore cannot have any thing
 ' in Him but what is that *most simple and pure Act* in
 ' *self* ; which seeing it bringeth upon every Creature
 ' what it deserves, we conceive of it as of several Di
 ' vine Perfections in the same Almighty Being. Where
 ' *GOD*, whose Understanding is infinite as Himself, doth
 ' not apprehend himself under the distinct Notions of
 ' *Wisdom*, or *Goodness*, or *Justice*, or the like, but
 ' only as *Jehovah* : And therefore, in this Place he doth
 ' not say, *I am Wise*, or *Just*, or *Good*, but simply
 ' *I am that I am*.

Having thus offered at something towards the Ex
 plication of the first of these mysterious Sayings in the
 Answer *GOD* made to *Moses*, when he designed to en
 courage him to lead his People out of *Egypt*, he proceeds
 to consider the other, whereby *GOD* calls himself ab
 solutely *I am*. Concerning which he takes notice
 ' That though *I am* be commonly a Verb of the first
 ' Person, yet it is here used as a Noun Substantive, or
 ' proper Name, and is the Nominative Case to another
 ' Verb of the third Person in these Words, *I am bath*
 ' *sent me unto you*. A strange Expression ! But when
 ' *GOD* speaks of himself, He cannot be confined to
 ' Grammar Rules, being infinitely above and beyond
 ' the Reach of all Languages in the World. And there
 ' fore it is no Wonder that when he would reveal Him
 ' self, he goes out of our common Way of speaking one
 ' to another, and expresth Himself in a Way peculiar
 ' to Himself, and such as is suitable and proper to his
 ' own Nature and Glory.

' Hence therefore, as when He speaks of *Himself* and
 ' his own *eternal Essence*, He saith, *I am that I am* :
 ' so when he speaks of *Himself*, with Reference to his
 ' Creatures, and especially to his People, He saith,
 ' *am*. He doth not say *I am their Light*, *their Life*,
 ' *their Guide*, *their Strength*, or *Tower*, but only *I am* :
 ' He sets as it were his Hand to a Blank, that his Peo
 ' ple may write under it what they please that is good

for them. As if He should say, *Are they weak? I am Strength. Are they poor? I am Riches. Are they in Trouble? I am Comfort. Are they sick? I am Health. Are they dying? I am Life. Have they nothing? I am all Things. I am Wisdom and Power, I am Justice and Mercy, I am Grace and Goodness, I am Glory, Beauty, Holiness, Eminency, Supereminency, Perfection, All-sufficiency, Eternity, Jehovah, I Am. Whatsoever is suitable to their Nature, or convenient for them in their several Conditions, that I am: Whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable unto them, that I am: Whatsoever is pure and holy, whatsoever is great or pleasant, whatsoever is good or needful to make Men happy, that I Am.* So that, in short, GOD here represents himself unto us as an *Universal Good*, and leaves us to make the Application of it to ourselves, according to our several Wants, Capacities and Desires, by saying only in general, *I Am.*

Again Pag. 27, he thus discourses; There is more solid Joy and Comfort, more real Delight and Satisfaction of Mind, in one single Thought of GOD, rightly formed, than all the Riches, and Honours, and Pleasures of this World, put them all together, are able to afford ——— Let us then call in all our scattered Thoughts from all Things here below, and raise them up, and unite them all to the most High GOD; not apprehending Him under the Idea, Image, Likeness of any thing else, but as infinitely greater, and higher, and better than all Things; as *One* existing in and of Himself, and giving Essence and Existence to all Things in the World besides Himself; as *One* so Pure and Simple that there is nothing in Him but Himself, but *Essence* and *Being* itself; as *One* so Infinite and Omnipotent, that wheresoever any thing else is in the whole World, there He is, and beyond the World, where nothing else is, there all things are, because He is there; as *One* so Wise, so Knowing, so Omniscient, that He at this very Moment, and always, sees what all the Angels are doing in Heaven; what all the Fowls are doing in the Air; what all the Fishes are doing in the Waters; what all the Devils are doing in Hell; what all the Men and Beasts, and

the very Insects, are doing upon Earth; as One *Potent* and *Omnipotent*, that He can do whatsoever He will, only by Willing it should be done; as One so *Great*, so *Good*, so *Glorious*, so *Immutable*, so *Transcendant*, so *Infinite*, so *Incomprehensible*, so *Eternal*; what shall I say? so *Jehovah*, that the more we think of Him, the more we admire Him, the more we adore Him, the more we love Him, the more we may, and ought; our highest Conceptions of Him being much beneath Him, as our greatest Services come short of what we owe Him.

Seeing therefore we cannot think of God so highly as He is, let us think of Him as highly as we can. And for that End let us get above ourselves, and above the World, and raise up our Thoughts higher and higher, and higher still, and when we have got them up as high as possibly we can, let us apprehend a Being infinitely higher than the highest of them; and then finding ourselves at a loss, amazed, confounded at such an infinite Height of infinite Perfections, let us fall down in humble and hearty Desires to be freed from these dark Prisons wherein we are now immured, that we may take our Flight into Eternity, and there (thro' the Merits of our ever-blessed Saviour) see this infinite Being *Face to Face*, and enjoy Him for ever.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 74

GOOD-HUMOUR.

A Man advanced in Years that thinks fit to look back upon his former Life, and calls that our Life which was passed with Satisfaction and Enjoyment, excluding all Parts which were not pleasant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his Infancy. Sickness, Ill-humour, and Idleness, will have robbed him of a great Share of that Space we ordinarily call our Life. It is therefore the Duty of every Man that would be true to himself, to obtain, if possible, a Disposition to be pleased, and place himself in a constant Aptitude for the Satisfaction of his Being. Instead of this, you have seen a Man who is not uneasy in Proportion to his Advancement in the Arts of Life. An affected Delicacy

the common Improvement we meet with in those who pretend to be refined above others: They do not aim at true Pleasure themselves, but turn their Thoughts upon observing the false Pleasures of other Men. Such People are Valetudinarians in Society, and they should no more come into company that a sick Man should come into the Air: If a Man is too weak to bear what is a Refreshment to Men in Health, he must still keep his Chamber. When any one in Sir ROGER's Company complains he is out of Order, he immediately calls for some Posset-drink for him; for which Reason that sort of People who are ever bewailing their Constitution in other Places are the chearfullest imaginable when he is present.

It is a wonderful Thing, that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse by giving them the History of their Pains and Aches; and imagine such Narrations their Quota of the Conversation. This is of all others the meanest Help to Discourse, and a Man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an Account of his Head-ach answer'd by another asking what News in the last Mail? Mutual Good-humour is a Dress we ought to appear in wherever we meet, and we should make no mention of what concerns ourselves, without it be of Matters wherein our Friends ought to rejoice: But indeed there are Crowds of People who put themselves in no Method of pleasing themselves or others; such are those whom we usually call indolent Persons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate State between Pleasure and Pain, and very much unbecoming any Part of our Life after we are out of the Nurse's Arms. Such an Aversion to Labour creates a constant Weariness, and one would think should make Existence itself a Burden. The indolent Man descends from the Dignity of his Nature, and makes that Being which has Rational and Merely Vegetative: His Life consists only in the mere Increase and Decay of a Body, which, with Relation to the rest of the World, might as well have been uninformed, as the Habitation of a reasonable Mind.

Of this Kind is the Life of that extraordinary Couple Harry Terfett and his Lady. Harry was in the Days of his Celibacy one of those pert Creatures who have much

Vivaci

Vivacity and little Understanding; Mrs. *Rebecca Quickly* whom he married, had all that the Fire of Youth and a lively Manner could do towards making an agreeable Woman. These two People of seeming Merit fell into each others Arms; and Passion being fated, and no Reason or Good-Sense in each to succeed it, their Life is now at a Stand; their Meals are insipid, and their Time tedious; their Fortune has placed them above Care, and their Loss of Taste reduced them below Diversion. When we talk of these as Instances of Inexistence, we do not mean, that in order to live, it is necessary we should always be in jovial Crews, or crowned with Chaplets of Roses, as the merry Fellows among the Antients are described; but it is intended by considering these Contraries to Pleasure, Indolence, and too much Delicacy, to shew, that it is Prudence to preserve a Disposition in ourselves to receive a certain Delight in all we hear and see.

This portable Quality of Good-humour seasons all the Parts and Occurrences we meet with, in such a manner, that there are no Moments lost; but they all pass with so much Satisfaction, that the heaviest of Loads (when it is a load) that of Time, is never felt by us. *Varilas* has this Quality to the highest Perfection, and communicates it whether he appears: The Sad, the Merry, the Severe, the Melancholy, shew a new Cheerfulness when he comes among them. At the same time no one can repeat any thing that *Varilas* has ever said that deserves Repetition; but the Man has that innate Goodness of Temper, that he is welcome to every Body because every Man thinks he is so to him. He does not seem to contribute any thing to the Mirth of the Company; and yet upon Reflection you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimsically said of a Gentleman, That if *Varilas* had Wit, it would be the best Wit in the World. It is certain, when a well-corrected lively Imagination and Good-breeding are added to a sweet Disposition, they qualify it to be one of the greatest Blessings, as well as Pleasures of Life.

Men would come into Company with ten times the Pleasure they do, if they were sure of hearing nothing which should shock them, as well as expected what

would

would please them. When we know every Person that is spoken of, is represented by one who has no ill-will, and every thing that is mentioned, described by one that is apt to set it in the best Light, the Entertainment must be delicate, because the Cook has nothing brought to his Hand but what is the most excellent in its Kind. Beautiful Pictures are the Entertainments of pure Minds, and Deformities of the corrupted. It is a Degree towards the Life of Angels, when we enjoy Conversation wherein there is nothing presented but in its Excellence; and a Degree towards that of Dæmons, wherein nothing is shewn but in its Degeneracy,

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 100.

GOOD-NATURE.

MAN is subject to innumerable Pains and Sorrows by the very Condition of Humanity, and yet, if Nature had not sown Evils enough in Life, we are continually adding Grief to Grief, and aggravating the common Calamity by our cruel Treatment of one another. Every Man's natural Weight of Afflictions is still made more heavy by the Envy, Malice, Treachery, and Injustice of his Neighbour. At the same time that the Storm beats upon the whole Species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the Misery of human Life might be extinguished, would Men alleviate the general Curse they lie under, by mutual Offices of Compassion, Benevolence and Humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of Mind which in our Language goes under the Title of Good-nature, and which I shall choose for the Subject of this Day's Speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in Conversation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance which is more amiable than Beauty. It shows Virtue in the best Light, takes off in some Measure from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence supportable.

There is no Society or Conversation to be kept up in the World without Good-nature, or something which must

must bear its Appearance, and supply its Place. For this Reason Mankind have been forced to invent a kind of Artificial Humanity, which is what we express by the Word *Good-Breeding*. For if we examine thoroughly the Idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an Imitation and Mimickry of Good-nature, or, in other Terms, Affability, Complaisance, and Easiness of Temper reduced into an Art.

These exterior Shows and Appearances of Humanity render a Man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like Hypocrisy in Religion, or a bare Form of Holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a Man more detestable than professed Impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us: Health, Prosperity and kind Treatment from the World are great Cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the Blessings of a happy Constitution, which Education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon in the Life of his Imaginary Prince, whom he describes as a Pattern for Real ones, is always celebrating the *Philanthropy* or Good-nature of his Hero, which he tells us he brought into the World with him, and gives many remarkable Instances of it in his Childhood, as well as in all the several Parts of his Life. Nay, on his Death-Bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his Soul returned to him who made it, his Body should incorporate with the great Mother of all Things, and by that means become beneficial to Mankind. For which Reason, he gives his Sons a positive Order not to enshrine it in Gold or Silver, but to lay it in the Earth as soon as the Life was gone out of it.

An Instance of such an Overflowing of Humanity, such an exuberant Love to Mankind, could not have entered into the Imagination of a Writer who had not a Soul filled with great Ideas, and a general Benevolence to Mankind.

In that celebrated Passage of *Sallust*, where *Cæsar* and *Cato* are placed in such beautiful, but opposite Lights, *Cæsar's* Character is chiefly made up of Good-nature

as it shewed itself in all its Forms towards his Friends
his Enemies, his Servants or Dependents, the Guilty
or the Distressed. As for *Cato's* Character, it is rather
awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to
the Nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man.

A Being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may
reward every Man according to his Works; but he
whose very best Actions must be seen with Grains of
Allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate and forgiving.
For this Reason, among all the monstrous Characters in
human Nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so
exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe Temper
in a worthless Man.

This Part of Good-nature, however, which consists
in the pardoning and overlooking of Faults, is to be ex-
ercised only in doing ourselves Justice, and that too in
the ordinary Commerce and Occurrences of Life; for
in the Public Administration of Justice, Mercy to one,
may be Cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a Maxim, that Good-natured
Men are not always Men of the most Wit. This Ob-
servation, in my Opinion, has no Foundation in Na-
ture. The greatest Wits I have conversed with are Men
eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this Re-
mark to have been occasioned by two Reasons, First,
Because Ill-nature among ordinary Observers passes for
Wit. A spiteful Saying gratifies so many little Passions
in those that hear it, that it generally meets with a good
Reception. The Laugh arises upon it, and the Man who
utters it is looked upon as a shrewd Satirist. This may
be one Reason, why a great many pleasant Companions
appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavoured
to be merry in Print; the Publick being more just than
private Clubs or Assemblies, in distinguishing between
what is Wit and what is Ill-nature.

Another Reason why the good-natured Man may
sometimes bring his Wit in Question, is, perhaps, be-
cause he is apt to be moved with Compassion for those
Misfortunes or Infirmities, which another would turn
into Ridicule, and by that means gain the Reputation
of a Wit. The Ill-natured Man, though out of equal
Parts, gives himself a larger Field to expatiate in; he
exposes

exposes those Failings in Human Nature which the other would cast a Veil over, laughs at Vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to Reflexions which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon Friends or Enemies, exposed the Person who had obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his Character of a Wit. It is no Wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the Man of Humanity, as a Person who makes use of indirect Methods is more likely to grow Rich than the fair Trader.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 169

In one of my last Week's Papers I treated of Good nature, as it is the Effect of Constitution; I shall now speak of it as it is a moral Virtue. The first may make a Man easy in himself, and agreeable to others, but implies no Merit in him that is possessed of it. A Man is no more to be praised upon this Account, than because he has a regular Pulse, or a good Digestion. This Good-nature however in the Constitution which, Mr *Dryden* somewhere calls a *Milkiness of Blood*, is an admirable Ground-work for the other. In order therefore to try our Good-nature, whether it arises from the Body or the Mind, whether it be founded in the Animal or Rational Part of our Nature; in a Word, whether it be such as is entitled to any other Reward, besides that secret Satisfaction and Contentment of Mind which is essential to it, and the kind Reception it procures us in the World, we must examine it by the following Rules.

First, whether it acts with Steadiness and Uniformity in Sickness and in Health, in Prosperity and in Adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else but an Irradiation of the Mind from some new Supply of Spirits, or a more kindly Circulation of the Blood. Sir *Francis Bacon* mentions a cunning Solicitor who would never ask a Favour of a great Man before Dinner; but took care to prefer his Petition at a Time when the Party petitioned had his Mind free from Care and his Appetites in good Humour. Such a transient temporary Good-nature as this, is not that *Philanthropy* that Love of Mankind, which deserves the Title of a moral Virtue.

The

The next Way of a Man's bringing his Good-nature to the Test, is, to consider whether it operates according to the Rules of Reason and Duty: For if, notwithstanding its general Benevolence to Mankind, it makes no Distinction between its Objects, if it exerts itself promiscuously towards the Deserving and Undeserving, if it relieves alike the Idle and the Indigent, if it makes itself up to the first Petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by Accident than Choice, it may pass for an amiable Instinct, but must not assume the Name of a moral Virtue.

The third Trial of Good-nature will be, the examining ourselves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own Disadvantage, and employ it on proper Objects, notwithstanding any little Pain, Want or Inconvenience which may arise to ourselves from it. In a word, whether we are willing to risk any Part of our Fortune, or Reputation, or Health, or Ease, for the Benefit of Mankind. Among all these Expressions of Good-nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general Name of Charity, as it consists in relieving the Indigent; that being a Trial of this Kind which offers itself to us at almost all Times, and in every

circumstance. I should propose it as a Rule to every one who is provided with any Competency of Fortune more than sufficient for the Necessaries of Life, to lay aside a certain proportion of their Income for the Use of the Poor. I would look upon as an Offering to him who has a right to the whole, for the Use of those whom, in the Passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his Representatives upon Earth. At the same time we should manage our Charity with such Prudence and Caution, that we may not hurt our own Friends or Relations, whilst we are doing Good to those who are strangers to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an Example than by a Rule.

Eugenius is a Man of an universal Good-nature, and generous beyond the Extent of his Fortune; but withal prudent, in the Oeconomy of his Affairs, that what he puts out in Charity is made up by good Management.

Eugenius

Eugenius has what the World calls Two hundred Pounds a Year; but never values himself above Ninescore, and not thinking he has a Right to the tenth Part, which he always appropriates to charitable Uses. To this Sum he frequently makes other voluntary Additions, insomuch that in a good Year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater Bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that Sum to the Sickly and Indigent. *Eugenius* prescribes to himself many particular Days of Fasting and Abstinence, in order to increase his private Bank of Charity, and sets aside what would be the current Expences of those Times for the Use of the Poor. He often goes a-foot where his Business calls him, and at the End of his Walk has given a Shilling which in his ordinary Methods of Expence would have gone for Coach-hire, to the first necessitous Person that has fallen in his Way. I have known him when he has been going to a Play or an Opera, divert the Money which was designed for that Purpose, upon an Object of Charity whom he has met with in the Street; and afterwards pass his Evening in a Coffee-house or at a Friend's Fire-Side, with much greater Satisfaction to himself than he could have received from the most exquisite Entertainments of the Theatre. By these means he is generous, without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his Estate by making it the Property of others.

There are few Men so cramped in their private Affairs, who may not be charitable after this Manner without any Disadvantage to themselves, or prejudice to their Families. It is but sometimes sacrificing a Diversion or Convenience to the Poor, and turning the usual Course of our Expences into a better Channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious Piece of Charity, which we can put in practice. By this Method we in some measure share the Necessities of the Poor at the same time that we relieve them, and make ourselves not only their Patrons, but their Fellow-sufferers.

Sir *Thomas Brown*, in the last Part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he describes his Charity in several Heroic Instances, and with a noble Heat of Sentiment, mentions that Verse in the Proverbs of *Solomon*, He that

to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord: 'There is more rhetoric in that one Sentence, says he, than in a Library of Sermons; and indeed if those Sentences were understood by the Reader, with the same Emphasis they are delivered by the Author, we needed not those Volumes of Instructions, but might be honest an Epitome.'

This Passage in Scripture is indeed wonderfully powerful; but I think the same Thought is carried much further in the New Testament, where our Saviour tells in the most pathetic Manner, that he shall hereafter shed the Clothing of the Naked, the Feeding of the hungry, and the Visiting of the Imprisoned, as Offices due to himself, and reward them accordingly. Pursuing those Passages in Holy Scripture, I have somewhere met with the Epitaph of a charitable Man, which very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the Words, the Sense of it is to this Purpose; What I spent I what I possessed is left to others; what I gave a-remains with me.

Since I am thus insensibly engaged in Sacred Writ, I cannot forbear making an Extract of several Passages which I have always read with great Delight in the Book of Job. It is the Account which that holy Man gives of his Behaviour in the Days of his Prosperity, and considered only as a Human Composition, is a finer Picture of a charitable and good-natured Man than is to be met with in any other Author.

that I were as in months past, as in the days when preserved me: when his candle shined upon my head, when by his light I walked through darkness: When Almighty was yet with me: when my children were about me: when I washed my steps with butter, and my rock poured out rivers of oil.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the Poor that cried, and the Fatherless, and him that none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did not I weep for him

him that was in trouble? was not my soul grievous to the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance, God may know mine integrity. If I did despise thee of my man-servant or of my maid-servant when contended with me, what then shall I do when God shall call me up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make me and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel alone, and the fatherless have not eaten thereof: have I seen any perish for want of clothing, or any without covering: If his loins have not blessed me, if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: have I lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. have I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or have I lifted up myself when evil found him: (Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul.) The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or the furrows likewise thereof complain: If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the labourers thereof to lose their life; let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No.

G O S P E L S.

DR. Tillotson, in his Discourse concerning the Danger of all known Sin, both from the Light of Nature and Revelation, after having given us the Description of the Last Day out of Holy Writ, has this remarkable Passage.

‘ I appeal to any Man, whether this be not a Representation of things very proper and suitable to the Great Day, wherein he who made the World shall come to judge it? And whether the Wits of men have ever devised any thing so awful, and so agreeable to the Majesty of God, and the solemn Judgment of

ple World? The Description which *Virgil* makes of the *Elysian Fields*, and the *Infernal Regions*, how infinitely do they fall short of the Majesty of the Holy Scripture, and the Description there made of *Heaven* and *Hell*, and of the *Great and Terrible Day of the Lord*! So that in Comparison they are childish trifling; and yet perhaps he had the most regular and most govern'd Imagination of any Man ever lived, and observed the greatest Decorum in his Characters and Description. But who can describe the great Things of God, but he to whom God will reveal them.

His Observation was worthy a most polite Man, thought to be of Authority with all who are such, as to examine whether he spoke that as a Man of just Taste and Judgment, or advanced it merely in the Service of his Doctrine as a Clergyman.

A very confident whoever reads the Gospels, with a heart as much prepared in Favour of them as when he comes down to *Virgil* or *Homer*, will find no Passage which is not told with more natural Force than an episode in either of those Wits, which were the work of mere Mankind.

The last Thing I read was the xxivth Chapter of St. Luke, which gives an Account of the Manner in which our blessed Saviour, after his Resurrection, joined with his Disciples on the Way to *Emmaus*, as an ordinary Traveller, and took the Privilege as such to inquire of them what occasioned a Sadness he observed in their countenances; or whether it was for any public Cause? Their Wonder that any Man so near *Jerusalem* should be a Stranger to what had passed there; their Acknowledgment to one they met accidentally that they believed in this Prophet; and that now, the Third Day after his Death, they were in Doubt as to their remaining Hope which occasioned the Heaviness he took notice of, are all represented in a Style which Men of Taste call the *Great and Noble Simplicity*. The Attention of the Disciples when he expounded the Scriptures concerning himself, his offering to take his Leave of them, their Fondness of his Stay, and the Manifestation of the great Guest whom they had entertained while

while he was yet at Meat with them, are all Incidents which wonderfully please the Imagination of a Christian Reader, and give to him something of that Touch of Mind which the Brethren felt, when they said to another, *Did not our Hearts burn within us, when he talked with us by the Way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?*

I am very far from pretending to treat these Matters as they deserve; but I hope those Gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and consider that I speak as a mere secular Man, impartially considering the Effect which the Sacred Writings have upon the Soul of an intelligent Reader; and without any other Argument, that a thing is the immediate Word of God, when it so infinitely transcends all the Labour of Man. When I look upon *Raphael's* Picture of our Saviour appearing to his Disciples after his Resurrection, I cannot but think the just Disposition of that Piece in it the Force of many Volumes on the Subject: The Evangelists are easily distinguished from the rest by their passionate Zeal and Love which the Painter has thrown into their Faces; the Huddle Groupe of those who are the most distant are admirable Representations of Men abashed with their late Unbelief and Hardness of Heart. And such Endeavours as this of *Raphael*, and of all the Artists not called to the Altar, are collateral Helps not to be despised by the Ministers of the Gospel.

'Tis with this View that I presume upon Subjects of this Kind, and Men may take up this Paper, and be caught by an Admonition under the Disguise of a diversion.

All the Arts and Sciences ought to be employed in one Confederacy against the prevailing Torrent of Error and Impiety; and it will be no small Step in the Progress of Religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the best Taste and best Sense a Man can have, who is cold to the *Beauty of Holiness*.

As for my part when I have happened to attend the Corpse of a Friend to his Interment, and have seen a graceful Man at the Entrance of a Church-yard, and become the Dignity of his Function, and assumed the Authority which is natural to Truth, pronounce

the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth, and believeth in me shall never die: I say, upon such an Occasion, the Retrospect upon past Actions between the Deceased whom I followed and myself, together with the many little Circumstances that strike upon the Soul and alternately give Grief and Consolation, have vanished like a Dream; and I have been revived as by a Voice from Heaven, when the Solemnity was proceeded, and after a long Pause I again heard the servant of God utter, I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter Day upon the Earth; and though Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my Eyes shall behold, and not another. How have I been raised above this World and all its Regards, and how well prepared to receive the next Sentence which the holy Man has spoken, We brought nothing into this World, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the Name of the Lord? There are I know, Men of heavy Tempers without genius, who can read these Expressions of Scripture with as much Indifference as they do the rest of these loose Papers: However I will not Despair but to bring Men of Wit into a Love and Admiration of Sacred Writings; and, as old as I am, I promise myself to see the Day when it shall be as much the Fashion among Men of Politeness to admire a Rapture of St. Paul, as any fine Expression in Virgil or Horace; and to see a well-dressed young Man produce an Evangelist out of his Pocket, and be no more out of Countenance than if he were a Classic printed by Elzevir.

It is a Gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by Men of distinguished Faculties, to praise and adore the Author of their Being with a Spirit suitable to those Faculties, and rouse slower Men by their Words, Actions, and Writings to a Participation of their Transports and Thanksgivings.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 21.

GOVERN-

GOVERNMENT.

I Look upon it as a peculiar Happiness, that were I choose of what Religion I would be, and under what Government I would live, I should most certainly give the Preference to that Form of Religion and Government which is established in my own Country. In this Point I think I am determined by Reason and Conviction; but if I shall be told that I am actuated by Prejudice I am sure it is an honest Prejudice, it is a Prejudice that arises from the Love of my Country, and therefore such a one as I will always indulge. I have in several Papers endeavoured to express my Duty and Esteem for the Church of *England*, and design this as an Essay upon the Civil Part of our Constitution, having often entertained myself with Reflections on this Subject, which have not met with in other Writers.

That Form of Government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the Equality that we find in human Nature, provided it be consistent with public Peace and Tranquillity. This is what must properly be called Liberty, which exempts one Man from Subjection to another so far as the Order and Economy of Government will permit.

Liberty should reach every Individual of a People, as they all share one common Nature; if it only spread among particular Branches, there had better be none at all, since such a Liberty only aggravates the Misfortune of those who are depriv'd of it, by setting before them a disagreeable Subject of Comparifon.

This Liberty is best preserved where the Legislative Power is lodged in several Persons, especially if those Persons are of different Ranks and Interests; for when they are of the same Rank and consequently have an Interest to manage peculiar to that Rank, it differs but little from a Despotical Government in a single Person. But the greatest Security a People can have for their Liberty, is when the Legislative Power is in the Hands of Persons so happily distinguished, that by providing for the particular Interests of their several Ranks, they are

providing for the whole Body of the People ; or, in other Words, when there is no Part of the People that has not a common Interest with at least one Part of the Legislators.

If there be but one Body of Legislators, it is no better than a Tyranny ; if there are only two, there will want a casting Voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by Disputes and Contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same Inconvenience as two, and a greater Number would cause too much Confusion. I could never read a Passage in *Polybius*, and another in *Cicero*, to this Purpose, without a secret Pleasure in applying it to the *English* Constitution, which it suits much better than the *Roman*. Both these great Authors give the Pre-eminence to a mixt Government, consisting of three Branches, the Regal, the Noble, and the popular. They had doubtless in their Thoughts the Constitution of the *Roman* Commonwealth, in which the Consul represented the King, the Senate the Nobles, and the Tribunes the People. This Division of the three Powers in the *Roman* Constitution was by no means so distinct and natural, as it is in the *English* Form of Government. Among several Objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect the Consular Power, which had only the Ornaments without the Force of the Regal Authority. Their Number had not a casting Voice in it ; for which Reason, if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other sat at Home, the Public Business was sometimes at a Stand, while the Consuls pursued two different Ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the Consuls had ever a Negative Voice in the passing of Law, or Decree of Senate, so that indeed they were neither the chief Body of the Nobility, or the first Ministers of State, than a distinct Branch of the Sovereignty, which none can be looked upon as a Part, who are not a Part of the Legislature. Had the Consuls been invested with the Regal Authority to as great a Degree as our Monarchs, there would never have been any Occasions for a Dictatorship, which had in it the Power of dissolving the three Orders, and ended in the Subversion of the whole Constitution.

Such an History as that of *Suetonius*, which gives a Succession of Absolute Princes, is to me an unanswerable Argument against Despotic Power. Where Prince is a Man of Wisdom and Virtue, it is indeed happy for his People that he is absolute; but since in the common Run of Mankind, for one that is Wise and Good you find ten of a contrary Character, it is very dangerous for a Nation to stand to its Chance, or to have its public Happiness or Misery depend on the Virtues or Vices of a single Person. Look into the History we have mentioned, or into any Series of Absolute Princes, how many Tyrants must you read through, before you come to an Emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private Man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute Prince. Give a Man Power of doing what he pleases with Impunity, you extinguish his Fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great Pillars of Morality. This is too we find confirmed by Matter of Fact. How many hopeful Heirs apparent to grand Empires, when in Possession of them, have become such Monsters of Lust and Cruelty as are a Reproach to Human Nature.

Some tell us we ought to make our Governments Earthlike that in Heaven, which, say they, is altogether Monarchical and Unlimited. Was Man like his Creator in Goodness and Justice, I should be for following this great Model; but where Goodness and Justice are not essential to the Ruler, I would by no means put myself into his Hands to be disposed of according to his particular Will and Pleasure.

It is odd to consider the Connexion between Despotism, Government and Barbarity, and how the making of a Person more than Man, makes the rest less. About one Part of the World in ten are in the lowest State of Slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal Ignorance. *European* Slavery is indeed a State of Liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three Divisions of the World; and therefore no Wonder that those who grovel under it have no Tracts of Light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and Plenty are the natural Fruits of Liberty, and where these abound, Learning and all the Liberal Arts will immediately lift up their Heads and flourish: As a Man must have no slavish Fears and Apprehensions hanging upon his Mind, who will indulge the Flights of Fancy or Speculation, and push his Researches into all the abstruse Corners of Truth, so it is necessary for him to have a Competency of all the Conveniencies of Life.

The first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with Necessaries. This Point will engross our Thoughts 'till it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our Hands, we look out for Pleasures and Amusements; and among a great Number of idle People, there will be many whose Pleasures will lie in Reading and Contemplation. These are the two great Sources of Knowledge, and as Men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their Discoveries; and others seeing the Happiness of such a Learned Life, and improving by their Conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, till a Nation is filled with Races of wise and understanding Persons. Ease and Plenty are therefore the great Cherishers of Knowledge, and as most of the Despotic Governments of the World have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with Ignorance and Barbarity. In *Europe*, indeed, notwithstanding several of its Princes are absolute, there are Men famous for Knowledge and Learning, but the Reason is because the Subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the Prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full Tyranny like the Princes of the Eastern Nations, lest his Subjects should be invited to new-mould their Constitution, having so many Prospects of Liberty within their View. But in all Despotic Governments, tho' a particular Prince may favour Arts and Letters, there is a natural Degeneracy of Mankind, as you may observe from *Augustus's* Reign, how the *Romans* lost themselves by Degrees 'till they fell to an Equality with the most barbarous Nations that surrounded them. Look upon *Greece* under its free States, and you would think its Inhabitants lived in different Climates, and under different Heavens, from those at present; so different are the

Genius's which are formed under *Turkish* Slavery, and *Grecian* Liberty.

Besides Poverty and Want, there are other Reasons that debase the Minds of Men, who live under Slavery, though I look on this as the Principal. This natural Tendency of Despotic Power to Ignorance and Barbarity, tho' not insisted on by others, is, I think, an answerable Argument against that Form of Government, as it shews how repugnant it is to the Good of Mankind, and the Perfection of human Nature, which ought to be the great Ends of all Civil Institutions.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 287.

GRATITUDE.

THERE is not a more pleasing Exercise of the Mind than Gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward Satisfaction, that the Duty is sufficiently rewarded by the Performance. It is not like the Practice of many other Virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much Pleasure, that were there no positive Command which injoin'd it, nor any Recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous Mind would indulge in it, for the natural Gratification that accompanies it.

If Gratitude is due from Man to Man, how much more from Man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those Bounties which proceed more immediately from his Hand, but even those Benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every Blessing we enjoy, by what Means soever it may be derived upon us, is the Gift of him who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

If Gratitude, when exerted towards one another naturally produces a very pleasing Sensation in the Mind of a grateful Man; it exalts the Soul into Rapture, when it is employed on this great Object of Gratitude; on this Beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the Works of the Pagan Poets were either direct Hymns to their Deities, or tended indirectly to the Celebration of their respective Attributes and Perfections.

Those

Those who are acquainted with the Works of the Greek and Latin Poets which are still extant, will upon Reflection find this Observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian Poets have not turned their Thoughts this Way, especially if we consider, that our Idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more Great and Noble than what could possibly enter into the Heart of an Heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the Imagination, and give an Opportunity for the sublimest Thoughts and Conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a Heathen who was singing an Hymn to *Diana*, in which he celebrated her for her Delight in human Sacrifices, and other Instances of Cruelty and Revenge; upon which a Poet who was present at this Piece of Devotion, and seems to have had a truer Idea of the Divine Nature, told the Votary by way of Reproof, that in recompence for his Hymn, he heartily wished he might have a Daughter of the same Temper with the Goddess he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the Praises of one of those false Deities, according to the Pagan Creed, without a Mixture of Impertinence and Absurdity.

The *Jews*, who before the Times of Christianity were the only People that had the Knowledge of the True God, have set the Christian World an Example how they ought to employ this Divine Talent of which I am speaking. As that Nation produced Men of great Genius, without considering them as inspired Writers, they have transmitted to us many Hymns and Divine Odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the Antient *Greeks* and *Romans*, in the Poetry, as much as in the Subject to which it was consecrated. This I think might easily be shewn, if there were occasion for it.

I have already communicated to the Public some Pieces of Divine Poetry, and as they have met with a very favourable Reception, I shall from time to time publish any Work of the same Nature which has not yet appeared in Print, and may be acceptable to my Readers.

I.

WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God,
 My rising Soul surveys ;
 Transported with the View, I'm lost
 In Wonder, Love, and Praise :

II.

O how shall Words with equal Warmth
 The Gratitude declare,
 That glows within my raviſh'd Heart ?
 But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my Life ſuſtain'd,
 And all my Wants redreſt,
 When in the ſilent Womb I lay,
 And hung upon the Breſt.

IV.

To all my weak Complaints and Cries,
 Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
 Ere yet my feeble Thought had learnt
 To form themſelves in Pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul
 Thy tender Care beſtow'd,
 Before my infant Heart conceiv'd
 From whence thoſe Comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlipp'ry Paths of Youth
 With heedleſs Steps I ran,
 Thine Arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
 And led me up to Man.

VII.

Through hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,
 It gently clear'd my Way,
 And through the pleaſing Snares of Vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

*When worn with Sickness, oft hast thou
With Health renew'd my Face,
And when in Sins and Sorrows sunk,
Reviw'd my Soul with Grace.*

IX.

*Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Blifs.
Has made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful Friend
Has doubled all my Store.*

X.

*Ten thousand thousand precious Gifts
My Daily Thanks employ,
Nor is the least a chearful Heart
That tastes those Gifts with Joy.*

XI.

*Through every Period of my Life
Thy Goodness I'll pursue ;
And after Death in distant Worlds
The glorious Theme renew.*

XII.

*When Nature fails, and Day and Night,
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever-grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy shall adore.*

XIII.

*Through all Eternity to thee
A joyful Song I'll raise,
For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise.*

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SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 453.

GRIEF.

THERE are those among Mankind, who can ne-
joy no Relish of their Being, except the World
s made acquainted with all that relates to them, and
hink every Thing lost that passes unobserved ; but o-
thers,

thers find a solid Delight in stealing by the Crowd, and modelling their Life after such a Manner, as is as much above the Approbation as the Practice of the Vulgar. Life being too short to give Instances great enough of true Friendship or Good-will, some Sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain Reverence for the Manes of their deceased Friends, and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the World at certain Seasons, to commemorate in their own Thoughts such of their Acquaintance who have gone before them out of this Life. And indeed, when we are advanced in Years, there is not a more pleasing Entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy Moment the many we have parted with that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy Thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole Nights of Mirth and Jollity. With such Inclinations in my Heart I went to my Closet Yesterday in the Evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which Occasion I could not but look with Disdain upon myself, that though all the Reasons which I had to lament the Loss of many of my Friends are now as forcible as at the Moment of their Departure, yet did not my Heart swell with the same Sorrow which I felt at that Time; but I could without Tears, reflect upon many pleasing Adventures I have had with some who have long been blended with common Earth. Tho' it is by the Benefit of Nature that Length of Time thus blots out the Violence of Afflictions; yet with Tempers too much given to Pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old Places of Grief in our Memory, and ponder Step by Step on past Life, to lead the Mind into that Sobriety of Thought which poizes the Heart, and makes it beat with due Time without being quicken'd with Desire, or retarded with Despair, from its proper and equal Motion. When we wind up a Clock that is out of Order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the Hand to the present Instant, but we make it strike the Round of all its Hours, before it can recover the Regularity of its Time. Such, thought I, shall be my Method this Evening; and since it is that Day of the Year which I dedicate to the Memory of such in another Life

I much delighted in when living, an Hour or two shall be sacred to Sorrow and their Memory, while I run over all the melancholy Circumstances of this Kind which have occurred to me in my whole Life.

The first Sense of Sorrow I ever knew was upon the Death of my Father, at which Time I was not quite five Years of Age ; but was rather amazed at what all the House meant, than possessed with a real Understanding why no Body was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the Room where his Body lay, and my Mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my Battle-axe in my Hand, and fell a beating the Coffin, and calling Papa ; for, I know not how, I had some slight Idea that he was locked up there. My Mother caught me in her Arms, and, transported beyond all Patience of the silent Grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her Embrace, and told me in a Flood of Tears, Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under Ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful Woman, of a noble Spirit, and there was a Dignity in her Grief amidst all the Wildness of her Transport, which, methought struck me with an Instinct of Sorrow, which, before I was sensible of that it was to grieve, seized my very Soul, and has made Pity the Weakness of my Heart ever since. The Mind in Infancy is, methinks, like the Body in Embryo, and receives Impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by Reason, as any Mark with which a Child is born, is to be taken away by any future Application. Hence it is, that Good-nature in me is no More ; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with Tears before I knew the Cause of any Affliction, or could draw Defences from my own Judgment, I imbibed Commiseration, Remorse, and an unmanly Gentleness of Mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand Calamities, and from whence I can reap no Advantage, except it be, that in such a Humour as I am now in I can the better indulge myself in the Softnesses of Humanity, and enjoy that sweet Anxiety which arises from the Memory of past Afflictions.

We that are very old, are better able to remember Things which beset us in our distant Youth, than the Passages of later Days. For this Reason it is that the Companions of my strong and vigorous Years present themselves more immediately to me in this Office of Sorrow. Untimely or unhappy Deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a Thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under Life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every Object that returns to our Imagination raises different Passions, according to the Circumstance of their Departure. Who can have lived in an Army, and in a serious Hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable Men that might long have flourished in the Arts of Peace, and not join with the Imprecations of the Fatherless and Widow on the Tyrant to whose Ambition they sell Sacrifices; But gallant Men, who are cut off by the Sword, move rather our Veneration than our Pity: and we gather Relief enough from their own Contempt of Death, to make it no Evil, which was approached with so much Cheerfulness, and attended with so much Honour. But when we turn our Thoughts from the great Parts of Life on such Occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give Death to those from whom they had the Fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our Thoughts wander from such noble Objects, and consider the Revolt which is made among the Tender and the Innocent, Pity enters with an unmix'd Softness, and possesses our Souls at once.

Here (were there Words to express such Sentiments with proper Tendernefs) I should record the Beauty, Innocence, and untimely Death, of the first Object my Eyes ever beheld with Love. The beauteous Virgin! How ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel? O Death! Thou hast Right to the Bold, to the Ambitious, to the High, and to the Haughty; but why this Cruelty to the Humble, to the Meek, to the Undissembling, to the Thoughtless? Nor Age, nor Business, nor Distress can erase the dear Image from my Imagination. In the same Week, I saw her dressed for a Ball, and in

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Shroud. How ill did the Habit of Death become the pretty Trifler? I still behold the smiling Earth.

TATLER, Vol. III No. 181.

HAPPINESS.

MY Lady *Lizard* is never better pleased than when she sees her Children about her engaged in any profitable Discourse. I found her last Night sitting in the midst of her Daughters, and forming a very beautiful Semi-circle about the Fire. I immediately took my Place in an Elbow-Chair, which is always left empty for me in one Corner.

Our Conversation fell insensibly upon the Subject of Happiness, in which every one of the young Ladies gave her Opinion, with that Freedom and Unconcernedness which they always use when they are in Company only with their Mother and myself.

Mrs. *Jane* declared, that she thought it the greatest Happiness to be married to a Man of Merit, and placed at the Head of a well-regulated Family. I could not but observe, that in her Character of a Man of Merit, she gave us a lively Description of *Tom Wortby*, who has long made his Addresses to her. The Sisters did not discover this at first, 'till she began to run down Fortune in a Lover, and among the Accomplishments of a Man of Merit, unluckily mentioned white Teeth and black Eyes.

Mrs. *Annabella*, after having rallied her Sister upon her Man of Merit, talked much upon Conveniencies of Life, Affluence of Fortune, and Easiness of Temper, in one whom she should pitch upon her for a Husband. In short, tho' the Baggage would not speak out, I found the Sum of her Wishes was a rich Fool, or a Man so turned to her Purposes, that she might enjoy his Fortune, and insult his Understanding.

The Romantic *Cornelia* was for living in a Wood among Choirs of Birds, with Zephyrs, Echos, and Rivulets to make up the Concert; she would not seem to include a Husband in her Scheme, but at the same time talked so passionately of Cooing Turtles, Mossy Banks, and Beds of Violets, that one might easily perceive she

was

was not without Thoughts of a Companion in her Solitudes.

Miss *Betty* placed her *Summum bonum* in Equipages, Assemblies, Balls and Birth-nights, talked in Raptures of Sir *Edward Shallow's* gilt Coach, and my Lady *Tattle's* Room, in which she saw Company; nor would she have easily given over, had she not observed that her Mother appeared more serious than ordinary, and by her Looks shewed that she did not approve such a Redundance of Vanity and Impertinence.

My Favourite, the *Sparkler*, with an Air of Innocence and Modesty, which is peculiar to her, said that she never expected such a Thing as Happiness, and that we thought the most any one could do was to keep themselves from being uneasy; for, as Mr. *Ironside* has often told us, says she, we should endeavour to be easy here and happy hereafter: At the same time she begged me to acquaint them by what Rules this Ease of Mind, or if I would please to call it Happiness, is best attained.

My Lady *Lizard* joined in the same Request with her youngest Daughter, adding, with a serious Look, The Thing seemed to her of so great Consequence, that she hoped I would for once forget they were all Women, and give my real Thoughts of it with the same Justness I would use among a Company of my own Sex. I complied with her Desire, and communicated my Sentiments to them on this Subject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following Purpose.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest Men in all Ages have spent so much Time to discover what Happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent Writer, named *Varro*, reckons up no less than two hundred eighty-eight different Opinions upon this Subject; and another, called *Lucian*, after having given us a long Catalogue of the Notions of several Philosophers, endeavours to shew the Absurdity of all of them, without establishing any thing of his own.

That which seems to have made so many err in this Case, is the Resolution they took to fix a Man's Happiness to one determined Point, which I conceive cannot

be made up but by the Concurrence of several Particulars.

I shall readily allow *Virtue* the first Place, as she is the Mother of *Content*. It is this which calms our Thoughts, and makes us survey ourselves with Ease and Pleasure. *Naked Virtue*, however, is not alone sufficient to make a Man happy. It must be accompanied with at least a moderate Provision of all the Necessaries of Life, and not ruffled and disturbed by bodily Pains. A Fit of the Stone was sharp enough to make a Stoic cry out, That *Zeno*, his Master taught him false, when he told him that Pain was no Evil.

But besides this, *Virtue* is so far from being alone sufficient to make a Man happy, that the Excess of it in some Particulars, joined to a soft and feminine Temper, may often give us the deepest Wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneasy. I might instance in *Pity*, *Love*, and *Friendship*. In the two last Passions it often happens, that we so entirely give up our Hearts, as to make our Happiness wholly depend upon another Person; a Trust for which no human Creature, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient Security.

The Man therefore who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual *Virtue*, attain to such a *Strength of Mind*, as to confine his Happiness within himself, had keep it from being dependent upon others. A Man of this Make will perform all those good-natured Offices that could have been expected from the most bleeding Pity, without being so far affected at the common Misfortunes of human Life, as to disturb his own Repose. His Actions of this kind are so much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a Principle of *Virtue*, and a Sense of his Duty; whereas a Man of a softer Temper, even while he is assisting another, may in some measure be said to be relieving himself.

A Man endowed with that *Strength of Mind* I am here speaking of, though he leaves it to his Friend or Mistress to make him still more happy, does not put it in the Power of either to make him miserable.

From what has been already said it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our Happiness in the Applause of others, since by this

Means we make it wholly independent of ourselves. People of this Humour, who place their chief Felicity in Reputation and Applause, are also extremely subject to Envy, the most painful as well as the most absurd of all Passions.

The surest Means to attain that *Strength of Mind* and independent State of Happiness I am here recommending, is, A virtuous Mind sufficiently furnished with Ideas to support Solitude, and keep up an agreeable Conversation with itself. Learning is a very great Help on this Occasion, as it lays up an infinite Number of Notions in the Memory, ready to be drawn out, and set in Order upon any Occasion. The Mind often takes the same Pleasure in looking over these her Treasures, in augmenting and disposing them into proper Forms, as a Prince does in a Review of his Army.

At the same Time I must own, that as a Mind thus furnished, feels a secret Pleasure in the Consciousness of its own Perfection, and is delighted with such Occasions as call upon it to try its Force, a lively Imagination shall produce a Pleasure very little inferior to the former in Persons of much weaker Heads. As the first therefore may not be improperly called, *The Heaven of a wise Man*; the latter is extremely well represented by our vulgar Expression, which terms it *A Fool's Paradise*. There is, however, this Difference between them, that as the first naturally produces that Strength and Greatness of Mind I have been all along describing as so essential to render a Man happy, the latter is ruffled and discomposed by every Accident, and lost under the common Misfortune.

It is this Strength of Mind that is not to be overcome by the Changes of Fortune, that arises at the Sight of Dangers, and could make *Alexander* (in that passage of his Life so much admired by the Prince of Conde) when his Army mutinied, bid his Soldiers return to *Macedon*, and tell their Countrymen that they had left their King conquering the World; since for his part he could not doubt of raising an Army where-ever he appear'd. It is this that chiefly exerts itself when a Man is most oppressed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever Malice or Injustice would deprive him

of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous Man insensibly set a Value upon himself, and throws a Varnish over his Words and Actions, that will at last command Esteem, and give him a greater Ascendant over others, than all the Advantages of Birth and Fortune.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 32.

There is a restless Endeavour in the Mind of Man after Happiness. This Appetite is wrought into the Original Frame of our Nature, and exerts itself in all Parts of the Creation that are endued with any Degree of Thought or Sense. But as the Human Mind is dignified by a more comprehensive Faculty than can be found in the inferior Animals, it is natural for Men not only to have an Eye, each to his own Happiness, but also to endeavour to promote that of others in the same Rank of Being: And in proportion to the Generosity that is ingredient in the Temper of the Soul, the Object of its Benevolence is of a larger or narrower Extent. There is hardly a Spirit upon Earth so mean and contracted, as to centre all Regards on its own Interest, exclusive of the rest of Mankind. Even the selfish Man hath some Share of Love, which he bestows on his Family and his Friends. A nobler Mind hath at Heart the common Interest of the Society or Country of which he makes a Part. And there is still a more diffusive Spirit, whose Being or Intentions reach the whole Mass of Mankind, and are continued beyond the present Age, to a Succession of future Generations.

The Advantage arising to him who hath the Tincture of this Generosity on his Soul, is, that he is affected with a sublimer Joy than can be comprehended by one who is destitute of that noble Relish. The Happiness of the rest of Mankind hath a natural Connexion with that of a reasonable Mind. And in proportion as the Actions of each Individual contribute to this End, he must be thought to deserve well or ill both of the World and of himself. I have in a late Paper observed, that Men who have no reach of Thought do oft misplace their Affections on the Means, without respect to the End, and by a preposterous Desire of Things in themselves indifferent, forego the Enjoyment of that Happiness

ness which those things are instrumental to obtain. This Observation has been considered with regard to Critics and Misers; I shall now apply it to *Free-thinkers*.

Liberty and Truth are the main Points which these Gentlemen pretend to have in view; to proceed therefore methodically, I will endeavour to shew in the first Place that Liberty and Truth are not in themselves desirable, but only as they relate to a farther End. And secondly, that the sort of Liberty and Truth (allowing them those Names) which our *Free-thinkers* use all their Industry to promote, is destructive of that End, viz. Human Happiness: And consequently that Species, as such; instead of being encouraged or esteemed, merit the Detestation and Abhorrence of all honest Men. And in the last Place I design to shew, that under the Pretence of advancing Liberty and Truth, they do in reality promote the two contrary Evils.

As to the First Point, It has been observed that it is the Duty of each particular Person to aim at the Happiness of his Fellow-Creatures; and that as this View is of a wider or narrower Extent, It argues a Mind more or less virtuous: Hence it follows that a Liberty of doing good Actions which conduce to the Felicity of Mankind, and a Knowledge of such Truths as might either give us Pleasure in the Contemplation of them, or direct our Conduct to the great Ends of Life, are valuable Perfections. But shall a good Man, therefore, prefer a Liberty to commit Murder or Adultery, before the wholesome Restraint of Divine and Human Laws? Or shall a wise Man prefer the Knowledge of a troublesome and afflicting Truth, before a pleasant Error that would cheer his Soul with Joy and Comfort, and be attended with no ill Consequences? Surely no Man of common Sense would thank him, who had put it in his Power to execute the sudden Suggestions of a Fit of Passion or Madness, or imagine himself obliged to a Person, who by forwardly informing him of ill News, had caused his Soul to anticipate that Sorrow which she would have never felt so long as the ungrateful Truth lay concealed.

Let us then respect the Happiness of our Species, and in this Light examine the Proceedings of the *Free-thinkers*. From what Giants and Monsters would these Knight-

errants

errants undertake to free the World? From the Ties that Religion imposeth on our Minds, from the Expectation of future Judgment, and from the Terrors of a troubled Conscience, not by reforming Mens Lives, but by giving Encouragement to their Vices. What are these important Truths of which they would convince Mankind? That there is no such thing as a wise and just Providence; That the Mind of Man is corporeal; That Religion is a State-trick, contrived to make men honest and virtuous, and to procure a Subsistence to others for teaching and exhorting them to be so; That the good Tidings of Life and Immortality brought to Light by the Gospel, are Fables and Impostures: From believing that we are made in the Image of God, they would degrade us to an Opinion that we are on a Level with the Beasts that perish. What Pleasure or what Advantage do these notions bring to Mankind? Is it of any use to the publick that good Men should lose the comfortable Prospect of a Reward to their Virtue, or the Wicked be encouraged to persist in their Impiety, from an Assurance that they shall not be punished for it hereafter? Allowing, therefore, these Men to be Patrons of Liberty and Truth, yet it is of such Truths and that sort of Liberty which makes them justly be looked upon as enemies to the Peace and Happiness of the World. But upon a thorough and impartial View it will be found that their Endeavours instead of advancing the Cause of Liberty and Truth, tend only to introduce Slavery and Error among Men. There are two Parts in our Nature, the Baser, which consists of our Senses and Passions, and the more Noble and Rational, which is properly the human Part, the other being common to us with Brutes. The inferior Part is generally much stronger, and has always the Start of Reason, which if in the perpetual struggle between them, it were not aided from Heaven by Religion, would almost universally be vanquish'd and Man become a Slave to his Passions, which as it is the most grievous and shameful Slavery, so it is the genuine Result of that Liberty which is proposed by over-throwing Religion. Nor is the other Part of their Design ever executed. Look into their pretended Truths: see they not so many wretched Absurdities, maintained in

in opposition to the Light of Nature and Divine Revelation by sly Innuendos and cold Jest, by such pitiful Sophisms, and such confused and indigested Notions, that one would vehemently suspect those Men usurped the Name of *Free-thinkers*, with the same View that Hypocrites do that of Godliness, that it may serve for a Cloke to cover the contrary Defect?

I shall close this Discourse with a Parallel Reflection on these three Species, who seem to be allied by a certain Agreement in Mediocrity of Understanding. A *Critic* is entirely given up to the Pursuit of Learning; when he has got it, Is his Judgment clearer, his Imagination livelier, or his Manners more polite than those of other Men? Is it observed that a *Miser*, when he has acquired his superfluous Estate, eats, drinks, or sleeps with more Satisfaction, that he has a chearfuller Mind, or relishes any of the Enjoyments of Life better than his Neighbours? The *Free-thinkers* plead hard for a Licence to think freely; they have it; but what Use do they make of it; Are they eminent for any sublime Discoveries in any of the Arts and Sciences? Have they been Authors of any Inventions that conduce to the Well-being of Mankind? do their Writings shew a greater Depth of Design, a clearer Method, or more just and correct Reasoning than those of other Men?

There is a great Resemblance in their Genius, but the *Critic* and *Miser* are only Ridiculous and contemptible Creatures, while the *Free-thinker* is also pernicious one.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 8.

H E A V E N.

S I R,

I Considered in my two last Letters that awful and tremendous Subject, the Ubiquity or Omnipresence of the Divine Being. I have shewn that he is equally present in all Places throughout the whole Extent of infinite Space. This Doctrine is so agreeable to Reason, that we meet with it in the Writings of the enlightened Heathens, as I might shew at large

ere it not already done by other Hands. But tho' the Deity be thus essentially present through all the immensity of Space, there is one Part of it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible Manner. This is that Place which is marked out in Scripture under the different Appellations of *Paradise*, *the third Heaven*, *the Throne of God*, and *the Habitation of his Glory*. It is here where the glorified Body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial Hierarchies, and the innumerable Hosts of Angels, are represented as perpetually surrounding the Seat of God with *Hallelujahs* and Hymns of Praise. This is that Presence of God which some of the Divines call his Glories, and others his Majestic Presence. He is indeed as essentially present in all other Places as in this; but it is here where he resides in a sensible Magnificence, and in the midst of all those Splendors which can affect the Imagination of created Beings. It is very remarkable that this Opinion of God Almighty's Presence in Heaven, whether discovered by the Light of Nature, or by a general Tradition from our first Parents, prevails among all the Nations of the World, whatsoever different Notions they entertain of the Godhead. If you look into *Homer*, that is, the most ancient of the *Greek* Writers, you see the supreme Power seated in the Heavens, and encompassed with inferior Deities, among whom the Muses are represented as singing incessantly about his Throne. Who does not here see the main Strokes and Outlines of this great Truth we are speaking of? The same Doctrine is shadowed out in many other Heathen Authors, tho' at the same Time, like several other revealed Truths, dashed and adulterated with a Mixture of Fables and human Inventions. But to pass over the Notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, whose more enlightened Parts of the Pagan World, we find there is scarce a People among the late discovered Nations who are not trained up in an Opinion that Heaven is the Habitation of the Divinity whom they worship.

As in *Solomon's* Temple there was the *Sanctum Sanctum*, in which a visible Glory appeared among the

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' Figures of the Cherubims, and into which none
 ' the High Priest himself was permitted to enter, af-
 ' having made an Atonement for the Sins of the Pe-
 ' ple; so if we consider the whole Creation as one gra-
 ' Temple, there is in it this Holy of Holies, into which
 ' the High-Priest of our Salvation entered, and to
 ' his Place among Angels and Archangels, after having
 ' made a Propitiation for the Sins of Mankind.

' With how much Skill must the Throne of God
 ' erected? With what glorious Designs is that Habita-
 ' tion beautified, which is contrived and built by him
 ' who inspired *Hiram* with Wisdom? How great must
 ' be the Majesty of that Place, where the whole Art of
 ' Creation has been employed, and where God has de-
 ' sen to shew himself in the most magnificent manner.
 ' What must be the Architecture of infinite Power un-
 ' der the Direction of Infinite Wisdom? A Spirit cannot
 ' but be transported after an ineffable manner with the
 ' Sight of those Objects, which were made to affect him
 ' by that Being who knows the inward Frame of our
 ' Soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most
 ' secret Powers and Faculties. It is to this Majesty
 ' Presence of God, we may apply those beautiful Ex-
 ' pressions in holy Writ. *Behold even to the Moon, and*
 ' *it shineth not; yea the Stars are not pure in his Sight.*
 ' The Light of the Sun, and all the Glories of the
 ' World in which we live, are but as weak and feeble
 ' Glimmerings, or rather Darkness itself, in comparison
 ' of those Splendors which encompass the Throne
 ' of God.

' As the *Glory* of this Place is transcendent beyond
 ' Imagination, so probably is the *Extent* of it. There
 ' is Light behind Light, and Glory within Glory.
 ' How far that Space may reach, in which God
 ' appears in perfect Majesty, we cannot possibly conceive.
 ' Tho' it is not infinite, it may be indefinite; and
 ' not immeasurable in itself, it may be so with regard
 ' any created Eye or Imagination. If he has made
 ' these lower Regions of Matter so inconceivably wide
 ' and magnificent for the Habitation of mortal and im-
 ' mortal Beings, how great may we suppose the Com-
 ' of his House to be, where he makes his Residence.

more especial Manner, and displays himself in the fulness of his Glory, among an innumerable Company of Angels and Spirits of just Men made perfect? This is certain, that our Imaginations cannot be raised too high, when we think on a Place where Omnipotence and Omniscience have so signally exerted themselves, because that they are able to produce a scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but at the consummation of all Things, these outward Apartments of Nature, which are now suited to those Beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious Place of which I am here speaking; and by that Means made a proper Habitation for Beings who are exempt from Mortality, and cleared of their imperfections: For so the Scripture seems to intimate when it speaks of new Heavens and of a new Earth, wherein dwelleth Righteousness.

I have only considered this glorious Place with regard to the Sight and Imagination, though it is highly probable that our other Senses may here likewise enjoy their highest Gratifications. There is nothing which more ravishes and transports the Soul, than Harmony; and we have great Reason to believe, from the Descriptions of this Place in holy Scripture, that this is one of the Entertainments of it. And if the Soul of man can be so wonderfully affected with those Strains of Musick, which human Art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raised and elevated by those, which is exerted the whole Power of Harmony! The Senses are Faculties of the Human Soul, though they cannot be employed, during this our vital Union, without proper Instruments in the Body. Why therefore should we exclude the Satisfaction of these Faculties, which we find by Experience are Inlets of great pleasure to the Soul, from among those Entertainments which are to make up our Happiness hereafter? Why should we suppose that our Hearing and Seeing will not be gratify'd with those Objects which are most agreeable to them, and which they cannot meet with in these lower Regions of Nature; Objects, *which neither Eye hath seen, nor Ear heard, nor can it enter*
into

' into the Heart of Man to conceive? I knew a Man
 ' Christ (says St. Paul, speaking of himself) above
 ' teen Years ago, (whether in the Body, I cannot tell
 ' whether out of the Body, I cannot tell, God knows
 ' such a one caught up to the third Heaven. And I
 ' such a Man, (whether in the Body, or out of the
 ' dy, I cannot tell, God knoweth) how that he was caught
 ' up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable Words, which
 ' it is impossible for a Man to utter. By this is manifest
 ' that what he heard was infinitely different from
 ' thing which he had heard in this World, that it was
 ' impossible to express it in such Words as might convey
 ' vey a Notion of it to his Hearers.

' It is very natural for us to take Delight in Enquiries
 ' concerning any foreign Country, where we are desirous
 ' time or other to make our Abode; and as we all desire
 ' to be admitted into this glorious Place, it is become
 ' laudable and useful Curiosity, to get what Information
 ' ons we can of it, while we make use of Revelations
 ' for our Guide. When these everlasting Doors shall
 ' open to us, we may be sure that the Pleasures and
 ' Beauties of this Place will infinitely transcend our
 ' sent Hopes and Expectations, and that the glorious
 ' Appearance of the Throne of God, will rise infinitely
 ' beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it.
 ' might here entertain ourselves with many other Specu-
 ' lations on this Subject, from those several Hints which
 ' we find of it in the Holy Scriptures; as whether there
 ' may not be different Mansions and Apartments of Glori-
 ' ry, to Beings of different Natures; whether as they
 ' excel one another in Perfection, they are not admitted
 ' nearer to the Throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater
 ' ter Manifestations of his Presence; whether there be
 ' not solemn Times and Occasions, when all the Multitude
 ' tude of Heaven celebrate the Presence of their Master
 ' in more extraordinary Forms of Praise and Adoration
 ' as Adam, though he had continued in a State of Innocence,
 ' nocence, would, in the Opinion of our Divines, have
 ' kept holy the Sabbath Day, in a more particular manner
 ' ner than any other of the Seven. These, and the like
 ' Speculations, we may very innocently indulge, so long

as we make use of them to inspire us with a Desire of becoming Inhabitants of this delightful Place.

I have in this, and in two foregoing Letters, treated on the most serious Subject that can employ the Mind of Man, the Omnipresence of the Deity ; a Subject which, if possible, should never depart from our Meditations. We have considered the Divine Being, as he inhabits Infinitude, as he dwells among his Works, as he is present to the Mind of Man, and as he discovers himself in a more glorious Manner among the Regions of the Blest. Such a Consideration should be kept awake in us at all Times, and in all Places, and possess our Minds with a perpetual Awe and Reverence. It should be interwoven with all our Thoughts and Perceptions, become one with the Consciousness of our own Being. It is not to be reflected on in the Coldness of Philosophy, but ought to sink us into the lowest Prostration before him, who is so astonishingly Great, Wonderful, and Holy.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 580.

We consider infinite Space as an Expansion without a Circumference : We consider Eternity, or infinite Duration, as a Line that has neither a Beginning nor an End. In our Speculations of infinite Space, we consider that particular Place in which we exist, as a kind of Centre to the whole Expansion. In our Speculations of Eternity, we consider the Time which is present to us the Middle; which divides the whole Line into two equal Parts. For this Reason, many witty Authors compare the present Time to an Isthmus, or narrow Neck of Land, that rises in the midst of an Ocean, immeasurably diffused on either Side of it.

Philosophy, and indeed common Sense, naturally throws Eternity under two Divisions ; which we may call in *English*, that Eternity which is past, and that Eternity which is to come. The learned Term of *Æternitas a Parte ante*, and *Æternitas a Parte post*, may be more amusing to the Reader, but can have no other Idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those Words, an Eternity that is past, and an Eternity that is to come. Each of these Eternities is bounded at the one
Extreme ;

Extreme; or, in other Words, the former has an End and the latter a Beginning.

Let us first of all consider that Eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the Subject of another Paper. The Nature of this Eternity is utterly inconceiveable by the Minds of Man: Our Reason demonstrates to us that it *has been*, but at the same Time can frame no Idea of it, but what is big with Absurdity and Contradiction. We can have no other Conception of any Duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was once present, is at some certain Distance from us, and whatever is at any certain Distance from us, be the Distance never so remote, cannot be Eternity. The very Notion of any Duration's being past, implies that it was once present; for the Idea of its being once present, is actually included in the Idea of its being past. This therefore is a Depth not to be founded by Human Understanding. We are sure that there has been an Eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this Eternity by any Notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the Bottom of this Matter, we shall find that the Difficulties we meet with in our Conceptions of Eternity proceed from this single Reason, that we can have no other Idea of any kind of Duration, than that by which we ourselves, and all other created Beings, exist; which is, a successive Duration made up of parts present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this Manner, all the Parts of whose Existence were not once equally present, and consequently may be reached by a certain Number of Years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our Reason to that Eternity which is to come, in adding Millions of Years to Millions of Years, and we can never come to any Fountain-Head of Duration, to any Beginning of Eternity: But at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lie within the Reach of Numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that Purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any Part of infinite Space, which does not lie at a certain Distance from us, as that any Part of infinite Duration was once actual.

in which a Man may wickedly make his Fortune, or indulge a Pleasure, without fear of Temporal Damage, either in Reputation, Health or Fortune. In such Cases that Restraint do they lie under who have no Regards beyond the Grave? The inward Compunctions of a wicked, as well as the Joys of an upright Mind, beingrafted on the Sense of another State.

The Thought, *that our Existence terminates with this life*, doth naturally check the Soul in any generous Pursuit, contract her Views, and fix them on temporary and selfish Ends. It dethrones the Reason, extinguishes Noble and Heroick Sentiments, and subjects the Mind to the Slavery of every present Passion. The wise Heavens of Antiquity were not ignorant of this; hence they endeavoured by Fables and Conjectures; and the dimmings of Nature, to possess the Minds of Men with the Belief of a future State, which has been since brought to Light by the Gospel, and is now most inconsequently decry'd by a few weak Men, who would have believe that they promote Virtue by turning Religion into Ridicule.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 55.

FRIENDSHIP.

ONE would think that the larger the Company is, in which we are engaged, the greater Variety Thoughts and Subjects would be started in Discourse; but instead of this, we find that Conversation never so much strained and confined as in numerous Assemblies. When a Multitude meet together on any Subject of Discourse, their Debates are taken chiefly with Forms and general Positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted Assembly of Men and women, the Talk generally runs upon the Weather, Fashions, News, and the like publick Topics. In proportion, as Conversation gets into Clubs and Knots of Friends, it descends into Particulars, and grows more intimate and communicative: But the most open, inviolable, and unreserved Discourse, is that which passes between two Persons who are familiar and intimate

OL. II. E Friends.

Friends. On these Occasions, a Man gives a Loose to every Passion and every Thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired Opinions of Persons and Things, tries the Beauty and Strength of his Sentiments, and exposes his whole Soul to the Examination of his Friend.

Tully was the first who observed, that Friendship improves Happiness and abates Misery, by the doubling of our Joy and dividing of our Grief; a Thought in which he hath been followed by all the Essayers upon Friendship, that have written since his Time. *St. Francis Bacon* has finely described other Advantages, or as he calls them, Fruits of Friendship; and indeed there is no Subject of Morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient Author, whose Book would be regarded by our modern Wits as one of the most shining Tracts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the Name of a *Confucius*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* Philosopher: I mean the little Apocryphal Treatise entituled, *The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach*. How finely has he described the Art of making Friends, by an obliging and affable Behaviour, And laid down that Precept which a late excellent Author has delivered as his own 'That we should have many Well-wishers, but few Friends,' *Some Language will multiply Friends; and a fair speaking Tongue will encrease kind Greetings. Be in Peace with many, nevertheless have but one Counsellor of a thousand.* With what Prudence does he caution us in the Choice of our Friends? and with what Strokes of Nature (as he could almost say of Humour) has he described the Behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested Friend? *If thou wouldst get a Friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: For some Man is a Friend for his own Office, and will not abide in the Day of thy Trouble. If there is a Friend, who being turned to Enmity and Strife will discover thy Reproach. Again, Some Friends are Companions at the Table, and will not continue in the Day of thy Affliction: But in thy Prosperity he will be as a self, and will be bold over thy Servants.* If thou

brought low he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy Face. What can be more strong and pointed than the following Verse? *Separate thyself from thine Enemies, and take heed of thy Friends.* In the next Words he particularizes one of those Fruits of Friendship which is described at length by the two famous Authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general Elogium of Friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime. *A faithful Friend is a strong Defence; and he that hath found such a one, hath found a Treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful Friend, and his Excellency is unvaluable. A faithful Friend is the Medicine of Life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his Friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his Neighbour (that is his Friend) be also.* I do not remember to have met with any Saying that has pleased me more than that of a Friend's being the Medicine of Life, to express the Efficacy of Friendship in healing the Gains and Anguish which naturally cleave to our Existence in this World; and am wonderfully pleased with the Turn in the last Sentence, That a virtuous Man shall as a Blessing meet with a Friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another Saying in the same Author, which would have been very much admired in an Heathen Writer; *For sake not an old Friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new Friend is as new Wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with Pleasure.* With that Strength of Allusion, and Force of Thought, has he described the Breaches and Violations of Friendship; *Whoso casteth a Stone at the Birds frayeth them away, and he that upbraideth his Friend, breaketh Friendship. Whoso thou drawest a Sword at a Friend yet despair not, for there may be a returning to Favour: If thou hast opened thy Mouth against thy Friend fear not, for there may be a Reconciliation; except for Upbraiding, or Pride, or disclosing of Secrets, or a treacherous Wound; for, for these things every Friend will depart.* We may observe in this and several other Precepts in this Author, those little familiar Instances and Illustrations which are so much admired in the moral Writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful Instances of this Nature in the following Passages, which are likewise written upon the

same Subject: *Whoſo diſcovereth Secrets, looſeth his Credit, and ſhall never find a Friend to his Mind. Love thy Friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayeſt his Secrets, follow no more after him. For as a Man hath deſtroyed his Enemy, ſo haſt thou loſt the Love of thy Friend; as one that letteth a Bird go out of his Hand, ſo haſt thou let thy Friend go, and ſhall not get him again: Follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a Roe eſcaped out of the Snare. As for a Wound it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be Reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth Secrets, is without Hope.*

Among the ſeveral Qualifications of a good Friend, this wiſe Man has very juſtly ſingled out Conſtancy and Faithfulneſs as the principal: To theſe, others have added Virtue, Knowledge, Diſcretion, Equality in Age and Fortune, and as *Cicero* calls it, *Morum Comitatus*, a Pleaſantneſs of Temper. If I were to give my Opinion upon ſuch an exhausted Subject, I ſhould join to theſe other Qualifications a certain *Æquability* or Evenneſs of Behaviour. A Man often contracts a Friendſhip with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a Year's Converſation; when on a ſudden ſome latent ill Humour breaks out upon him, which he never diſcovered or ſuſpected at his firſt entering into an Intimacy with him. There are ſeveral Perſons who in ſome certain Periods of their Lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and deteſtable. *Martial* has given us a very pretty Picture of one of this Species in the following Epigram:

*Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum poſſum vivere, nec ſine te. Epig. 47. l. 12.*

In all thy Humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt ſuch a touchy, teſty, pleaſant Fellow;
Haſt ſo much Wit, and Mirth, and Spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a Man to be entangled in a Friendſhip with one, who by theſe Changes and Viciffitudes of Humour is ſometimes amiable and ſometimes odious: And as moſt Men are at ſome Times in an admirable

mirable Frame and Disposition of Mind, it should be one of the greatest Tasks of Wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable Part of our Character.

C

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 68.

I intend the Paper for this Day as a loose Essay upon *Friendship*, in which I shall throw my Observations together without any set Form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this Subject.

Friendship is a strong and habitual Inclination in two Persons to promote the Good and Happiness of one another. Tho' the Pleasures and Advantages of Friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral Writers, and are considered by all as great Ingredients of human Happiness, we very rarely meet with the Practice of this Virtue in the World.

Every Man is ready to give in a long Catalogue of those Virtues and good Qualities he expects to find in the Person of a Friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

Love and Esteem are the first Principles of Friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a Man whom we cannot esteem; so, on the other, tho' we are truly sensible of a Man's Abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the Warmths of Friendship, without an affectionate Good-will towards his Person.

Friendship immediately banishes Envy under all its Disguises. A Man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his Friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter Stranger to this Virtue.

There is something in Friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious Stories which are invented to the Honour of any particular Person, the Authors have thought it as necessary to make their Hero a Friend as a Lover. *Achilles* has his *Patroclus*, and *Æneas* his *Achates*. In the first of these Instances we may observe, for the Reputation of the Subject I am treating

of, that *Greece* was almost ruin'd by the Hero's Love but was preserved by his Friendship.

The Character of *Achates* suggests to us an Observation we may often make on the Intimacies of great Men, who frequently choose their Companions rather for the Qualities of the Heart than those of the Head and prefer Fidelity in an easy inoffensive complying Temper to those Endowments which make a much greater Figure among Mankind. I do not remember that *Achates*, who is represented as the first Favourite either gives his Advice, or strikes a Blow thro' the whole *Aeneid*.

A Friendship, which makes the least Noise, is very often most useful; for which Reason I should prefer a prudent Friend to a zealous one.

Atticus, one of the best Men of ancient *Rome*, was a very remarkable Instance of what I am here speaking. This extraordinary Person, amidst the Civil Wars of his Country, when he saw the Designs of all Parties equally tended to the Subversion of Liberty, by constantly preserving the Esteem and Affection of both the Competitors, found Means to serve his Friend on either side: and while he sent Money to young *Marius*, whose Father was declared an Enemy of the Commonwealth, he was himself one of *Sylla's* chief Favourites, and in ways near that General.

During the War between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, he maintained the same Conduct. After the Death of *Cæsar*, he sent Money to *Brutus* in his Troubles, and did a thousand good Offices to *Antony's* Wife and Friends when that Party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody War between *Antony* and *Augustus*, *Atticus* still kept his Place in both their Friendships, in such much that the first, says *Cornelius Nepos*, whenever he was absent from *Rome* in any part of the Empire, was punctually to him what he was doing, what he received, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him constantly an exact Account of all his Affairs.

A Likeness of Inclinations in every Particular is far from being requisite to form a Benevolence in the Minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined that I believe we shall find some of the firmest Friend-

ships to have been contracted between Persons of different Humours; the Mind being often pleased with those Perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own Accomplishments. Besides that a Man in some measure supplies his own Defects, and fancies himself at second-hand possessed of those good Qualities and Endowments, which are in the Possession of him who in the Eye of the World is looked on as his *other self*.

The most difficult Province in Friendship is the letting a Man see his Faults and Errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our Advice is given him not so much to please ourselves as for his own Advantage. The Reproaches therefore of a Friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The violent Desire of pleasing in the Person reprov'd, may otherwise change into a Despair of doing it, while he finds himself censur'd for Faults he is not conscious of. A Mind that is softened and humanized by Friendship, cannot bear frequent Reproaches; either it must quite sink under the Oppression, or abate considerably of the Value and Esteem it had for him who bestows them.

The proper Business of Friendship is to inspire Life, and Courage; and a Soul, thus supported, outdoes itself; whereas if it be unexpectedly deprived of these Succours, it droops and languishes.

We are in some measure more inexcuseable if we violate our Duties to a Friend, than to a Relation; since the former arise from a voluntary Choice, the latter from a Necessity to which we could not give our own Consent.

As it has been said on one side, that a Man ought not to break with a faulty Friend, that he may not expose the Weakness of his Choice; it will doubtless hold much stronger, with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a Treasure which was once in his Possession. X

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 385.

FUTURE STATE.

THE Desire of knowing future Events, is one of the strongest Inclination in the Mind of Man. Indeed an Ability of foreseeing probable Accidents is what, in the Language of Men, is called Wisdom and Prudence: But, not satisfied with the Light that Reason holds out, Mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into Futurity. Magick, Oracles, Omens, lucky Hours, and the various Arts of Superstition owe their Rise to this powerful Cause. As this Principle is founded in Self Love, every Man is sure to be solicitous in the first Place about his own Fortune, the Course of his Life, and the Time and Manner of his Death.

If we consider that we are free Agents, we shall discover the Absurdity of such Enquiries. One of our Actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the Cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole Chain of Life is link'd together. Pain, Poverty or Infamy, are the natural Product of vicious and imprudent Acts; as the contrary Blessings are of good ones; so that we cannot suppose our Lot to be determined without Impiety. A great Enhancement of Pleasure arises from its being unexpected; and Pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other Accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in the Portion bestowed on us; to adore the Hand that hath fitted every Thing to our Nature, and hath not more display'd his Goodness in our Knowledge than in our Ignorance.

It is not unworthy our Observation, that superstitious Enquiries into future Events prevail more or less, in proportion to the Improvement of Liberal Arts and useful Knowledge in the several Parts of the World. Accordingly we find, that magical Incantations remain in *Lapland*; in the more remote Parts of *Scotland* they have their Second-Sight, and several of our own Countrymen have seen abundance of Fairies. In *Asia* this Credulity is strong, and the greatest Part of refined Learning there consists in the Knowledge of Amulets, Talismans, occult Numbers and the like.

When

When I was at *Grand Cair*, I fell into the Acquaintance of a good-natured Musselman, who promised me many good Offices, which he designed to do me when he became the Prime Minister, which was a Fortune bestowed on his Imagination by a Doctor very deep in the curious Sciences. At his repeated Solicitations I went to learn my Destiny of this wonderful Sage. For a small Sum I had his Promise, but was desired to wait in a dark Apartment till he had run thro' the preparatory Ceremonies. Having a strong Propensity, even then, to Dreaming, I took a Nap upon the Sofa where I was placed, and had the following Vision, the Particulars whereof I picked up the other Day among my Papers.

I found myself in an unbounded Plain, where methought the whole World, in several Habits and with different Tongues, was assembled. The Multitude glided swiftly along, and I found in myself a strong Inclination to mingle in the Train. My Eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid Figures. Several in rich Castans and glittering Turbans bustled through the Throng, and trampled over the Bodies of those they threw down; till to my great Surprise I found that the great Pace they went only hastened them to a Scaffold or a Bowstring. Many beautiful Damsels on the other Side moved forward with great Gaiety; some danced till they fell all along; and others painted their Faces till they lost their Noses. A Tribe of Creatures with busy Looks falling into a Fit of Laughter at the Misfortunes of the unhappy Ladies, I turn'd my Eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his Pockets with Gold and Jewels, and when there was no Room left for more these Wretches looking round with Fear and Horror, pined away before my Face with Famine and Discontent.

This Prospect of human Misery struck me dumb for some Minutes. Then it was that, to disburden my Mind, I took Pen and Ink, and did every Thing that hath since happen'd under my Office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing myself for the Good of Mankind, I was surpriz'd to meet with very unsuitable Returns from my Fellow-Creatures. Never was poor Author so beset with Pamphleteers, who sometimes marched directly

against me, but oftener shot at me from strong Bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in Ambush. They were of all Characters and Capacities, some with Ensigns of Dignity, and others in Liveries; but what most surpriz'd me, was to see two or three in black Gowns among my Enemies. It was no small Trouble to me, sometimes to have a Man come up to me with an angry Face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my Life. With the Ladies it was otherwise. Many became my Enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who resented the Satire which they imagined I had directed against them. My great Comfort was in the Company of half a Dozen Friends, who, I found since, were the Club which I have so often mentioned in my Papers. I laugh'd often at Sir Roger in my Sleep, and was the more diverted with *Will Honeycomb's* Gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted) because I had foreseen his Marriage with a Farmer's Daughter. The Regret which arose in my Mind upon the Death of my Companions, my Anxieties for the Public, and the many Calamities still fleeting before my Eyes, made me repent my Curiosity when the Magician entered the Room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 604

In Compassion to those gloomy Mortals, who by their Unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling those Impressions of Joy and Hope, which the Celebration of the late glorious Festival naturally leaves on the Mind of a Christian, I shall in this Paper endeavour to evince that there are Grounds to expect a future State, without supposing in the Reader any Faith at all, not even the Belief of a Deity. Let the most stedfast Unbeliever open his Eyes, and take a Survey of the sensible World, and then say if there be not a Connexion, and Adjustment, and exact and constant Order discoverable in all the Parts of it. Whatever be the Cause, the thing itself is evident to all our Faculties. Look into the Animal System, the Passions, Senses, and locomotive

Powers

Powers; is not the like Contrivance and Propriety observable in these two? Are they not fitted to certain Ends, and are they not by Nature directed to proper Objects?

Is it possible then that the smallest Bodies should, by a Management superior to the Wit of Man, be disposed in the most excellent manner agreeable to their respective Natures; and yet the Spirits or Souls of Men be neglected, or managed by such Rules as fall short of Man's Understanding? Shall every other Passion be rightly placed by Nature, and shall that Appetite of Immortality, natural to all Mankind, be alone misplaced, or designed to be frustrated? Shall the industrious Application of the inferior Animal Powers in the meanest Vocations be answered by the Ends we propose, and shall not the generous Efforts of a virtuous Mind be rewarded? In a word, Shall the corporeal World be all Order and Harmony, the intellectual Discord and Confusion? He who is Bigot enough to believe these things, must bid adieu to that natural Rule, of *Reasoning from Analogy*; must run counter to that Maxim of common Sense, *That Men ought to form their Judgments of Things unexperienced from what they have experienced.*

If any thing looks like a Recompence of calamitous Virtue on this Side the Grave, it is either an Assurance that thereby we obtain the Favour and Protection of Heaven, and shall, whatever befalls us in this, in another Life meet with a just Return; or else that Applause and Reputation, which is thought to attend virtuous Actions. The former of these, our *Free-thinkers*, out of their singular Wisdom and Benevolence to Mankind, endeavour to erase from the Minds of Men. The latter can never be justly distributed in this Life, where so many ill Actions are reputable, and so many good Actions disesteemed or misinterpreted; where subtle Hypocrisy is placed in the most engaging Light, and modest Virtue lies concealed; where the Heart and the Soul are hid from the Eyes of Men, and the Eyes of Men are dimmed and vitiated. *Plato's* Sense in relation to this Point is contained in his *Gorgias*, where he introduces *Socrates* speaking after this manner.

' It was in the Reign of *Saturn* provided by a Law,
' which the Gods have since continued down to this
' time,

time, That they who had lived virtuously and piously upon Earth, should after Death enjoy a Life full of Happiness, in certain Islands appointed for the Habitation of the Blessed: But that such as had lived wickedly should go into the Receptacle of damned Souls, named *Tartarus*, there to suffer the Punishments they deserved. But in all the Reign of *Saturn*, and in the Beginning of the Reign of *Jove*, living Judges were appointed, by whom each Person was judged in his Life-time in the same Day on which he was to die. The Consequence of which was, that they often passed wrong Judgments. *Plato* therefore, who presided in *Tartarus*, and the Guardians of the Blessed Islands, finding that on the other Side many unfit Persons were sent to their respective Dominions, complained to *Jove*, who promised to redress the Evil. He added, the Reason of these unjust Proceedings is that Men are judged in the Body. Hence many conceal the Blemishes and Imperfections of their Minds by Beauty, Birth and Riches; not to mention, that at the time of Trial there are Crowds of Witnesses to attest their having lived well. These things mislead the Judges, who being themselves also the Number of the Living, are surrounded each with his own Body, as with a Veil thrown over his Mind. For the future, therefore, it is my Intention that Men do not come on their Trial till after Death, when they shall appear before the Judge, disrobed of all their corporeal Ornaments. The Judge himself too shall be a pure unveiled Spirit, beholding the very Soul, the naked Soul of the Party before him. With this View I have already constituted my Sons, *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, Judges, who are Natives of *Asia*; and *Æacus*, a Native of *Europe*. These, after Death, shall hold their Court in a certain Meadow, from which there are two Roads, leading the one to *Tartarus*, the other to the Islands of the Blessed.

From this, as from numberless other Passages of his Writings, may be seen *Plato's* Opinion of a future State. A Thing therefore in regard to us so comfortable in itself, so just and excellent, a Thing so agreeable

to the Analogy of Nature, and so universally credited by all Orders and Ranks of Men, of all Nations and Ages, what is it that should move a few Men to reject? Surely there must be something of Prejudice in the Case. I appeal to the secret Thoughts of a *Free-thinker*, if he does not argue within himself after this manner: The Senses and Faculties I enjoy at present are visibly designed to repair, or preserve the Body from the Injuries it is liable to in its present Circumstances. But in an Eternal State, where no Decays are to be repaired, no outward Injuries to be fenced against, where there are no Flesh and Bones, Nerves or Blood-Vessels, there will certainly be none of the Senses; and that there should be a State of Life without the Senses is inconceivable.

But as this manner of Reasoning proceeds from a Poverty of Imagination, and Narrowness of Soul in those that use it, I shall endeavour to remedy those Defects, and open their Views, by laying before them a Case which, being naturally possible, may perhaps reconcile them to the Belief of what is supernaturally revealed.

Let us suppose a Person blind and deaf from his Birth, who being grown to Man's Estate, is by the Dead Palsy, or some other Cause deprived of his Feeling, Tasting, and Smelling, and at the same Time has the Impediment of his Hearing removed, and the Film taken from his Eyes. What the five Senses are to us, that the Touch, Taste and Smell were to him. And any other Ways of Perception of a more refined and extensive Nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one Day be adapted to perceive those Things which *Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, neither hath it entered into the Heart of Man to conceive*. And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude, that the Loss of those three Senses could not possibly be succeeded by any new Inlets of Perception; as in a modern *Free-thinker* to imagine there can be no State of Life and Perception without the Senses he enjoys at present. Let us further suppose the same Person's Eyes, at their first opening, to be struck with a great Variety of the most gay and pleasing Objects,
and

and his Ears with a melodious Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Musick : Beholding him amazed, ravished, transported ; and you have some distant Representation, some faint and glimmering Idea of the ecstatic State of the Soul in that Article in which she emerges from this Sepulchre of Flesh into Life and Immortality.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 27.

GAMING.

S I R,

‘ **A**S soon as you have set up your Unicorn, there
 ‘ is no Question but the Ladies will make him
 ‘ push very furiously at the *Men* ; for which Reason
 ‘ I think it is good to be before-hand with them, and
 ‘ make the Lion roar aloud at *Female* Irregularities.
 ‘ Among these, I wonder how their Gaming has so
 ‘ long escaped your Notice. You who converse with
 ‘ the sober Family of the *Lizards*, are perhaps a
 ‘ Stranger to these Viragoes ; but what would you say
 ‘ should you see the *Sparkler* shaking her Elbow for a
 ‘ whole Night together, and thumping the Table with
 ‘ a Dice-Box ? Or how would you like to hear the
 ‘ good Widow-Lady herself returning to her House at
 ‘ Midnight, and alarming the whole Street with a
 ‘ most enormous Rap, after having sat up till that
 ‘ Time at Crimp or Ombre ? Sir, I am the Husband
 ‘ of one of those Female Gamesters, and a great Loser
 ‘ by it both in my Rest and my Pocket. As my Wife
 ‘ reads your Papers, one upon this Subject might be of
 ‘ Use both to her, and

Your humble Servant

I should ill deserve the Name of *Guardian*, did I not caution all my fair Wards against a Practice which when it runs to Excess, is the most shameful, but one that the Female World can fall into. The ill Consequences of it are more than can be contained in this Paper. However, that I may proceed in Method,

shall consider them, first, as they relate to the *Mind*. Secondly, as they relate to the *Body*.

Could we look into the Mind of a Female Gamester, we should see it full of nothing but *Trumps* and *Matadores*. Her Slumbers are haunted with Kings, Queens, and Knaves. The Day lies heavy upon her 'till the Play-Season returns, when for half a dozen Hours together all her Faculties are employed in Shuffling, Cutting, Dealing, and Sorting out a Pack of Cards, and no Ideas to be discovered in a Soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square Figures of painted and spotted Paper. Was the Understanding, that Divine Part in our Composition, given for such a Use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest Talent human Nature is endowed with? What would a superior Being think, were he shewn this intellectual Faculty in a Female Gamester, and at the same time told that it was by this she was distinguished from Brutes, and allied to Angels?

When our Women thus fill their Imagination with Pips and Counters, I cannot wonder at the Story I have lately heard of a new-born Child that was marked with the Five of Clubs.

Their *Passions* suffer no less by this Practice than their Understandings and Imaginations. What Hope and Fear, Joy and Anger, Sorrow and Discontent break out all at once in a fair Assembly upon so noble an Occasion as that of turning up a Card? Who can consider without a secret Indignation that all those Affections of the Mind which should be consecrated to their Children, Husbands and Parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a Hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine Woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial Motives: When I behold the Face of an Angel agitated and discomposed by the Heart of a Fury.

Our Minds are of such a Make that they naturally give themselves up to every Diversion which they are much accustomed to, and we always find that Play, when followed with Assiduity, engrosses the whole Woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own Family,
takes

takes but little Pleasure in all the domestic innocent Endearments of Life, and grows more fond of *Play* than of her Husband. My Friend *Theophrastus*, the best of Husbands and of Fathers, has often complained to me, with Tears in his Eyes, of the late Hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his Wife's Conversation. When she returns to me with Joy in her Face, and does not arise, says he, from the Sight of her Husband but from the good Luck she has had at Cards. On the contrary, says he, if she has been a Loser I am doubly a Sufferer by it. She comes Home out of Humour, and angry with every Body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in Reality for no other Reason but because she has been throwing away my Estate. What charming Bedfellows and Companions for Life are Men likely to meet with that choose their Wives out of such Women of Vogue and Fashion? What a Race of Worthless what Patriots, what Heroes must we expect from Mothers of this Make?

I come in the next Place to consider the ill Consequences which Gaming has on the *Bodies* of our Female Adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every Thing which corrupts the Soul decays the Body. The Beauties of the Face and Mind are generally destroyed by the same Means. This Consideration should have a particular Weight with the Female World, who were designed to please the Eye and attract the Regards of the other half of the Species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine Face like the Vigils of the Card-Table, and those cutting Passions which naturally attend them. Hollow Eyes, haggard Looks, and pale Complexions, are the natural Indications of a Female Gambler. Her Morning Sleeps are not able to repair her Midnight Watchings. I have known a Woman carried half dead from Bassette, and have many a Time grieved to see a Person of Quality gliding by me in her Chair at Two o'Clock in the Morning, and looking like a Spectre amidst a Glare of Flambeaux: In short, I never knew a thorough-paced Female Gamester hold her Beauty two Winters together.

But there is still another Case in which the Body is more endangered than in the former. All Play-debts

must be paid in Specie, or by an Equivalent. The Man that plays beyond his Income pawns his Estate ; the Woman must find out something else to mortgage when her Pin-money is gone : The Husband has his Lands to dispose of, the Wife her Person. Now when the Female Body is once *Dipp'd*, if the Creditor be very importunate, I leave my Reader to consider the Consequences.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 120.

GENTLEMEN.

A Gentleman has writ to me out of the Country a very civil Letter, and said Things which I suppress with great Violence to my Vanity. There are many Terms in my Narratives which he complains want explaining ; and has therefore desired, that, for the Benefit of my Country Readers, I would let him know what I mean by a *Gentleman*, a *Pretty Fellow*, a *Teast*, a *Coquet*, a *Critick*, a *Wit*, and all other Appellations of those now in the gayer World who are in Possession of these several Characters ; together with an Account of those who unfortunately pretend to them. I shall begin with him we usually call a *Gentleman*, or a Man of Conversation.

It is generally thought, That Warmth of Imagination, quick Relish of Pleasure, and a Manner of becoming it, are the most essential Qualities for forming this Sort of Man. But any one that is much in Company will observe, that the Height of good Breeding is shewn rather in never giving Offence, than in doing obliging Things. Thus he that never shocks you, though he is seldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your Favour, than he who often entertains, and sometimes displeases you. The most necessary Talent therefore in a Man of Conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine Gentleman, is a good Judgment. He that has this in Perfection, is Master of his Companion, without letting him see it ; and has the same Advantage over Men of any other Qualifications whatsoever,

whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind Man of ten Times his Strength.

This is what makes *Sophronius* the Darling of all who converse with him, and the most powerful with his Acquaintance of any Man in Town. By the Light of this Faculty he acts with great Ease and Freedom among the Men of Pleasure, and acquits himself with Skill and Dispatch among the Men of Business. All which he performs with such Success, that, with as much Discretion in Life as any Man ever had, he neither is nor appears cunning. But if he does a good Office, as he ever does it with Readiness and Alacrity, so he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a Manner that convinces you, that you ought not to have asked it. His Judgment is so good and unerring, and accompanied with so chearful a Spirit, that his Conversation is continual Feast, at which he helps some, and is helped by others, in such a manner, that the Equality of Society is perfectly kept up, and every Man obliges as much as he is obliged: For it is the greatest and justest Skill in a Man of superior Understanding, to know how to be on a Level with his Companions. This sweet Disposition runs through all the Actions of *Sophronius* and makes his Company desired by Women, without being envied by Men. *Sophronius* would be as just as he is, if there were no Law, and would be as discreet as he is, if there were no such Thing as Calumny.

In Imitation of this agreeable Being, is made the Animal we call a *Pretty Fellow*; who being just able to find out, that what makes *Sophronius* acceptable, is a natural Behaviour, in order to the same Reputation makes his own an artificial One. *Jack Dimple* is his perfect Mimick whereby he is of Course the most unlike him of all Men living. *Sophronius* just now passed into the inner Room directly forwards: *Jack* comes as fast after as he can for the right and left Looking-Glass, in which he had but just approved himself by a Nod at each and marched on. He will meditate within for half an Hour till he thinks he is not careless enough in his Air and come back to the Mirror to recollect his Forgetfulness.

TATLER, Vol. I. No. 2

Go

G O D.

SIMONIDES being ask'd by *Dionysius* the Tyrant what God was, desired a Day's time to consider of it before he made his Reply. When the Day was expired, he desired two Days ; and afterwards, instead of returning his Answer, demanded still double time to consider of it. This great Poet and Philosopher, the more he contemplated the Nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his Depth ; and that he lost himself in the Thought, instead of finding an End of it.

If we consider the Idea which wise Men, by the Light of Reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this ; That he has in him all the Perfection of a Spiritual Nature ; and since we have no Notion of any kind of spiritual Perfections but what we discover in our own Souls, we join Infinitude to each kind of these Perfections, and what is a Faculty in an human Soul becomes an Attribute in God. *We* exist in Place and Time, the Divine Being fills the Immensity of Space with his Presence, and inhabits Eternity. *We* are possessed of a little Power and a little Knowledge, the Divine Being is Almighty and Omniscient. In short, by adding Infinity to any kind of Perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of Perfections in one Being, we form our Idea of the great Sovereign of Nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this Observation, I shall produce Mr. *Lock's* Authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay upon human Understanding. ' If we examine the *Idea* we have of the incomprehensible Supreme Being, we shall find, that we come by it the same way ; and that the complex *Ideas* we have both of God and separate Spirits, are made up of the simple *Ideas* we receive from *Reflection*, v. g. having from what we experience in ourselves, got the *Ideas* of Existence and Duration, of Knowledge and Power, of Pleasure and Happiness, and of several other Qualities and Powers, which it is better to have than to be without ; when we would frame an *Idea* the
 ' most

- ‘ most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge
- ‘ every one of these with our *Idea* of Infinity; and
- ‘ putting them together, make our Complex *Idea* of God.

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual Perfection, besides those which are lodged in an human Soul; but it is impossible that we should have Ideas of any kinds of Perfection, except those of which we have some small Rays and short imperfect Strokes in ourselves. It would be therefore a very high Presumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more Attributes than those which enter into our Conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of spiritual Perfection which is not marked out in an human Soul, it belongs in its Fulness to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent Philosophers have imagined that the Soul, in her separate State, may have new Faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present Union with the Body; and whether these Faculties may not correspond with other Attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new Matter of Wonder and Adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of Nature, has in him all possible Perfection as well in *Kind* as in *Degree*; to speak according to our Methods of conceiving. I shall only add under this Head, that when we have raised our Notion of the infinite Being as high as it is possible for the Mind of Man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. *There is no End of his Greatness*: The most exalted Creature he has made, is only capable of adoring him; none but himself can comprehend it.

The Advice of the Son of Sirach is very just and suitable in this Light. *By his Word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: Wherefore in fear of him be silent. How shall we be able to magnify him? For he is great above all his Works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his Power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never*

ever go far enough. *Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? And who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his Works.*

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of Reason and Philosophy. If we would see him in all the Wonders of his Mercy we must have recourse to Revelation, which represents him to us, not only as infinitely Great and Glorious, but as infinitely Good and Just in his Dispensations towards Man. But as this is a Theory which falls under every one's Consideration, and indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall only take notice of that habitual Worship and Veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our Minds with the thought of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the Contemplation of our own Worthlessness, and of his transcendent Excellency and Perfection. This would imprint in our Minds such a constant and uninterrupted love and Veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in Reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable Humiliation of the Soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little Seeds of Pride, Vanity, and Self-conceit, which are apt to grow up in the Minds of such whose Thoughts turn only on those comparative Advantages which they enjoy over some of their Fellow-Creatures, than on that infinite Distance which is placed between them and the Supreme Model of all Perfection. It would likewise weaken our Desires and Endeavours of uniting ourselves to him by all the Acts of Religion and Virtue.

Such an habitual Homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing Impiety of using his Name on the most trivial Occasions.

I find the following Passage in an excellent Sermon, preached at the Funeral of a Gentleman who was an Honour to his Country, and a more diligent as well as successful Inquirer into the Works of Nature, than any other Nation has ever produced: 'He had the profoundest veneration for the great God of Heaven and Earth
' that

‘ that I have ever observed in any Person. The very
 ‘ Name of God was never mentioned by him without
 ‘ a Pause, and a visible Stop in his Discourse ; in which
 ‘ one that knew him most particularly above twenty
 ‘ Years, has told me, that he was so exact, that he does
 ‘ not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.

Every one knows the Veneration which was paid by
 the *Jews* to a Name so great, wonderful, and holy.
 They would not let it even enter into their religious
 Discourses. What can we then think of those who
 make use of so tremendous a Name in the ordinary Ex-
 pressions of their Anger, Mirth, and most impertinent
 Passions ? Of those who admit it into the most familiar
 Questions and Assertions, ludicrous Phrases and Words
 of Humour ? not to mention these who violate it by
 solemn Perjuries ? It would be an Affront to Reason
 to endeavour to set forth the Horror and Prophaneness of
 such a Practice. The very mention of it exposes
 sufficiently to those in whom the Light of Nature, not
 to say Religion, is not utterly extinguished.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 53

S I R,

In your Paper of *Friday*, the 9th Instant, you had
 Occasion to consider the Ubiquity of the Godhead, and
 at the same time, to shew, that as he is present to every
 thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and
 privy to all the Modes and Parts of its Existence ; or
 in other Words, that his Omniscience and Omnipresence
 are coexistent, and run together through the whole
 Infinitude of Space. This Consideration might
 furnish us with many Incentives to Devotion, and Motives
 to Morality ; but as this Subject has been handled
 by several excellent Writers, I shall consider it in a Light
 wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the Condition of an intellectual
 Being who is thus present with his Maker, and at the
 same time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage
 from this his Presence !

Secondly, How deplorable is the Condition of an intellectual
 Being, who feels no other Effects from the presence of
 his Presence, but such as proceed from Divine Wrath
 and Indignation !

There

Thirdly, How happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's Presence in the secret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kind-

First, How disconsolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who is thus present with his Maker, but the same time receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Presence! Every Particle of Matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The Heavens and Earth, the Stars and Planets, move and gravitate by Virtue of this great Principle within them. All the dead Parts of Nature are animated by the Presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective Qualities. The several Instincts, in the Brute Creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several Ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine Energy. Man only, who does co-operate with his holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his Presence, receives none of those Advantages from it, which are perfective of his Nature, and necessary to his well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no Advantage to him. It is the same thing to a Man without Religion, as if there were no God in the World. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his Creatures; but tho' he cannot withdraw his Presence from us, which would argue an Imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the Joys and Consolations of it. His Presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our Existence; but he may leave this our Existence to itself, with regard to its Happiness or Misery. For, in this Sense, he may cast us away from his Presence, and take his holy Spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our Hearts to all those Infusions of Joy and Gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured upon us; especially when we consider, *Secondly*, The miserable Condition of an intellectual Being, who feels no other Effects from his Maker's Presence, but such as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation!

We may assure ourselves, that the great Author of Nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to

any

any of his Creatures. Those who will not feel him his Love, will be sure at length to feel him in his Displeasure. And how dreadful is the Condition of the Creature, who is only sensible of the Being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in Hell as in Heaven; but the Inhabitants of those accursed Places behold him only in his Wrath and shrink within the Flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of Imagination to conceive the fearful Effects of Omnipotence increased.

But I shall only consider the Wretchedness of an intellectual Being, who, in this Life, lies under the Displeasure of him, that at all Times and in all Places intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the Soul, and vex it in all its Faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest Comforts of Life from refreshing us, and give an Edge to every one of its slightest Calamities. Who then can bear the Thought of being an Outcast from his Presence, that is, from the Comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its Terrors? How pathetick is the Expostulation of *Job*, when, for the Trial of his Patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable Condition! *Why hast thou set me as a Man against thee, so that I am become a Burden to myself?* But *Thirdly*, how happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's Presence from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kindness.

The Blessed in Heaven behold him Face to Face, that is, are as sensible of his Presence as we are of the Presence of any Person whom we look upon with our Eyes. There is doubtless a Faculty in Spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our Senses do material Objects; and there is no Question but our Souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified Bodies, will by this Faculty, in whatever Part of Space they reside, be always *sensible* of the Divine Presence. We, who have this Veil of Flesh standing between us and the World of Spirits, must be content to know that the Spirit of God is present with us, by the Effects which he produces in us. Our outward Senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his Influence upon our Minds, by those virtuous

Thoughts

natural Inquietude of the Mind, we have no sooner gain'd one Point, but we extend our Hopes to another. We still find new inviting Scenes and Landskips lying behind those which at a Distance terminated our View.

The natural Consequences of such Reflections are these; that we should take care not to let our Hopes run out into too great a Length; that we should sufficiently weigh the Objects of our Hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what they propose in their Fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our Life extend itself so far. If we hope for Things which are at too great a Distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by Death in our Progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly consider'd the Value, our Disappointment will be greater than our Pleasure in the Fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make Life a greater Dream and Shadow than it really is.

Many of the Miseries and Misfortunes of Life proceed from our want of Consideration, in one or all of these Particulars. They are the Rocks on which the sanguine Tribe of Lovers daily split, and on which the Bankrupt, the Politician, the Alchymist and Projector are cast away in every Age. Men of warm Imaginations and towering Thoughts are apt to overlook the Goods of Fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the Sight at a Distance; to neglect solid and substantial Happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to condemn that Good that lies within their Reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its Schemes for a long and durable Life; presses forward to imaginary Points of Bliss; and grasps at Impossibilities; and consequently very often ensnares Men into Beggary, Ruin, and Dishonour.

What I have here said, may serve as a Moral to an Arabian Fable, which I find translated into French by Monsieur Galland. The Fable has in it such a wild, but natural Simplicity, that I question not but my Reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the seve-

ral Amusements of Hope which have sometimes passed in his Mind, as a near Relation to the *Persian Glass-Man*.

Alnaschar, says the Fable, was a very idle Fellow, that never would set his Hand to any Business during his Father's Life. When his Father died, he left him the value of an hundred Drachmas in *Persian Money*. *Alnaschar*, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in Glasses, Bottles, and the finest Earthen Ware. These he piled up in a large open Basket, and having made choice of a very little Shop, placed the Basket, at his Feet, and leaned his Back upon the Wall, in expectation of Customers. As he sat in this posture with his Eyes upon the Basket, he fell into a most amusing Train of Thought, and was overheard by one of his Neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: This Basket, says he, cost me at the Wholesale Merchant's an hundred Drachmas, which is all I have in the World. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in Retail. These two hundred Drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand Drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am Master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my Trade of a Glass-Man, and turn Jeweller. I shall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls and all sorts of Rich Stones. When I have got together as much Wealth as I can well desire, I will make a Purchase of the finest House I can find, with Lands, Slaves, Eunuchs and Horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the World. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my Traffic, till I have got together an hundred thousand Drachmas. When I have thus made myself Master of an hundred thousand Drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand Visier's Daughter in Marriage, after having represented to that Minister the Information which I have received of the Beauty, Wit, Discretion, and other high Qualities which his Daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time, that it is my Intention to make him a present of a thousand Pieces of Gold on our Marriage Night. As soon as I have married the Grand Visier's Daughter, I'll buy her ten black Eunuchs,

Eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for Money. I must afterwards make my Father-in-law a Visit with a great Train of Equipage. And when I am placed at his Right-hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his Daughter, I will give him the thousand Pieces of Gold which I promised him, and afterwards to his great Surprise, I will present him another Purse of the same Value, with some short speech; as, Sir, you see I am a Man of my Word: I always give more than I promise.

When I have brought the Princess to my House, I shall take particular care to breed her in a due Respect to me, before I give the Reins to Love and Dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own Apartment, make her a short Visit, and talk but little to her. Her Woman will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my Unkindness, and beg me with Tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my Back upon her all the first Night. Her Mother will then come and bring her Daughter to me, as I am seated upon my Sofa. The Daughter, with Tears in her Eyes, will fling herself at my Feet, and beg of me to receive her into my Favour: Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough Veneration for my Person, draw up my Leg and spurn her from me with my Foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several Paces from the Sofa.

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical Vision, and could not forbear acting with his Foot what he had in his Thoughts; so that unluckily striking his Basket of brittle Ware, which was the Foundation of all his Grandeur, he kicked his Glasses to a great Distance from him into the Street, and broke them into ten thousand Pieces.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. 535.

HUMAN NATURE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Have always been a very great Lover of your Speculations, as well in Regard to the Subject, as to your manner of treating it. Human Nature I always thought the most useful Object of human Reason, and

I 2

' to make the Consideration of it pleasant and entertain-
 ' ing, I always thought the best Employment of human
 ' Wit: Other Parts of Philosophy may perhaps make
 ' us wiser, but this not only answers that End, but
 ' makes us better too. Hence it was that the Oracle
 ' pronounced *Socrates* the wisest of all Men living, be-
 ' cause he judiciously made choice of human Nature for
 ' the Object of his Thoughts; an Inquiry into which
 ' as much exceeds all other Learning, as it is of more
 ' Consequence to adjust the true Nature and Measures
 ' of Right and Wrong, than to settle the Distance of
 ' the Planets, and compute the Time of their Circum-
 ' volutions.

' One good Effect that will immediately arise from a
 ' near Observation of human Nature, is, that we shall
 ' cease to wonder at those Actions which Men are used
 ' to reckon wholly unaccountable; for as nothing is
 ' produced without a Cause, so by observing the Nature
 ' and Course of the Passions, we shall be able to trace
 ' every Action from its first Conception to its Death.
 ' We shall no more admire at the Proceedings of *Cati-*
 ' *line* or *Tiberius*, when we know the one was actuated
 ' by a cruel Jealousy, the other by a furious Ambition;
 ' for the Actions of Men follow their Passions as natu-
 ' rally as Light does Heat, or as any other Effect flows
 ' from its Cause; Reason must be employed in adjust-
 ' ing the Passions, but they must ever remain the Prin-
 ' ciples of Action.

' The strange and absurd Variety that is so apparent
 ' in Mens Actions, shews plainly they can never proceed
 ' immediately from Reason; so pure a Fountain emits
 ' no such troubled Waters: They must necessarily arise
 ' from the Passions, which are to the Mind as the Wind
 ' to a Ship, they only can move it, and they too often
 ' destroy it; if fair and gentle, they guide it into the
 ' Harbour; if contrary and furious, they overset it in
 ' the Waves: In the same manner is the Mind assisted
 ' or endangered by the Passions; Reason must then take
 ' the Place of Pilot, and can never fail of securing her
 ' Charge if she be not wanting to herself: The Strength
 ' of the passions will never be accepted as an Excuse for
 ' complying with them; they were designed for Sub-

jection

jection; and if a Man suffers them to get the upper Hand, he then betrays the Liberty of his own Soul.

As Nature has framed the several Species of Beings as it were in a Chain, so Man seems to be placed as the middle Link between Angels and Brutes: Hence he participates both of Flesh and Spirit by an admirable Tie, which in him occasions a perpetual War of Passions; and as a Man inclines to the angelic or brute Part of his Constitution, he is then denominated good or bad, virtuous or wicked; if Love, Mercy, and Good nature prevail, they speak him of the Angel; if Hatred, Cruelty and Envy predominate, they declare his Kindred to the Brute. Hence it was that some of the Antients imagined, that as Men in this Life inclined more to the Angel or the Brute, so after their Death they should transmigrate into the one or the other; and it would be no unpleasant Notion to consider the several Species of Brutes, into which we may imagine that Tyrants, Misers, the Proud, Malicious, and Ill-natured might be changed.

As a Consequence of this Original, all Passions are in all Men, but appear not in all; Constitution, Education, Custom of the Country, Reason, and the like Causes may improve or abate the Strength of them, but still the Seeds remain, which are ever ready to sprout forth upon the least Encouragement. I have heard the Story of a good religious Man, who, having been bred with the Milk of a Goat, was very modest in Public by a careful Reflection he made on his Actions, but he frequently had an Hour in Secret, wherein he had his Frisks and Capers; and if we had an Opportunity of examining the Retirement of the strictest Philosophers, no doubt but we should find perpetual Returns of those Passions they so artfully conceal from the Public. I remember *Machiavel* observes, that every State should entertain a perpetual Jealousy of its Neighbours, that so it should never be unprovided when an Emergency happens; in like manner should Reason be perpetually on his Guard against the Passions, and never suffer them to carry on any Design that may be destructive of its Security; yet at the same time it must be careful, that it don't

‘ so far break their Strength as to render them contemptible, and consequently itself unguarded.

‘ The Understanding being of itself too slow and lazy to exert itself into Action, ’tis necessary it should be put in Motion by the gentle Gales of the Passions, which may preserve it from stagnating and Corruption; for they are necessary to the Health of the Mind, as the Circulation of the animal Spirits is to the Health of the Body; they keep it in Life, and Strength and Vigour; nor is it possible for the Mind to perform its Offices without their Assistance; these Motions are given us with our Being; they are little Spirits that are born and die with us; to some they are mild, easy and gentle, to others wayward and unruly, yet never too strong for the Reins of Reason and the Guidance of Judgment.

‘ We may generally observe a pretty nice Proportion between the Strength of Reason and Passion; the greatest Geniuses have commonly the strongest Affections, as, on the other hand, the weaker Understandings have generally the weaker Passions; and ’tis fit the Fury of the Coursers should not be too great for the Strength of the Charioteer. Young Men, whose Passions are not a little unruly, give small Hopes of their ever being considerable; the Fire of Youth will of course abate, and is a Fault, if it be a Fault, that mends every Day; but surely, unless a Man has Fire in Youth, he can hardly have Warmth in Old Age. We must therefore be very cautious, lest while we think to regulate the Passions, we should quite extinguish them, which is putting out the Light of the Soul; for to be without Passion, or to be hurried away with it, make a Man equally blind. The extraordinary Severity used in most of our Schools has this fatal Effect, it breaks the Spring of the Mind, and most certainly destroys more good Geniuses than it can possibly improve. And surely ’tis a mighty Mistake that the Passions should be so entirely subdued; for little Irregularities are sometimes not only to be born with, but to be cultivated too, since they are frequently attended with the greatest Perfection. All great Geniuses

‘ have

have Faults mixed with their Virtues, and resemble the flaming Bush which has Thorns amongst Lights. Since therefore the Passions are the Principles of human Actions, we must endeavour to manage them so as to retain their Vigour, yet keep them under strict Command; we must govern them rather like free Subjects than Slaves, lest, while we intend to make them obedient, they become abject, and unfit for those great Purposes to which they were designed. For my part I must confess I could never have any Regard to that Sect of Philosophers, who so much insisted upon an absolute indifference and Vacancy from all Passions; it seems to me a thing very inconsistent for a Man to divest himself of Humanity, in order to acquire a Tranquillity of Mind, and to eradicate the very Principles of Action, because it's possible they may produce ill Effects.

I am S I R,

Your affectionate admirer,

T. B.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 408.

There is nothing which I contemplate with greater Pleasure than the Dignity of Human Nature, which often shews itself in all Conditions of Life: For notwithstanding the Degeneracy and Meanness that is crept into it, there are a thousand Occasions in which it breaks through its original Corruption, and shews what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I consider the Soul of Man, as the Ruin of a glorious Pile of Building; where, amidst great Heaps of Rubbish, you meet with noble Fragments of Sculpture, broken Pillars and Obelisks, and a Magnificence in Confusion. Virtue and Wisdom are continually employed in clearing the Ruins, removing these disorderly Heaps, recovering the noble Pieces that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible according to their antient Symmetry and Beauty. A happy Education, Conversation with the finest Spirits, looking abroad into the Works of Nature, and Observations upon Mankind, are the great Assistances to this necessary and glorious Work. But even among those who have never the Happiness of

any of these Advantages, there are sometimes such Exertions of the Greatness that is natural to the Mind of Man, as shew Capacities and Abilities, which only want these accidental Helps to fetch them out, and shew them in a proper Light. A Plebeian Soul is still the Ruin of this glorious Edifice, tho' incumber'd with all its Rubbish. This Reflection rose in me from a Letter which my Servant dropp'd as he was dressing me, and which he told me was communicated to him as he is an Acquaintance of some of the Persons mentioned in it. The Epistle is from one Serjeant *Hall* of the Foot-Guards. It is directed, *To Serjeant Cabe, in the Coldstream Regiment of Foot-Guards, at the Red Lettice in the Butcher-Row near Temple-Bar.*

I was so pleased with several Touches in it, that I could not forbear shewing it to a Cluster of Critics, who instead of considering it in the Light I have done, examined it by the Rules of Epistolary Writing: For as these Gentlemen are seldom Men of any great Genius, they work altogether by Mechanical Rules, and are able to discover no Beauties that are not pointed out by *Bouhours* and *Rapin*: The Letter is as follows:

Comrade, From the Camp before Mons, Sep. 26.

I RECEIVED Yours, and am glad yourself and your Wife are in good Health, with all the rest of my Friends. Our Battalion suffered more than I could wish in the Action. But who can withstand Fate? Poor Richard Stevenson had his Fate with a great many more. He was killed dead before we entered the Trenches. We had above 200 of our Battalion killed and wounded: We lost 10 Serjeants, 6 are as followeth: Jennings, Castles, Roach, Shirring, Meyrick, and my Son Smith. The rest are not your Acquaintance. I have received a very bad Shot in my Head myself, but am in Hopes, and please God, I shall recover. I continue in the Field, and lie at my Colonel's Quarters. Arthur is very well, but I can give you no Account of Elms; he was in the Hospital before I came into the Field. I will not pretend to give you an Account of the Battle, knowing you have a better in the Prints. Pray give my Service to Mrs. Cook and her Daughters.

Daughter, to Mr. Stoffet and his Wife, and to Mr. Lyver, and Thomas Hogsdon, and to Mr. Ragdell, and to all my Friends and Acquaintance in general who do ask after me. My Love to Mrs. Stevenson. I am sorry for the sending such ill News. Her Husband was gathering a little Money together to send to his Wife, and put it into my Hands. I have Seven Shillings and Three Pence, which I shall take Care to send her; wishing your Wife a safe Delivery, and both of you all Happiness, rest

Your assured Friend,
and Comrade,
John Hall.

*We had but an indifferent Breakfast, but the Moun-
teers never had such a Dinner in all their Lives.*

My kind Love to my Comrade Hinton, and Mrs. Morgan, and to John Brown and his Wife. I sent Two Shillings, and Stevenson Six-pence, to drink with you at Mr. Cook's; but I have heard nothing from him. It was by Mr. Edgar.

Corporal Hartwell desires to be remember'd to you, and desires you to enquire of Edgar, what is become of his Wife Pegg; and when you write, to send Word in your Letter what Trade she drives.

*We had here very bad Weather, which I doubt will
be a hindrance to the Siege; but I am in Hopes we shall
be Masters of the Town in a little Time, and then I be-
lieve we shall go to Garrison.*

I saw the Critics prepared to nibble at my Letter; therefore examin'd it myself, partly in their Way, and partly my own. This is (said I) truly a Letter, and an honest Representation of that chearful Heart which accompanies the poor Soldier in his Warfare. Is not there in this all the Topic of submitting to our Destiny as well discuss'd, as if a greater Man had been placed, like Brutus, in his Tent at Midnight, reflecting on all the Occurrences of past Life, and saying fine Things on Being itself? What Serjeant Hall knows of the Matter, is, that he wishes there had not been so many killed, and he had himself a very bad Shot in the

Head, and should recover if it pleased God. But be that as it will, he takes Care, like a Man of Honour, as he certainly is, to let the Widow *Stevenson* know, that he had seven and Three-pence for her, and that if he lives, he is sure he shall go into Garrison at last. I doubt not but all the good Company at the *Red Lettice* drink his Health with as much real Esteem as we do of any of our Friends. All that I am concern'd for, is, that Mrs. *Peggy Hartwell* may be offended at shewing this Letter, because her Conduct in Mr. *Hartwell's* Absence is a little enquired into. But I could not sink that Circumstance, because your Critics would have lost one of the Parts which I doubt not but they have much to say upon, Whether the Familiar Way is well hit in this Style or not? As for myself, I take a-very particular Satisfaction in seeing any Letter that is fit only for those to read who are concerned in it, but especially on such a Subject.

If we consider the Heap of an Army, utterly out of all Prospect of rising and Preferment, as they certainly are, and such great Things executed by them, it is hard to account for the Motive of their Gallantry. But to me, who was a Cadet at the Battle of *Coldstream* in *Scotland*, when *Monk* charged at the Head of the Regiment, now called *Coldstream* from the Victory of that Day; (I remember it as well as if it were Yesterday,) I stood on the Left of old *West*, who I believe is now at *Chelsea*; I, says he to me, who know very well this Part of Mankind, take the Gallantry of private Soldiers to proceed from the same, if not from a nobler Impulse than that of Gentlemen and Officers. They have the same Taste of being acceptable to their Friends, and go thro' the Difficulties of that Profession by the same irresistible Charm of Fellowship, and the Communication of Joy and Sorrows, which quickens the Relish of Pleasure, and abates the Anguish of Pain. Add to this, that they have the same Regard to Fame, though they do not expect so great a Share as Men above them hope for; but I'll engage Serjeant *Hall* would die Ten Thousand Deaths, rather than a Word should be spoken at the *Red Lettice*, or any Part of the *Butcher-Row*, in Prejudice to his Courage or Honesty. If you will have

my Opinion then of the Serjeant's Letter, I pronounce the Style to be mixed, but truly Epistolary; the Sentiment relating to his own Wound, is in the Sublime; the Postscript of *Pegg Hartwell*, in the Gay; and the Whole, the Picture of the bravest Sort of Men, that is to say, a Man of great Courage and small Hopes.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 87.

H U M O U R.

AMONG all kinds of Writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in Works of Humour, as there are none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an Imagination that seems with Monsters, an Head that is filled with extravagant Conceptions which is capable of furnishing the World with Diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the Productions of several Writers, who set up for Men of Humour, what wild, irregular Fancies, what unnatural Distortions of Thought do we meet with? If they speak Nonsense, they believe they are talking Humour; and when they have drawn together a Scheme of absurd inconsistent Ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the Reputation of Wits and Humourists, by such monstrous Conceits as almost qualify them for *Bedlam*; not considering that Humour should always lie under the Check of Reason, and that it requires the Direction of the nicest Judgment, by much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless Freedoms. There is a kind of Nature that is to be observed in this sort of Compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain Regularity of Thought which must discover the Writer to be a Man of Sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to Caprices. For my part, when I read the delirious Mirth of an unskillful Author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the Man, than laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. *Shadwell*, who had himself a great deal of the Talent which I am treating of, represents an empty

empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much surpris'd to hear one say that breaking of Windows was not Humour; and I question not but several *English* Readers would be so much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent Pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd Chimerical Titles, are rather the Offspring of a distempered Brain, than Works of Humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not Humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than, as *Cowley* has done Wit, by Negatives. Were I to give my own Notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato's* manner, in a kind of Allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a Person, deduce to him all his Qualifications, according to the following Genealogy. *Truth* was the Founder of the Family, and the Father of *Good Sense*. *Good Sense* was the Father of *Wit*, who married a Lady of a Collateral Line called *Mirth*, by whom he had Issue *Humour*. *Humour* therefore being the youngest of this Illustrious Family and descended from Parents of such different Dispositions, is very various and unequal in his Temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn Habit, sometimes airy in his Behaviour and fantastic in his Dress: Inasmuch that at different times he appears as serious as a Judge, and as jocular as a *Merry Andrew*. But as he has a great deal of the Mother in his Constitution, whatever Mood he is in, he never fails to make his Company laugh.

But since there is an Impostor abroad, who takes upon him the Name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the World; to the end that well meaning Persons may not be imposed upon by Cheats, I would desire my Readers when they meet with this Pretender, to look into his Parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to *Truth*, and lineally descended from *Good Sense*; if not, they may conclude him a Counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive Laughter, in which he seldom gets his Company to join with him. For as *True Humour* generally looks serious, while every Body laughs about him; *False Humour* is always laugh-

ing, while every Body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a Mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would pass for the Offspring of *Wit* without *Mirth*, or *Mirth* without *Wit*, you may conclude him to be altogether Spurious, and a Cheat.

The Impostor, of whom I am speaking, descends originally from *Falshood*, who was the Mother of *Nonsense*, who was brought to Bed of a Son called *Frenzy*, who married one of the Daughters of *Folly*, commonly known by the Name of *Laughter*, on whom he begot that monstrous Infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the Genealogical Table of *False Humour*, and, at the same time, place under it the Genealogy of *True Humour*, that the Reader may at one View behold their different Pedigrees and Relations.

FALSHOOD.

NONSENSE.

FRENZY.—LAUGHTER.

FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.

GOOD SENSE.

WIT.—MIRTH.

HUMOUR.

I might extend the Allegory, by mentioning several of the Children, of *False Humour*, who are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea, and might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Island. But as this would be a very invidious Task, I shall only observe in general, that *False Humour* differs from the *True*, as a Monkey does from a Man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to little Apish Tricks and Buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in Mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it Vice and Folly, Luxury, and Avarice; or on the contrary, Virtue and Wisdom, Pain and Poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the Hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule

ridicule both Friends and Foes indifferently. For having but small Talents, he must be merry where he *can*, not where he *should*.

Fourthly, Being intirely void of Reason, he pursues no Point either of Morality or Instruction, but is Ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of having any thing but Mock Representations, his Ridicule is always Personal, and aimed at the vicious Man, or the Writer ; not at the Vice, or at the Writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole Species of false Humourists ; but as one of my principal Designs in this Paper is to beat down that malignant Spirit, which discovers itself in the Writings of the present Age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small Wits, that infest the World with such Compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and absurd. This is the only Exception which I shall make to the general Rule I have prescribed myself, of *attacking Multitudes* : Since every honest Man ought to look upon himself as in a natural State of War with the Libeller, and Lampooner, and to annoy them where ever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 35

HUSBAND.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING in your Paper of *Monday* last published my Report on the Case of Mrs. *Fanny Fickle*. wherein I have taken notice, that Love comes after Marriage ; I hope your Readers are satisfied of this Truth, that as Love generally produces Matrimony, so it often happens that Matrimony produces Love.

It perhaps requires more Virtues to make a good Husband or Wife, than what go to the finishing any the most shining Character whatsoever.

Discretion seems absolutely necessary, and accordingly we find that the best Husbands have been most famous for their Wisdom. *Homer*, who hath drawn a perfect Pattern of a prudent Man, to make it the more

complete,

complete, hath celebrated him for the just Returns of Fidelity and Truth to his *Penelope*; inso much that he refused the Caresses of a Goddess for her sake, and to use the Expression of the best of Pagan Authors, *vetulam suam prætulit Immortalitati*, his old Woman was dearer to him than Immortality.

Virtue is the next necessary Qualification for this domestic Character, as it naturally produces Constancy and mutual Esteem. Thus *Brutus* and *Porcia*, were more remarkable for Virtue and Affection than any others of the Age in which they lived.

Good-nature is a third necessary Ingredient in the Marriage-State, without which it would inevitably sour upon a thousand Occasions. When Greatness of Mind is joined with this amiable Quality, it attracts the Admiration and Esteem of all who behold it. Thus *Cæsar*, not more remarkable for his Fortune and Valour than for his Humanity, stole into the Hearts of the *Roman* People, when, breaking through the Custom, he pronounced an Oration at the Funeral of his first and best beloved Wife.

Good-nature is insufficient, unless it be steady and uniform, and accompanied with an Evenness of Temper, which is, above all things, to be preserved in this Friendship contracted for Life. A Man must be easy within himself, before he can be so to his other self. *Socrates*, and *Marcus Aurelius*, are instances of Men, who, by the Strength of Philosophy, having entirely composed their Minds, and subdued their Passions, are celebrated for good Husbands, notwithstanding the first was yoked with *Xantippe*, and the other with *Faustina*. If the wedded Pair would but habituate themselves, for the first Year, to bear with one another's Faults, the Difficulty would be pretty well conquer'd. This mutual Sweetness of Temper and Complacency was finely recommended in the Nuptial Ceremonies among the Heathens, who, when they sacrificed to *Juno* at that Solemnity, always tore out the Gall from the Entrails of the Victim, and cast it behind the Altar.

I shall conclude this Letter with a Passage out of *Dr. Plot's Natural History of Staffordshire*, not only as

it

‘ it will serve to fill up your present Paper, but, if I
 ‘ find myself in the Humour, may give Rise to another ;
 ‘ I having by me an old Register, belonging to the
 ‘ Place here undermentioned.’

Sir *Philip de Somerville* hed the Manors of *Whichenovre*, *Sirescot*, *Ridware*, *Netherton*, and *Cowlee*, all in *Com. Stafford*, of the Earls of *Lancaster*, by this memorable Service. The said Sir *Philip* shall find, maintain, and sustain, one *Bacon-Flitch*, hanging in his Hall at *Whichenovre*, ready arrayed all times of the Year, but in *Lent*, to be given to every Man or Woman married, after the Day and the Year of their Marriage be past, in Form following.

Whensoever that any one such before-named will come to enquire for the Bacon, in their own Person, they shall come to the Bailiff, or to the Porter of the Lordship of *Whichenovre*, and shall say to them in the manner as ensueth ;

‘ Bayliff, or Porter, I doo you to know, that I am
 ‘ come for myself, to demand one *Bacon Flyke* hanging
 ‘ in the Hall of the Lord of *Whichenovre*, after the
 ‘ Form thereunto belonging.’

After which Relation, the Bailiff or Porter shall assigne a Day to him, upon promise by his Faith to return, and with him to bring Twain of his Neighbours. And in the main time the said Bailiff shall take with him Twain of the Freeholders of the Lordship of *Whichenovre*, and they three shall go to the Manor of *Rudlow*, belonging to *Robert Knightleye*, and there shall summon the aforesaid *Knightleye*, or his Bailiff, commanding him to be ready at *Whichenovre* the Day appointed, at Prime of Day, with his Carriage, that is to say, a Horse and a Saddle, a Sack and a Prike, for to convey the said Bacon and Corn a Journey out of the County of *Stafford*, at his Costages. And then the said Bailiff shall, with the said Freeholders, summon all the Tenants of the said Manor, to be ready at the Day appointed, at *Whichenovre*, for to do and perform the Services which they owe to the Bacon. And at the Day assigned, all such as owe Services to the Bacon, shall be ready at the Gate of the Manor of *Whichenovre*, from the Sun-rising to Noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth

fetcheth the Bacon. And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his Fellows, Chapelets ; and to all those which shall be there, to do their Services due to the Bacon. And they shall lead the said Demandant with Trumps and Tabours, and other manner of Minstrelsy, to the Hall-Door, where he shall find the Lord of *Whichenovre*, or his Steward, ready to deliver the Bacon in this manner.

He shall enquire of him, which demandeth the Bacon if he have brought twain of his Neighbours with him : Which must answer, *They be here ready*. And then the Steward shall cause these two Neighbours to swear, if the said Demandant be a wedded Man, or have been a Man wedded ; and if since his Marriage one Year and a Day be past ; and if he be a Freeman, or a Villain. And if his said Neighbours make Oath, that he hath for him all these three Points rehearsed ; then shall the Bacon be taken down and brought to the Hall-Door, and shall there be laid upon one half Quarter of Wheat, and upon one other of Rye. And he that demandeth the Bacon shall kneel upon his Knee, and shall hold his Right-Hand upon a Book, which Book shall be laid upon the Bacon and the Corn, and shall make Oath in this manner.

‘ Here ye, Sir *Philip de Somervile*, Lord of *Whichenovre*, mayntener and gyver of this Baconne : That I *A* sithe I wedded *B* my Wife, and sithe I had hyr in my kepyng, and at my Wylle, by a Year and a Day after our Marriage, I would not have chaunged for none other, farer, ne fowler ; richer, ne pourer ; ne for none other descended of greater Lynage ; slepyng ne waking, at noo tyme. And if the seyd *B* were sole and I sole, I would take her to be my Wife before all the Wymen of the Worlde, of what condicones soever they be, good or evylle : as help me God and his Seynts, and this Flesh and all Fleshes.’

And his Neighbours shall make Oath, that they truly he hath said truly. And if he be found by his neighbours before-named, that he be a Freeman, there shall be delivered to him half a Quarter of Wheat and Cheefe ; and if he be a Villain, he shall have half a Quarter of Rye without Cheefe. And then shall *Knight-leye*,

leye, the Lord of *Rudlow*, be called for, to carry all these Things tofore rehearsed; and the said Corn shall be laid on one Horse and the Bacon above it; and he to whom the Bacon appertaineth, shall ascend upon his Horse, and shall take the Cheese before him, if he have a Horse. And if he have none, the Lord of *Whichenovre* shall cause him to have one Horse and Saddle to such time as he be passed his Lordship; and so shall they depart the Manor of *Whichenovre* with the Corn and the Bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with Trumpets, Tabourets, and other manner of Mintrelles. And all the Free Tenants of *Whichenovre* shall conduct him to be passed the Lordship of *Whichenovre*. And then shall they all return; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the Carriage and Journey without the County of *Stafford*, at the Costs of his Lord of *Whichenovre*.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 607

IDLENESS.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IF you ever read a Letter which is sent with the more Pleasure for the Reality of its Complaints, this may have Reason to hope for a favourable Acceptance; and if Time be the most irretrievable Loss, the Regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the more justifiable. The regaining of my Liberty from a long State of Indolence and Inactivity, and the Desire of resisting the farther Encroachments of Idleness, make me apply to you; and the Uneasiness with which I recollect the past years, and the Apprehension with which I Expect the future, soon determined me to it.

Idleness is so general a Distemper, that I cannot but imagine a Speculation on this Subject will be of universal Use. There is hardly any one Person without some Allay of it; and thousands besides myself spend more Time in an idle Uncertainty which to begin first of two Affairs, than would have been sufficient to have ended both. The Occasion of this seems to be the Want of some necessary Employment, to put the Spirits in Motion, and awaken them out of their Lethargy: If I had less Leisure, I should have more

for I should then find my Time distinguished into Portions, some for Business, and others for the indulging of Pleasures: But now one Face of Indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no Land-mark to direct myself by. Were one's Time a little straitned by Business, like Water inclos'd in its Banks, it would have some determined Course; but unless it be put into some Channel it has no Current, but becomes a Deluge without Use or Motion.

When *Scanderbeg* Prince of *Epirus* was dead, the *Turks*, who had but too often felt the Force of his Arm in the Battles he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a Piece of his Bones near their Heart, they should be animated with a Vigour and Force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolv'd to do what Good I can after my Decease; and have accordingly ordered my Bones to be disposed of in this Manner for the Good of my Countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a Degree of Fire. All Fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a short time be brought to endure their Beds in a Morning, and perhaps even quit them with Regret at Ten: Instead of hurrying away to teize a poor Animal, and run away from their own Thoughts, a Chair or a Chariot would be thought the most desirable Means of performing a Remove from one Place to another. I should be a Cure for the unnatural Desire of *John Trot* for Dancing, and a Specific to lessen the Inclinations *Mrs. Fidget* has to Motion; and cause her always to give her Approbation to the present Place she is in. In fine, no *Egyptian* Mummy was ever half so useful in Physic, as I should be to these feverish Constitutions, to repress the violent Sallies of Youth, and give each Action its proper Weight and Repose. I can stifle any violent Inclination, and oppose a Torrent of Anger, or the Solicitations of Revenge, with Success. But Indolence is a Stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the Foundation of every Virtue. A Vice of a more lively Nature were a more desirable Tyrant than this Rust of the Mind, which gives a Tincture of its Nature to every Action

of

' of ones Life. It were as little Hazard to be tost
 ' a Storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed : And
 ' is to no Purpose to have within one the Seeds of
 ' thousand good Qualities, if we want the Vigour and
 ' Resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death
 ' brings all Persons back to an Equality ; and this Image
 ' of it, this Slumber of the Mind, leaves no Difference
 ' between the greatest Genius and the meanest Under-
 ' standing : A Faculty of doing things remarkable
 ' praise-worthy thus concealed, is of no more use to the
 ' Owner, than a Heap of Gold to the Man who dares
 ' not use it.

' To morrow is still the fatal Time when all is to be
 ' rectified : To morrow comes, it goes, and still
 ' please myself with the Shadow, whilst I lose the Reality ;
 ' unmindful that the present Time alone is ours : The
 ' future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and we
 ' can only live (as Parents in their Children) in the
 ' Actions it has produced.

' The Time we live ought not to be computed by
 ' the Number of Years, but by the Use has been made
 ' of it ; thus 'tis not the Extent of Ground, but the
 ' yearly Rent which gives the Value to the Estate.
 ' Wretched and thoughtless Creatures, in the only Place
 ' where Covetousness were a Virtue we turn Prodigals.
 ' Nothing lies upon our Hands with such Uneasiness
 ' nor has there been so many Devices for any one
 ' Thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and
 ' no Purpose. A Shilling shall be hoarded up with
 ' Care, whilst that which is above the Price of an
 ' Estate, is flung away with Disregard and Contempt.
 ' There is nothing now a-days so much avoided, as the
 ' solicitous Improvement of every Part of Time ; 'tis
 ' Report must be shunned as one treads the Name of
 ' Wit and a fine Genius, and as one fears the dreadful
 ' Character of a laborious Plodder : But notwithstanding
 ' this, the greatest Wits any Age has produced thought
 ' far otherwise ; for who can think either *Socrates* or
 ' *Demosthenes* lost any Reputation, by their continual
 ' Pains both in overcoming the Defects and improving
 ' the Gifts of Nature. All are acquainted with the
 ' Labour and Assiduity with which *Tully* acquir'd

Eloquence. *Seneca* in his Letters to *Lucilius* assures him, there was not a Day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomise some good Author; and I remember *Pliny* in one of his Letters, where he gives an account of the various Methods he used to fill up every Vacancy of Time, after several Employments which he enumerates; sometimes, says he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a Pocket-book, that whilst my Servants are busied in disposing of the Nets and other Matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my Studies; and that if I miss of my Game, I may at the least bring home some of my own Thoughts with me, and not have the Mortification of having caught nothing all Day.

Thus, Sir, you see how many Examples I recal to mind, and what Arguments I use with myself, to regain my Liberty: But as I am afraid 'tis no ordinary Persuasion that will be of Service, I shall expect your Thoughts on this Subject, with the greatest Impatience, especially since the Good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal Use. For there is no Hope of Amendment where Men are pleas'd with their Ruin, and whilst they think Laziness is a desirable Character: Whether it be that they like the State itself, or that they think it gives them a new Lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without Labour and Application, which others attain to but with the greatest Diligence.

I am S I R,

Your most obliged humble Servant.

Samuel Slack.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 316.

There are two sorts of Persons within the Consideration of my Frontispiece; the first are the mighty Body Lingerers, Persons who don't indeed employ their time criminally, but are such pretty Innocents, who, the Poet says,

————waste

The others being something more Vivacious, are such do not only omit to spend their Time well, but are in the constant Pursuit of Criminal Satisfactions. What ever the Divine may think, the Case of the first seems to be the most deplorable, as the Habit of Sloth is more invincible than that of Vice. The first is prefer'd even when the Man is fully possessed of himself, and submitted to with constant Deliberation and cool Thought. The other we are driven into generally thro' the Habit of Wine, or Youth, which Mr. *Hobbs* calls a natural Drunkenness; and therefore consequently are more excusable for any Errors committed during the Deprivation or Suspension of our Reason, than the Possession of it. The irregular Starts of Vicious Appetites are in time destroyed by the Gratification of 'em; but a well ordered Life of Sloth receives daily Strength from its Continuance. *I went* (says Solomon) *by the Field of the Slothful, and the Vineyard of the Man void of Understanding, and lo! it was all grown over with Thorns, and Nettles had covered the Face thereof, and the Stone Wall thereof was broken down.* To raise the Image of this Person, the same Author adds, *The slothful Man hideth his Hand in his Bosom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his Mouth.* If there were no future Account expected of spending our Time, the immediate Inconvenience that attends a Life of Idleness, should of itself be Persuasion enough to the Men of Sense to avoid it. I say to the Men of Sense, because there are of them that give into it, and for these chiefly is this Paper designed. Arguments drawn from future Rewards and Punishments, are things too remote for the Consideration of stubborn sanguine Youth: They are affected with such only as propose immediate Pleasure or Pain; as the strongest Persuasive to the Children of *Israel* was a Land flowing with Milk and Honey. I believe I may say there is more Toil, Fatigue and Uneasiness in Sloth than can be found in any Employment a Man will put himself upon. When a Thoughtful Man is once fixed in this way, Spleen is the necessary Consequence. This dis-

instantly to the Contemplation of his Health or Circumstances, which must ever be found extremely bad upon these melancholy Inquiries. If he has any Common Business upon his Hands, numberless Objections will arise, that make the Dispatch of it impossible; and he comes out with *Solomon*, There is a Lion in the Way, a Lion in the Streets; that is, there is some Difficulty or Obstacle, which to his Imagination is as invincible as a Lion really would be. The Man, on the contrary, that applies himself to Books, or Business, contracts a chearful Confidence in all his Undertakings, from the daily Improvements of Knowledge or Fortune, and instead of giving himself up to

Thick-ey'd musing and cursed Melancholy, Shakespear.

that constant Life in his Visage and Conversation, which the Idle splenetic Man borrows sometimes from Sun-shine, Exercise, or an agreeable Friend. A Resolute idle Sobriety must be attended with more bitter Morose, than the most active Debauchery can at any Intervals be molested with. The Rake, if he is a cautious Manager, will allow himself very little Time to examine his own Conduct, and will bestow as few Reflections upon himself, as the Lingerer does upon any thing else, unless he has the Misfortune to Repent: I fear the Misfortune to Repent, because I have put the great Day of Account out of the present Case, and am thereby inquiring not whose Life is most Irreligious, but which is most Inconvenient. A Gentleman that has formerly been a very eminent Lingerer, and something Splenetic, informs me, that in one Winter he drank six Quarts of Spaw Water, several Gallons of Chalybeate Mixture, two Hogheads of Bitters at the Rate of 60s. a Hoghead, laid one hundred and fifty Infallible Schemes, in every one of which he was disappointed, received a thousand Affronts during the North Easterly Winds, and in short run thro' more Misery and Expence, than the most meritorious Bravo could boast of. Another tells us, that he fell into this way at the University, where the Youth are too apt to be lulled into a State of such Tranquillity as prejudices 'em against the Bustle of

of that worldly Business, for which this Part of the Education should prepare them. As he could with the utmost Secrecy be Idle in his own Chamber, he says was for some Years irrecoverably sunk, and immersed in the Luxury of an Easy-Chair, tho' at the same time in the general Opinion, he passed for a hard Student. During this Lethargy he had some Intervals of Application to Books which rather aggravated than suspended the painful Thoughts of a mis-spent Life. Thus his supposed Relief became his Punishment, and like the Damns in *Milton*, upon their Conveyance at certain Revolutions from Fire to Ice,

— *He felt by Turns the bitter Change
Of fierce Extremes, Extremes by Change more fier*

When he had a mind to go out, he was so scrupulous to form some Excuse or other which the Idle are ever provided with, and could not satisfy himself without this ridiculous Appearance of Justice. Sometimes by his own Contrivance and Insinuation, the Woman that looked after his Chamber would convince him of the necessity of washing his Room, or any other Matter of a like joyous Import, to which he always submitted, although having decently opposed it, and made his Exit with much seeming Reluctance, and inward Delight. Thus he did he pass the Noon of his Life in the Solitude of a Monk, and the Guilt of a Libertine. He is since awakened by Application out of Slumber, has no more Spleen than a *Dutchman*, who, as *Sir W. Temple* observes is not delicate or idle enough to suffer from this Enemy, but is *always Well pleased when he is not Ill, always Pleased when he is not Angry.*

There is a Gentleman I have seen at a Coffee-house near the Place of my Abode, who having a pretty good Estate, and a Disinclination to Books or Business, to cure himself from one of the above-mentioned Mistakes, employs himself with much Alacrity in the following Method. Being vehemently disposed to Locusticity, he has a Person constantly with him, to whom he gives an annual Pension for no other Merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by Questions.

Equally present, and does not also lie at some determin'd Distance from us. The Distance in both Cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our Faculties, but our Reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here therefore is that Difficulty which Human Understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from Eternity, and are at the same Time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists according to our Notion of Existence, can have existed from Eternity.

It is hard for a Reader, who has not roll'd this thought in his own Mind, to follow in such an abstract-Speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative Argument of the Being and Eternity of a God: and though there are many other Demonstrations which lead us to this great Truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any Proofs in this matter, which the Light of Reason had suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by so famous for their Penetration and Force of Understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to all who will be at the Pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that Eternity which is past, according to the best Idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several Articles on this Subject, which are dictated to us by the Light of Reason, and which may be looked upon as the Creed of a Philosopher in this great Point.

First, It is certain that no Being could have made itself; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a Contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore some Being must have existed from all Eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created Beings, or according to any Notions which we have of Existence, could not have existed from Eternity.

Fourthly, That this Eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of Nature, *The Ancient of Days*, who, existing at an infinite Distance in his Perfections from all created Beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no Idea.

H

I know

I know that several of the School-men, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God's Existence, by telling us, That he comprehends infinite Duration in every Moment; That Eternity is with him a *Punctum stans*, a fixed Point; or, which is as good Sense, an *infinite Instant*; That nothing, with reference to his Existence, is either past or to come: To which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his Description of Heaven.

*Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an Eternal NOW does always last.*

For my own Part, I look upon those Propositions as Words, that have no Ideas annexed to them; and think Men had better own their Ignorance, than advance Doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which, indeed, are self contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our Disquisitions, when we meditate on Him, who is environed with so much Glory and Perfection, who is the Source of Being, the Fountain of all that Existence which we and his whole Creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost Humility acknowledge, that as some Being must necessarily have existed from Eternity, so this Being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a Being to have existed from Eternity after our manner or Notions of Existence. Revelation confirms these natural Dictates of Reason in the Accounts which it gives us of the Divine Existence, where it tells us, that he is the same Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Beginning and the Ending; that a thousand Years are with him as one Day, and one Day as a thousand Years; by which, and the like Expressions, we are taught, that his Existence, with relation to Time or Duration, is infinitely different from the Existence of any of his Creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate Conceptions of it.

In the first Revelation which he makes of his own Being, he entitles himself, *I am that I am*; and when Moses desires to know what Name he shall give him in his Embassy to Pharaoh, he bids him say that *I am* hath said

Our great Creator, by this Revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real existence, and distinguishes himself from his Creatures, as the only Being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic Notion which was drawn from Speculations of Eternity, wonderfully agrees with this Revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in reality exists, whose Existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive Existence is rather a Shadow of Existence, and something which is like it, than Existence itself. He only properly exists whose Existence is entirely present; that is, in other Words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner we have no Idea of.

I shall conclude this Speculation with one useful Inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that infinite Goodness and Wisdom which contrived this Existence for finite Natures? What must be the Overflowings of that Good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt Existence to Beings, in whom it is not necessary? Especially when we consider that he himself was before the complete Possession of Existence and of Happiness, and in the full Enjoyment of Eternity. What can we think of himself as called out and separated from Nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable and happy Creature, in short, of being taken in as a Sharer of Existence, and a kind of Partner in Eternity, without being swallowed up in Wonder, in Praise, in Adoration! It is indeed a Thought too big for the Understanding of Man, and rather to be entertained in the Secrecy of Devotion, and in the Silence of the Soul, than to be expressed by Words. The Supreme Being has given us Powers or Faculties sufficient to extol and glorify such unutterable Goodness. It is however some Comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that our Work which cannot be finished, will however be the Work of an Eternity.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 590.

I have always taken a particular Pleasure in examining the Opinions which Men of different Religions, different Ages, and different Countries, have entertained concerning the Immortality of the Soul, and the State of Happiness which they promise themselves in another World. For whatever Prejudices and Errors Human Nature lies under, we find that either Reason, or Tradition from our first Parents, has discovered to all People something in these great Points which bears Analogy to Truth, and to the Doctrines opened to us by Divine Revelation. I was lately discoursing on this Subject with a learned Person, who has been very much conversant among the Inhabitants of the more Western Part of Africa. Upon his conversing with several in that Country, he tells me that their Notion of Heaven, or of a future State of Happiness, is this, That every thing we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. We find, say they, our Souls are of such a Nature that they require Variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same Objects. The Supreme Being therefore, in compliance with this Taste of Happiness which he has planted in the Soul of Man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every Gratification which it is in the Humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in Groves or Bowers, among running Streams or Falls of Water, we shall immediately find ourselves in the midst of such a Scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with Musick and the Melody of Sounds, the Concert arises upon our Wish, and the whole Region about us is filled with Harmony. In short, every Desire will be followed by Fruition, and whatever a Man's Inclination directs him to, will be present with him. Now is it material whether the supreme Power creates in Conformity to our Wishes, or whether he only produces such a Change in our Imagination, as makes us believe ourselves conversant among those Scenes which delight us. Our Happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external Objects, or from the Impressions of the Deity upon our own private Fancies. This is the Account which I have received from my learned Friend. Notwithstanding this System of Belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its

manner

manner of considering the Influence of a Divine Being on a Human Soul. It has also, like most other Opinions of the Heathen World upon these important Points, it has, I say, its Foundation in Truth, as it supposes the Souls of good Men after this Life to be in a State of perfect Happiness, that in this State there will be no barren Hopes, nor fruitless Wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular Circumstance which I am most pleas'd with in this Scheme, and which arises from a just Reflection upon Human Nature, is that Variety of Pleasures which it supposes the Souls of good Men will be possessed of in another World. This I think highly probable, from the Dictates both of Reason and Revelation. The Soul consists of many Faculties, as the Understanding, and the Will, with all the Senses both outward and inward; or, to speak more philosophically, the Soul can exert herself in many different Ways of Action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like Exercises of different Kinds and Natures; but what is more to be considered, the Soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite Pleasure and Satisfaction from the Exercise of any of these its Powers, when they are gratified with their proper Objects; she can be entirely happy by the Satisfaction of the Memory, the Sight, the Hearing, or any other Mode of Perception. Every Faculty is as a distinct Taste in the Mind, and hath Objects accommodated to its proper Relish. Doctor Tillotson somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the Happiness of the Blest, because God Almighty is capable of making the Soul happy by ten thousand different Ways. Besides those several Avenues to Pleasure, which the Soul is endowed with in this Life; it is not impossible, according to the Opinions of many eminent Divines, but there may be new Faculties in the Souls of good Men made perfect, as well as new Senses in their glorified Bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new Objects offer'd to all those Faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice that every particular Faculty is capable of being employed on a very great Variety

riety of Objects. The Understanding, for Example, may be happy in the Contemplation of Moral, Natural, Mathematical, and other kinds of Truth. The Memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite Multitude of Objects, especially when the Soul shall have pass'd through the Space of many Millions of Years, and shall reflect with Pleasure on the Days of Eternity. Every other Faculty may be consider'd in the same Extent.

We cannot question but that the Happiness of a Soul will be adequate to its Nature, and that it is not endow'd with any Faculties which are to lie uselefs and unemployed. The Happiness is to be the Happiness of the whole Man, and we may easily conceive to ourselves the Happiness of the Soul, while any one of its Faculties is in the Fruition of its chief Good. The Happiness may be of a more exalted Nature in Proportion as the Faculty employ'd is so; but as the whole Soul acts in the Exertion of any of its particular Powers, the whole Soul is happy in the Pleasure which arises from any of its particular Acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern Philosophers, we divide the Soul into several Powers and Faculties, there is no such Division in the Soul itself, since it is the whole Soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the Memory, Understanding, Will, Imagination, and the like Faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted Subjects of Speculation, not that there is any such Division in the Soul itself.

Seeing then that the Soul has many different Faculties, or, in other Words, many different Ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleas'd, or made happy by all these different Faculties, or Ways of acting; that it may be endow'd with several latent Faculties, which it is not at present in a Condition to exert; that we cannot believe the Soul is endow'd with any Faculty which is of no Use to it; that whenever any one of these Faculties is transcendently pleas'd, the Soul is in a State of Happiness; and in the last Place, considering that the Happiness of another World is to be the Happiness of the whole Man; who can question but that there is an infinite

infinite Variety in those Pleasures we are speaking of; and that this Fulness of Joy will be made up of all those Pleasures which the Nature of the Soul is capable of receiving?

We shall be the more confirmed in this Doctrine, if we observe the Nature of Variety, with regard to the Mind of Man. The Soul does not care to be always in the same Bent. The Faculties relieve one another by Turns, and receive an additional Pleasure from the Novelty of those Objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this Notion, under the different Views which it gives us of our future Happiness. In the Description of the Throne of God, it represents to us all those Objects which are able to gratify the Senses and Imagination: In very many Places it intimates to us all the Happiness which the Understanding can possibly receive in that State, where all Things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know, even as we are known; the Raptures of Devotion, of Divine Love, the Pleasure of conversing with our Blessed Saviour, with an innumerable Host of Angels, and with the Spirits of just Men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several Parts of the Holy Writings. There are also mentioned those Hierarchies or Governments, in which the Blest shall be ranged one above another, in which we may be sure a great Part of our Happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this World, where every one is aiming at Power and Superiority; but, on the contrary, every one will find that Station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other Station. These, and many other Particulars, are marked in Divine Revelation as the several Ingredients of our Happiness in Heaven, which all imply such a Variety of Joys, and such a Gratification of the Soul in all its different Faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a Set of Angels who know most, and the Seraphims a Set of Angels who love most. Whether this Distinction be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the Spirits of good

Men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the Employment of one Faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous Habits or Inclinations which have here taken the deepest Root.

I might here apply this Consideration to the Spirits of wicked Men, with relation to the Pain which they shall suffer in every one of their Faculties, and the respective Miseries which shall be appropriated to each Faculty in particular. But leaving this to the Reflexion of my Readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the Being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the Soul susceptible of Pleasure by so many different Ways. We see by what a Variety of Passages Joy and Gladness may enter into the Thoughts of Man; how wonderfully a Human Spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper Satisfaction, and taste the Goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourselves with Rapture and Amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our Gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such a Profusion of Blessings, and opened in us so many Capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger Argument that God has designed us for a State of future Happiness, and for that Heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the Soul for it, and made it a Being capable of receiving so much Bliss. He would never have made such Faculties in vain, and have endow'd us with Powers that were not to be exerted on such Objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward Frame and Constitution of our Minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite Variety of Pleasures and Gratifications, which are not to be met with in this Life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious Purpose and Intention towards us, and make those Faculties which he formed as so many Qualifications for Happiness and Rewards, to be the Instruments of Pain and Punishment.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 600.

HILPA and SHALUM, an Antediluvian
Courtship.

HILPA was one of the 150 Daughters of Zilpah, of the Race of *Cobu*, by whom some of the Learned think is meant *Cain*. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was a Girl of Threescore and ten Years of Age, received the Addresses of several who made Love to her. Amongst these were two Brothers, *Harpath* and *Shalum*. *Harpath*, being the First-born, was Master of that fruitful Region which lies at the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, in the Southern Parts of *China*. *Shalum* (which is to say the Planter in the *Chinese* Language) possessed all the neighbouring Hills, and that great Range of Mountains which goes under the Name of *Tirzah*. *Harpath* was of a haughty contemptuous Spirit; *Shalum* was of a gentle Disposition, beloved both by God and Man.

It is said that among the Antediluvian Women, the Daughters of *Cobu* had their Minds wholly set upon Riches; for which Reason the beautiful *Hilpa* preferr'd *Harpath* to *Shalum*, because of his numerous Flocks and Herds, that covered all the low Country which runs along the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, and is watered by several Fountains and Streams breaking out of the Sides of that Mountain.

Harpath made so quick a Dispatch of his Courtship, that he married *Hilpa* in the Hundredth Year of her Age; and being of an insolent Temper, laughed to Scorn his Brother *Shalum* for having pretended to the beautiful *Hilpa*, when he was Master of nothing but a long Chain of Rocks and Mountains. This so much provoked *Shalum*, that he is said to have cursed his Brother in the Bitterness of his Heart, and to have prayed that one of his Mountains might fall upon his Head if ever he came within the Shadow of it.

From this Time forward *Harpath* would never venture out of the Vallies, but came to an untimely End in the 250th Year of his Age, being drowned in a River as he attempted to cross it. This River is called to this

Day, from his Name who perished in it, the River *Harpath*, and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those Mountains which *Shalum* wished might fall upon his Brother, when he cursed him in the Bitterness of his Heart.

Hilpa was in the 160th Year of her Age at the Death of her Husband, having brought him but 50 Children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the Antediluvians made Love to the young Widow, tho' no one was thought so likely to succeed in her Affections as her first Lover *Shalum*, who renewed his Court to her about ten Years after the Death of *Harpath*; for it was not thought decent in those Days that a Widow should be seen by a Man within ten Years after the Decease of her Husband.

Shalum falling into a deep Melancholy, and resolving to take away that Objection which had been raised against him when he made his first Addresses to *Hilpa*, began, immediately after her Marriage with *Harpath*, to plant all that mountainous Region which fell to his Lot in the Division of this Country. He knew how to adapt every Plant to its proper Soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional Secrets of that Art from the first Man. This Employment turn'd at length to his Profit as well as to his Amusement: His Mountains were in a few Years shaded with young Trees, that gradually shot up into Groves, Woods, and Forests, intermixed with Walks and Lawns, and Gardens; insomuch that the whole Region, from a naked and desolate Prospect, began now to look like a second Paradise. The Pleasantness of the Place, and the agreeable Disposition of *Shalum*, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the Flood, drew into Multitudes of People, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of Wells, the digging of Trenches, and the hollowing of Trees, for the better Distribution of Water through every part of this spacious Plantation.

The Habitations of *Shalum* looked every Year more beautiful in the Eyes of *Hilpa*, who, after the Space of 70 Autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant Prospect of *Shalum's* Hills, which were then covered with innumerable Tufts of Trees, and gloomy Scenes

that gave a Magnificence to the Place, and converted it into one of the finest Landskips the Eye of Man could behold.

The *Chinese* record a Letter which *Shalum* is said to have written to *Hilpa*, in the Eleventh Year of her Widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of Sentiments, and Plainness of Manners, which appears in the Original.

Shalum was at this Time 180 Years old, and *Hilpa* 170.

Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah, to Hilpa, Mistress of the Vallies.

In the 788th Tear of the Creation.

‘ What have I not suffered, O thou Daughter of *Zilpab*, since thou gavest thyself away in Marriage to my Rival? I grew weary of the Light of the Sun, and have ever since been covering myself with Woods and Forests. These threescore and ten Years have I bewailed the Loss of thee on the Tops of Mount *Tirzah*, and soothed my Melancholy among a thousand gloomy Shades of my own raising. My Dwellings are at present as the Garden of God; every part of them is filled with Fruits, and Flowers, and Fountains. The whole Mountain is perfumed for thy Reception. Come up into it, O my Beloved, and let us people this Spot of the new World with a beautiful Race of Mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful Shades, and fill every Quarter of them with Sons and Daughters. Remember, O thou Daughter of *Zilpab*, that the Age of Man is but a thousand Years; that Beauty is the Admiration but of a few Centuries. It flourishes as a Mountain Oak, or as a Cedar on the Top of *Tirzah*, which in three or four hundred Years will fade away, and never be thought of by Posterity, unless a young Wood springs from its Roots. Think well on this, and remember thy Neighbour in the Mountains.’

Having here inserted this Letter, which I look upon as the only Antediluvian *Billet-doux* now extant, I shall
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in my next Paper gave the Answer to it, and the Sequel of this Story.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 584.

The Sequel of the Story of Shalum and Hilpa.

The Letter inserted in my last had so good an Effect upon *Hilpa*, that she answered it in less than a Twelve-month, after the following Manner.

Hilpa, Mistress of the Vallies, to Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah.

In the 789th Year of the Creation.

‘ What have I to do with thee, O *Shalum* ? Thou
‘ praisest *Hilpa*’s Beauty, but art thou not secretly ena-
‘ moured with the Verdure of her Meadows ? Art thou
‘ not more affected with the Prospect of her green Val-
‘ lies, than thou wouldest be with the Sight of her Per-
‘ son ? The Lowings of my Herds, and the Bleating of
‘ my Flocks, make a pleasant Echo in thy Mountains,
‘ and sound sweetly in thy Ears. What tho’ I am de-
‘ lighted with the Wavings of thy Forests, and those
‘ Breezes of Perfumes which flow from the Top of *Tir-
‘ zah* : Are these like the Riches of the Valley ?

‘ I know thee, O *Shalum* ; thou art more wise and
‘ happy than any of the Sons of Men. Thy Dwellings
‘ are among the Cedars ; thou searchest out the Diver-
‘ sity of Soils, thou understandest the Influences of the
‘ Stars, and markest the Change of Seasons. Can a
‘ Woman appear lovely in the Eyes of such a one ?
‘ Disquiet me not, O *Shalum* ; let me alone, that I may
‘ enjoy those goodly Possessions which are fallen to my
‘ Lot. Win me not by thy enticing Words. May thy
‘ Trees increase and multiply ; mayest thou add Wood
‘ to Wood, and Shade to Shade ; but tempt not *Hilpa*
‘ to destroy thy Solitude, and make thy Retirement
‘ populous.’

The *Chinese* say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a Treat in one of the neighbouring Hills to which *Shalum* had invited her. This Treat lasted for two Years, and is said to have cost *Shalum* five hundred

Ante-

Antelopes, two thousand Ostriches, and a thousand Tun of Milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that Variety of delicious Fruits and Pot-herbs, in which no Person then living could any way equal *Shalum*.

He treated her in the Bower which he had planted amidst the Woods of Nightingales. This Wood was made up of such Fruit-Trees and Plants as are most agreeable to the several Kinds of Singing Birds; so that it had drawn into it all the Music of the Country, and was filled from one End of the Year to the other with the most agreeable Concert in Season.

He shewed her every Day some beautiful and surprising Scene in this new Region of Woodlands; and as by this means he had all the Opportunities he could wish for of opening his Mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her Departure she made him a kind of Promise, and gave him her Word to return him a positive Answer in less than Fifty Years.

She had not been long among her own People in the Vallies, when she received new Overtures, and at the same time a most splendid Visit from *Misbpach*, who was a mighty Man of old, and had built a great City, which he called after his own Name. Every House was made for at least a thousand Years, nay there were some that were leased out for three Lives; so that the Quantity of Stone and Timber consumed in this Building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present Age of the World. This great Man entertained her with the Voice of musical Instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the Sound of the Timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic Utenfils wrought in Brass and Iron, which had been newly found out for the Conveniency of Life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at *Hilpa* for the Reception which she had given to *Misbpach*, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole Revolution of *Saturn*; but finding that this Intercourse went no further than a Visit, he again renewed his Addresses to her, who during her long Silence is said very often to have cast a wishing Eye upon Mount *Tirzah*.

Her

Her Mind continued wavering about twenty Years longer between *Shalum* and *Misbpach* ; for tho' her Inclinations favoured the former, her Interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her Heart was in this unsettled Condition, the following Accident happened which determined her Choice. A high Tower of Wood that stood in the City of *Misbpach* having caught Fire by a Flash of Lightning, in a few Days reduced the whole Town to Ashes. *Misbpach* resolved to rebuild the Place whatever it should cost him ; and having already destroyed all the Timber of the Country, he was forced to have recourse to *Shalum*, whose Forests were now two hundred Years old. He Purchased these Woods with so many Herds of Cattle and Flocks of Sheep, and with such a vast extent of Fields and Pastures, that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Misbpach* ; and therefore appeared so charming in the Eyes of *Zilpah's* Daughter, that she no longer refused him in Marriage. On the Day in which he brought her up into the Mountains he raised a most prodigious Pile of Cedar and of every sweet smelling Wood, which reached above 300 Cubits in height ; He also cast into the Pile Bundles of Myrrh and Shaves of Spikenard, enriching it with every spicy Shrub, and making it fat with the Gums of his Plantations. This was the Burnt-Offering which *Shalum* offered in the Day of his Espousals : The Smoke of it ascended up to Heaven, and filled the whole Country with Incense and Perfume.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 583

HISTORY.

WHEN I look into the Frame and Constitution of my own Mind, there is no Part of it which I observe with greater Satisfaction, than that Tenderness and Concern which it bears for the Good and Happiness of Mankind. My own Circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little Pleasure, could I receive it only from those Enjoyments which are in my own Possession ; but this great Tincture of Humanity, which I find in all my Thoughts

and Reflections, I am happier than any single Person can be, with all the Wealth, Strength, Beauty and Success, that can be conferred upon a Mortal, if he only relishes such a Proportion of these Blessings as is vested in himself, and in his own private Property. By this Means, every Man that does himself any real Service, does me a Kindness. I come in for my Share in all the Good that happens to a Man of Merit and Virtue, and partake of many Gifts of Fortune and Power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice as the Deliverance of good and generous Spirits out of Dangers, Difficulties and Distresses. And because the World does not supply Instances of this Kind to furnish out sufficient Entertainments for such an Humanity and Benevolence of Temper, I have ever delighted in reading the History of Ages past, which draws together into a narrow Compass the great Occurrences and Events that are but thinly sown in those Tracts of Time, which lie within our Knowledge and Observation. When I see the Life of a great Man, who deserved well of his Country, after having struggled through all the Oppositions of Prejudice and Envy, breaking out with Lustre, and shining forth in all the Splendor of Success. I close my Book, and am an happy Man for a whole Evening.

But since in History, Events are of a mixed Nature, and often happen alike to the Worthless and the Deserving, insomuch that we frequently see a virtuous Man dying in the midst of Disappointments and Calamities, and the Vicious ending their Days in Prosperity and Peace; I love to amuse myself with the Accounts I meet with in fabulous Histories and Fictions: For in this Kind of Writings we have always the Pleasure of seeing Vice punished, and Virtue rewarded; indeed, were we able to view a Man in the whole Circle of his Existence, we should have the Satisfaction of seeing it close with Happiness or Misery, according to his proper Merit: But though our View of him is interrupted by Death before the Finishing of his Adventures (if I may so speak) we may be sure that the Conclusion and Catastrophe is altogether suitable to his Behaviour. On the contrary, the whole Being of a Man, considered as
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an Hero, or a Knight-Errant, is comprehended within the Limits of a Poem or Romance, and therefore always ends to our Satisfaction; so that Inventions of this Kind are like Food and Exercise to a good-natur'd Disposition, which they please and gratify at the same Time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the Affliction is in which we see our Favourites in these Relations engaged, the greater is the Pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feign'd Histories which I have met with in my Reading, there is none in which the Hero's Perplexity is greater, and the Winding out of it more difficult, than that in a *French* Author whose Name I have forgot. It so happens, that the Hero's Mistress was the Sister of his intimate Friend, who for certain Reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his Country in quest of Adventures. The Hero having heard of his Friend's Death, immediately repaired to his Mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his Arrival in her Garden, he discovered at a Distance a Man clasp'd in her Arms, and embrac'd with the most endearing Tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the Gentleness of a Knight-Errant either to kill his Mistress, or the Man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same Time, it would have spoiled a Romance, should he have laid violent Hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his Adventures; and after a long Series of Exploits, found out by Degrees, that the Person he saw in his Mistress's Arms was her own Brother, taking Leave of her before he left his Country, and the Embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate Farewel of a Sister: So that he had at once the two greatest Satisfaction that could enter into the Heart of Man, in finding his Friend alive, whom he had thought dead; and his Mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some Disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any Accidents to rectify them. Of this Kind was that of poor *Lucretia*, and yet we see *Ovid* has found an Expedient even in this Case. He describes a beautiful and royal Virgin walking on the Sea-shore, where she was discovered by *Neptune*, and violated after a long and successful Importunity, to mitigate her Sor-

now, he offers her whatever she could wish for. Never certainly was the Wit of Woman more puzzled in finding out a Stratagem to retrieve her Honour. Had she desired to be changed into a Stock or Stone, a Beast, Fish or Fowl, she would have been a Loser by it: Or had she desired to have been made a Sea-Nymph, or a Goddess, her Immortality would have perpetuated her Disgrace. Give me therefore, said she, such a Shape as may make me incapable of suffering again the like Calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered. In short, she was turned into a Man: and by that only Means avoided the Danger and Imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once myself in Agonies of Grief that are unutterable, and in so great a Distraction of Mind, that I thought myself even out of the Possibility of receiving Comfort. The Occasion was as follows: When I was a Youth in a Part of the Army which was then quarter'd at Dover, I fell in Love with an agreeable young Woman, of a good Family in those Parts, and had the Satisfaction of seeing my Addresses kindly receiv'd, which occasioned the Perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm Evening diversing ourselves upon the Top of the Cliff with the Prospect of the Sea, and trifling away the Time in such little Fondnesses as are most ridiculous to People in Business, and most agreeable to those in Love.

In the midst of these our innocent Endearments, she snatch'd a Paper of Verses out of my Hand and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the Ground, though at a considerable Distance from the Verge of the Precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious an Height upon such a Range of Rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand Pieces, had her Body been made of Adamant. It is much easier for my Reader to imagine my State of Mind upon such an Occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, It is not in the Power of Heaven to revenge me! When I awakened, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an Affliction which, the very Moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

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The Impressions of Grief and Horror were so lively on this Occasion, that while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the real Death of the beloved Person (which happend a few Months after, a

Time when the Match between us was concluded) inasmuch as the imaginary Death was untimely, and I myself in a Sort an Accessary ; whereas her real Decease had at least these Alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The Memory of the Dream I have related, still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the Description of *Dover-Cliff*, in *Shakespear's* Tragedy of *King Lear*, without a fresh Sense of my Escape. The Prospect from that Place is drawn with such proper Incidents that whoever can read it without growing giddy, must have a good Head, or a very bad one.

*Come on, Sir, here's the Place ; stand still ! How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low ?
The Crows and Choughs that wing the Midway Air,
Show scarce as gross as Beetles, Half Way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire—Dreadful Trade
Methinks he seems no bigger than his Head.
The Fishermen that walk upon the Beach,
Appear like Mice, and yond' tall anchoring Bark
Diminish'd to her Boat ; her Boat ! a Buoy
Almost too small for Sight. The murmuring Surge
(That on the unnumber'd idle Pebble beats)
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my Brain turn.*

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 11

HONOUR.

EVERY Principle that is a Motive to good Action ought to be encouraged, since Men are of so different a Make, that the same Principle does not work equally upon all Minds. What some Men are prompted to by Conscience, Duty or Religion, which are on different Names for the same thing, others are prompted to by Honour.

The Sense of Honour is of so fine and delicate a Nature, that it is only to be met with in Minds which are naturally Noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great Examples, or a refined Education. This Paper therefore is chiefly designed for those who by means of any of these Advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious Principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a Principle of Action when it is misunderstood, I shall consider Honour with respect to three sorts of Men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right Notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken Notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as Chimerical, and turn it into Ridicule,

In the first place, true Honour, though it be a different Principle from Religion, is that which produces the same Effects. The Lines of Action, though drawn from different Parts terminate in the same Point. Religion embraces Virtue, as it is enjoyed by the Laws of God; Honour, as it is graceful and ornamental of Human Nature. The Religious Man *fears*, the Man of Honour *scorns* to do an ill Action. The former considers Vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is *unbecoming*, the other as what is *forbidden*. Thus Seneca speaks in that natural and genuine Language of a Man of Honour, when he declares that were there no God to see or punish Vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a Nature.

I shall conclude this Head with the Description of Honour in the Part of young *Juba*.

*Honour's a sacred Tye, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her Actions where she is not,
It ought not to be sported with——* Cato.

In the second Place we are to consider those who have mistaken Notions of Honour, and these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a Point of Honour which

which is contrary either to the Laws of God, or of their Country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an Injury; who make no Scruple of telling a Lye, but would put any Man to Death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their Reputation by their Courage than by their Virtue. True Fortitude is indeed so becoming in Human Nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the Name of a Man; but we find several who so much abuse this Notion, that they place the whole Idea of Honour in a kind of Brutal Courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves Men of Honour, that would have been a Disgrace to a Gibbet. In a word, the Man who sacrifices any Duty of a reasonable Creature to a prevailing Mode or Fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to Society, who thinks himself obliged by this Principle to the Practice of some Virtue and not of others, is by no means to be reckon'd among true Men of Honour.

Timogenes was a lively Instance of one actuated by false Honour. *Timogenes* would smile at a Man's Jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time, run a Man through the Body that spoke ill of his Friend. *Timogenes* would have scorned to have betrayed a Secret, that was intrusted with him, tho' the Fate of his Country depended upon the Discovery of it. *Timogenes* took away the Life of a young Fellow in a Duel, for having spoken ill of *Belinda*, a Lady whom he himself had seduced in Youth, and betrayed into Want and Ignominy. To close his Character, *Timogenes*, after having ruined several poor Tradesmen's Families, who had trusted him, sold his Estate to satisfy his Creditors; but like a Man of Honour, disposed of all the Money he could make of it, in the paying off his Play-Debts, or to speak in his own Language, his Debts of Honour.

In the third Place, we are to consider those Persons who treat this Principle as chimerical, and turn it into Ridicule. Men who are professedly of no Honour are of a more profligate and abandoned Nature than even those who are acted by false Notions of it, as there is more Hopes of a Heretic than of an Atheist. These

Some

Persons of Infamy consider Honour with old *Syphax*, in the Play beforementioned, as a fine imaginary Notion, that leads astray young unexperienced Men, and draws them into real Mischiefs, while they are engaged in the Pursuits of a Shadow. These are generally Persons who, in *Shakespear's* Phrase, are *worn and hackney'd in the Ways of Men* : whose Imaginations are grown callous, and have lost those delicate Sentiments which are natural to Minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old scattered Miscreants ridicule every thing as Romantic that comes in Competition with their present Interest, and treat those Persons as Visionaries who dare stand up in a corrupt Age, for what has not its immediate Reward joined to it. The Talents, Interest, or Experience of such Men, make them very often useful in all Parties, and at all Times. But whatever Wealth and Dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a Blot in the Annals of his Country, who arrives at the Temple of *Honour* by any other Way than through that of *Virtue*.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 161.

H O P E.

THE *Time present* seldom affords sufficient Employment to the Mind of Man. Objects of Pain or Pleasure, Love or Admiration, do not lie thick enough together in Life to keep the Soul in constant Action, and supply an immediate Exercise to its Faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this Defect, that the Mind may not want Business, but always have Materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain Powers, that can recal what is passed, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful Faculty, which we call the Memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those Repositories in several Animals that are filled with Stores of their former Food, on which they may ruminate when their present Nourishment fails.

As the Memory relieves the Mind in her vacant Moments, and prevents any Chasms of Thought by Ideas of

of what is *past*, we have other Faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is *to come*. These are the Passions of Hope and Fear.

By these two Passions we reach forward into Futurity, and bring up to our present Thoughts Objects that lie hid in the remotest Depths of Time. We suffer Misery, and enjoy Happiness, before they are in Being; we can set the Sun and Stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired Parts of Eternity, when the Heavens and Earth shall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the Existence of a Creature is to be circumscribed by Time, whose Thoughts are not? But I shall, in this Paper, confine myself to that particular Passion which goes by the Name of Hope.

Our actual Enjoyments are so few and transient, that Man would be a very miserable Being, were he not endowed with this Passion, which gives him a Taste of those good Things that may possibly come into his Possession. *We should hope for every thing that is good*, says the old Poet Linus, *because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the Gods are able to give us*. Hope quickens all the still Parts of Life, and keeps the Mind awake in her most remiss and indolent Hours. It gives habitual Serenity and Good-humour. It is a kind of Vital Heat in the Soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes Pain easy, and Labour pleasant.

Besides these several Advantages which rise from Hope, there is another which is none of the least, and that is, its great Efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a Value on present Enjoyments. The Saying of *Cæsar* is very well known. When he had given away all his Estate in Gratuities among his Friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself; to which that great Man replied, *Hope*. His natural Magnanimity hindered him from prising what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his Thoughts upon something more valuable that he had in view. I question not but every Reader will draw a Moral from this Story, and apply it to himself without any Direction.

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The old Story of *Pandora's Box* (which many of the learned believe was formed among the Heathens upon the Tradition of the Fall of Man) shews us how desirable a State they thought the present Life, without Hope: To set forth the utmost Condition of Misery they tell us, that our Forefather, according to the *Pagan* Theology, had a great Vessel presented him by *Pandora*: Upon his lifting up the Lid of it, says the Fable, there flew out all the Calamities and Distempers incident to Men, from which, till that time, they had been together exempt. *Hope*, who had been inclosed in the Box with so much bad Company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the Lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two Reflexions upon what I have hitherto said: First, that no kind of Life is so happy as that which is full of Hope, especially when the Hope is well grounded, and when the Object of it is of an excellent kind, and in its Nature proper to make the Person happy who enjoys it. This Proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy Man, and how insufficient to give him an intire Satisfaction and Acquiescence in them.

My next Observation is this, that a Religious Life is that which most abounds in a well grounded Hope, and is such an one as is fixed on Objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This Hope in a Religious Man, is much more sure and certain than the Hope of a Temporal Blessing, as it is strengthened not only by Reason, but by Faith. It has at the same time its Eye perpetually fixed on that State, which implies in the very Notion of it the most full and the most complete Happiness. I have before shewn how the Influence of Hope in general sweetens Life, and makes our present Condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a Religious Hope has all greater Advantages. It does not only bear up the Mind under her Sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the Instruments of procuring her great and ultimate End of all her Hope.

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Religious Hope has likewise this Advantage above any other kind of Hope, that it is able to revive the *dying* Man, and to fill his Mind not only with secret Comfort and Refreshment, but sometimes with Rapture and Transport. He triumphs in his Agonies, whilst the Soul springs forward with Delight to the great Object which she always had in view, and leaves the Body with an Expectation of being united to her in a glorious and joyful Resurrection.

I shall conclude this Essay with those emblematic Expressions of a lively Hope, which the Psalmist made use of in the midst of those Dangers and Adversities which surrounded him; for the following Passage has its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetic Sense. *I have set the Lord always before me. Because he is at my right Hand I shall not be moved. Therefore my Heart is glad, and my Glory rejoiceth: my Flesh also shall rest in Hope. For thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see Corruption. Thou wilt shew me the Path of Life: in thy Presence there is Fulness of Joy, at thy right Hand there are Pleasures for evermore.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 47.

My Four hundred and seventy first Speculation turned upon the Subject of Hope in general. I design this Paper as a Speculation upon that vain and foolish Hope which is misemployed on temporal Objects, and produces many Sorrows and Calamities in human Life.

It is a Precept several times inculcated by *Horace*, that we should not entertain an Hope of any thing in Life which lies at a great Distance from us. The Shortness and Uncertainty of our Time here, makes such a kind of Hope unreasonable and absurd. The Graves lies unseen between us and the Object which we reach after. Where one Man lives to enjoy the Good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the Pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unlucky, that one Hope no sooner dies in us, but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular Enjoyments; but either by reason of their Emptiness, or the

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Vol.

and Answer, whatever he may utter that may seemingly require it. To secure to himself Discourse, his fundamental Maxim seems to be, by no means to consider what he is going to say. He delivers therefore every Thought as it first intrudes itself upon him, and then, with all the Freedom you could wish, will examine it, and rally the Impertinence or evince the Truth of it. In short, he took the same Pleasure in confuting himself, as he could have done in discomfiting an Opponent: And his Discourse was as that of two Persons attacking each other with exceeding Warmth, Incoherence, and Good-nature. There is another, whom I have seen in the Park, employing himself with the same Industry, tho' not with the same Innocence. He is very dextrous in taking Flies, and fixing one at each end of a Horse Hair, which his Perriwig supplies, him with: He hangs them over a little Stick, which Suspension inclines them immediately to War upon each other, there being no possibility of Retreat. From the frequent Attention of his Eyes to these Combats, he perceives the several Turns and Advantages of the Battle which are altogether invisible to a common Spectator. I rother Day found him in the Enjoyment of a Couple of gigantic Blue-bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the fore-said warlike Appointments. That I might enter into the secret Shocks of this Conflict, he lent me a magnifying Glass, which presented me with an Engagement between two of the most rueful Monsters I have ever read of, even in Romance.

If we can't bring ourselves to appoint and perform such Tasks as would be of considerable Advantage to us, let us resolve upon some other, however trifling, to be performed at appointed Times. By this we may gain a Victory over a wandering unsettled Mind, and by this regulation of the Impulse of our Wills, may, in time, make them obedient to the Dictates of our Reason.

When I am disposed to treat of the Irreligion of an idle Life, it shall be under this Head, *Pereunt & Impu-
entur*; which is an Inscription upon a Sun Dial in one of the Inns of Court, and is with great Propriety placed to public View in such a Place, where the Inhabitants being in an everlasting Hurry of Business or Pleasure,

the Busy may receive an innocent Admonition to keep their Appointments, and the Idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 13

J E A L O U S Y.

UPON looking over the Letters of my female Correspondents, I find several from Women complaining of jealous Husbands, and at the same time protesting their own Innocence; and desiring my Advice on the Occasion. I shall therefore take this Subject into my Consideration; and the more willingly, because I find that the Marquis of *Hallifax*, who, in his *Advice to his Daughter*, has instructed a Wife how to behave herself towards a false, an intemperate, a choleric, a full, a covetous, or a silly Husband, has not spoken one Word of a jealous Husband.

Jealousy is that Pain which a Man feels from the Apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the Person whom he entirely loves. Now because our inward Passions and Inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous Man to be thoroughly cured of his Suspicions. His Thoughts hang at best in a State of Doubtfulness and Uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any Satisfaction on the advantageous Side, so that his Inquiries are more successful when they discover nothing: His Pleasure arises from his Disappointments, and his Life is spent in pursuit of a Secret which destroys his Happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent Love is always a strong Ingredient in the Passion; for the same Affection which stirs up the jealous Man's Desires, and gives the Party beloved so beautiful a Figure in his Imagination, makes him believe it kindles the same Passion in others, and appears as agreeable to all Beholders. And as Jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary Love, it is of so delicate a Nature, that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal Return of Love. Not the warmest Expressions of Affection, the softest and most tender Hypocrisy, are able to give any Satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that

the Affection is real and the Satisfaction mutual. For the jealous Man wishes himself a kind of Deity to the Person he loves: He would be the only Pleasure of her Senses, the Employment of her Thoughts; and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes Delight in, besides himself.

Phædria's Request to his Mistress, upon his leaving her for three Days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sis:

Dies noctesque me ames: me desideres:

Me somnies: me expectes: de me cogites:

Me speres: me te oblectes: mecum tota sis:

Meus fac sis postremò animus, quando ego sum tuus.

Ter. Eun. Acte. 1. Sc. 2.

When you are in company with that Soldier, behave as if you were absent: but continue to love me by Day and by Night: want me: dream of me; expect me; think of me: wish for me; delight in me; be wholly with me: in short, be my very Soul, as I am yours."

The jealous Man's Disease is of too malignant a Nature, that it converts all it takes into its own Nourishment. A cool Behaviour sets him on the Rack, and is interpreted as an instance of Aversion or Indifference; a fond one raises his Suspicions, and looks too much like Dissimulation and Artifice. If the Person he loves be cheerful, her Thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no Word or Gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new Hints, feeds his Suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh Matters of Discovery: So that if we consider the Effects of this Passion one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate Hatred, than an excessive Love; for certainly none can meet with more Disquietude and Uneasiness than a suspected Wife, if we except the jealous Husband.

But the great Unhappiness of this Passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the Affection which it is so solicitous to engross; and that for these two Reasons,

because it lays too great a Constraint on the Words and Actions of the suspected Person, and at the same time shews you have no honourable Opinion of her; both of which are strong Motives to Aversion.

Nor is this the worst Effect of Jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal Train of Consequences, and makes the person you suspect, guilty of the very Crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate Friend that will hear their Complaints, condole their Sufferings, and endeavour to sooth and assuage their secret Resentments. Besides, Jealousy puts a Woman often in Mind of an ill Thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her Imagination with such an unlucky Idea, as in time grows familiar, excites Desire, and loses all the Shame and Horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a Wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a Man's Opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his Esteem, resolves to give him Reason for his Suspicions, and to enjoy the Pleasure of the Crime, since she must undergo the Ignominy. Such probably were the Considerations that directed the wise Man in his Advice to Husbands; *Be not jealous of the Wife of thy Bosom, and teach her not an evil Lesson against thyself.* Ecclus.

And here among the other Torments which this Passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater Mourners than jealous Men, when the Person who provoked their Jealousy is taken from them. There is it that their Love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the Mixtures of Suspicion which choked and smothered it before. The beautiful Parts of the Character rise uppermost in the jealous Husband's Memory, and upbraid him with the ill Usage of so divine a Creature as was once in his Possession; while all the little Imperfections, that were before so uneasy to him, wear off from his Remembrance, and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said, that Jealousy takes the deepest Root in Men of amorous Dispositions; and of these we may find three Kinds who are most over-run with it.

The First are those who are conscious to themselves of an Infirmity, whether it be Weakness, Old Age, Deformity, Ignorance, or the like. These Men are so well acquainted with the unamiable Part of themselves, that they have not the Confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own Merits, that all Fondness towards them puts them out of Countenance, and looks like a Jest upon their Persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a Glass, and are strug with Jealousy at the Sight of a Wrinkle. A handsome Fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their Thoughts upon their Wives.

A Second Sort of Men, who are most liable to this Passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful Tempers. It is a Fault very justly found in Histories composed by Politicians, that they leave nothing to Chance or Humour, but are still for deriving every Action from some Plot and Contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual Scheme of Causes and Events, and preserving a constant Correspondence between the Camp and the Council-Table. And thus it happens in the Affairs of Love with Men of too refined a Thought. They put a Construction on a Look, and find out a Design in a Smile; they give new Senses and Significations to Words and Actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with Fancies of their own raising. They generally act in a Disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward Shews and Appearances for Hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no Men see less of the Truth and Reality of Things, than these great Refiners upon Incidents, who are so wonderfully subtil and over-wise in their Conceptions.

Now what these Men fancy they know of Women by Reflection, your lewd and vicious Men believe they have learned by Experience. They have seen the poor Husband so misled by Tricks and Artifices, and in the midst of his Inquiries so lost and bewilder'd in a crooked Intrigue, that they still suspect an Under-Plot in every female Action; and especially where they see any Resemblance in the Behaviour of two Persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same Design in both. These

Men therefore bear hard upon the suspected Person, pursue her close through all her Turnings and Windings, and are too well acquainted with the Chace, to be flung off by any false Steps or Doubles: Besides, their Acquaintance and Conversation has lain wholly among the vicious Part of Womankind, and therefore it is no Wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole Sex as a Species of Impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private Experience, they can get over these Prejudices, and entertain a favourable Opinion of some *Women*; yet their own loose Desires will stir up new Suspicions from another Side, and make them believe all Men subject to the same Inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other Motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern Histories of *America*, as well as from our own Experience in this Part of the World, that Jealousy is no Northern Passion, but rages most in those Nations that lie nearest the Influence of the Sun. It is a Misfortune for a Woman to be born between the Tropics; for there lie the hottest Regions of Jealousy, which as you come Northward cools all along with the Climate, 'till you scarce meet with any thing like it in the Polar Circle. Our own Nation is very temperately situated in this Respect; and if we meet with some few disordered with the Violence of this Passion, they are not the proper Growth of our Country, but are many Degrees nearer the Sun in their Constitutions than in their Climate.

After this frightful Account of Jealousy, and the Persons who are most subject to it, it will be but fair to shew by what Means the Passion may be best allay'd, and those who are possessed with it set at ease. Other Faults indeed are not under the Wife's Jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her Observation; but Jealousy calls upon her particularly for its Cure, and deserves all her Art and Application in the Attempt: Besides, she has this for her Encouragement, that her Endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the Affection of her Husband rising towards her in Proportion as his Doubts and Suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a Mixture of Love in Jealousy as

is well worth the separating. But this shall be the Subject of another Paper.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 170.

Having in my Yesterday's Paper discovered the Nature of Jealousy, and pointed out the Persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply myself to my fair Correspondents, who desire to live well with a jealous Husband, and to ease his Mind of its unjust Suspicions.

The first Rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the jealous Man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A jealous Man is very quick in his Applications, he knows how to find a double Edge in an Invektive, and to draw a Satire on himself out of a Panegyric on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the Person, but to direct the Character, and is secretly pleased or confounded as he finds more or less of himself in it. The Commendation of any thing in another stirs up his Jealousy, as it shews you have a Value for others besides himself; but the Commendation of that, which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shews that in some Respects you prefer others before him. Jealousy is admirably described in this View by *Horace* in his Ode to *Lydia*.

*Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, & cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, vœ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet; humor & in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.* Od. 13, l. 1:

When *Telephus* his youthful Charms,
His rosy Neck and winding Arms,
With endless Rapture you recite,
And in the pleasing Name delight;
My Heart, inflam'd by jealous Heats,
With numberless Resentments beats;
From my pale Cheek the Colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies:

By turns my hidden Grief appears,
 In rising Sighs and falling Tears,
 That shew too well the warm Desires,
 The silent, slow, consuming Fires,
 Which on my inmost Vitals prey,
 And melt my very Soul away.

The jealous Man is not indeed angry if you dislike another; but if you find those Faults which are to be found in his own Character, you discover not only your Dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of engrossing all your Love, that he is grieved at the want of any Charm, which he believes has Power to raise it; and if he finds by your Censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your Opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other Qualifications, and that by Consequence your Affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his Temper be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a Jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his Beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed Admirer of Prudence, or any other Quality he is Master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next Place, you must be sure to be free and open in your Conversation with him, and to let in Light upon your Actions, to unravel all your Designs, and discover every Secret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous Husband has a particular Aversion to Winks and Whispers, and if he does not see to the Bottom of every Thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his Fears and Suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief Confident, and where he finds himself kept out of a Secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great Concern, that you preserve the Character of your Sincerity uniform and of a Piece: for if he once finds a false Gloss put upon any single Action, he quickly suspects all the rest; his working Imagination immediately takes a false Hint, and runs off with it into several remote Consequences, 'till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own Misery.

If both these Methods fail, the best Way will be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill Opinion he entertains of you, and the Disquietude he himself suffers for your Sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous Pleasure in the Jealousy of those who love them, and insult over an aching Heart, and triumph in their Charms which are able to excite so much Uneasiness.

Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudit amanti,
Juv. Sat. 6. v. 208.

Tho' equal Pains her Peace of Mind destroy,
A Lover's Torments give her spiteful Joy.

But these often carry the Humour so far, 'till their affected Coldness and indifference quite kills all the Fondness of a Lover, and are then sure to meet in their Turn with all the Contempt and Scorn that is due to so insolent a Behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected Carriage, the usual Effects of injured Innocence, may soften the jealous Husband into Pity, make him sensible of the Wrong he does you, and work out of his Mind all those Fears and Suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good Effect, that he will keep his Jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a Weakness, and will therefore hide it from your Knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill Effect it may produce, in cooling your Love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is still another Secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believ'd, and which is often practis'd by Women of greater Cunning than Virtue: This is to change Sides for a while with the jealous Man, and to turn his own Passion upon himself: to take some Occasion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the Example he himself hath set you. This counterfeited Jealousy will bring him a great deal of Pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much Love goes along with this Passion, and will besides feel something like the Satisfaction of a Revenge, in seeing

you undergo all his own Tortures. But this, indeed, is an Artifice so difficult, and at the same time so dissimulous, that it ought never to be put in Practice, but by such as have Skill enough to cover the Deceit, and Innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this Essay with the Story of *Herod* and *Mariamne*, as I have collected it out of *Josephus*; which may serve almost as an Example to whatever can be said on this Subject.

Mariamne had all the Charms that Beauty, Birth, Wit and Youth could give a Woman, and *Herod* all the Love that such Charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous Disposition. In the midst of this his Fondness for *Mariamne*, he put her Brother to Death, as he did her Father not many Years after. The Barbarity of the Action was represented to *Mark Antony*, who immediately summoned *Herod* into *Ægypt*, to answer for the Crime that was there laid to his Charge. *Herod* attributed the Summons to *Antony's* Desire of *Mariamne*, whom therefore, before his Departure, he gave into the Custody of his Uncle *Joseph*, with private Orders to put her to Death, if any such Violence was offered to himself. This *Joseph* was much delighted with *Mariamne's* Conversation, and endeavoured, with all his Art and Rhetoric, to set out the Excess of *Herod's* Passion for her; but when he still found her cold and incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain Instance of her Lord's Affection, the private Orders he had left behind him, which plainly shewed, according to *Joseph's* Interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous Instance of a wild unreasonable Passion, quite put out, for a Time, those little Remains of Affection she still had for her Lord: Her Thoughts were so wholly taken up with the Cruelty of his Order, that she could not consider the Kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her Imagination, rather under the frightful Idea of a Murderer than a Lover. *Herod* was at length acquitted and dismissed by *Mark Antony*, when his Soul was all in Flames for his *Mariamne*; but before their Meeting, he was not a little alarm'd at the Report he had heard of his Uncle's Conversation and Familiarity with her in his Absence. This there-

therefore was the first Discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his Suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her Innocence, that from Reproaches and Wranglings he fell to Tears and Embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their Reconciliation, and *Herod* poured out his whole Soul to her in the warmest Protections of Love and Constancy; when amidst all his Sighs and Languishings she asked him, whether the private Orders he left with his Uncle *Joseph* were an Instance of such an inflamed Affection. The jealous King was immediately roused at so unexpected a Question, and concluded his Uncle must have been too familiar with her, before he would have discovered such a Secret. In short, he put his Uncle to Death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare *Mariamne*.

After this he was forced on a second Journey into *Egypt*, when he committed his Lady to the Care of *Sobemus*, with the same private Orders he had before given his Uncle, if any Mischief befel himself. In the mean while *Mariamne* so won upon *Sobemus* by her Presents and obliging Conversation, that she drew all the Secret from him, with which *Herod* had intrusted him; so that after his Return, when he flew to her with all the Transports of Joy and Love, she received him coldly with Sighs and Tears, and all the Marks of Indifference and Aversion. This Reception so stirred up his Indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own Hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater Sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent Return of Love upon him; *Mariamne* was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal Caresses and Endearments; but she declined his Embraces, and answered all his Fondness with bitter Invectives for the Death of her Father and Brother. This Behaviour so incensed *Herod*, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the Heat of their Quarrel there came in a Witness, suborn'd by some of *Mariamne*'s Enemies, who accused her to the King of a Design to poison him. *Herod* was now prepared to hear any Thing in her Prejudice, and immediately ordered her

her Servant to be stretch'd upon the Rack; who in the Extremity of his Tortures confess'd, that his Mistress's Aversion to the King arose from something *Sokemus* had told her; but as for any Design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least Knowledge of it. This Confession quickly proved fatal to *Sokemus*, who now lay under the same Suspicions and Sentence that *Joseph* had before him on the like Occasion. Nor would *Herod* rest here; but accused her with great Vehemence, of a Design upon his Life, and by his Authority with the Judges had her publicly condemned and executed. *Herod* soon after her Death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the public Administration of Affairs into a solitary Forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black Considerations, which naturally arise from a Passion made up of Love, Remorse, Pity and Despair. He used to rave for his *Mariamne*, and to call upon her in his distracted Fits; and in all Probability would soon have followed her, had not his Thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an Object by public Storms, which at that Time very nearly threatened him. L

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 171.

IMMORTALITY.

THE Course of my last Speculation led me insensibly into a Subject upon which I always meditate with great Delight, I mean the Immortality of the Soul. I was Yesterday walking alone in one of my Friend's Woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my Mind the several Arguments that establish this great Point, which is the Basis of Morality, and the Source of all the pleasing Hopes and secret Joys that can arise in the Heart of a reasonable Creature. I considered those several Proofs, drawn,

First, From the Nature of the Soul itself, and particularly its Immateriality; which, tho' not absolutely necessary to the Eternity of its Duration, has, I think, been evinc'd to almost a Demonstration.

Secondly, From its Passions and Sentiments, as particularly from its Love of Existence, its Horror of Annihilation,

hilation, and its Hopes of Immortality, with that secret Satisfaction which it finds in the Practice of Virtue, and that Uneasiness which follows it upon the Commission of Vice.

Thirdly, From the Nature of the Supreme Being, whose Justice, Goodness, Wisdom and Veracity are all concerned in this Point.

But among these and other excellent Arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual Progress of the Soul to its Perfection, without a Possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a Hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this Subject, tho' it seems to me to carry a great Weight with it. How can it enter into the Thoughts of Man, that the Soul which is capable of such immense Perfections, and of receiving new Improvements to all Eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such Abilities made for no Purpose? A Brute arrives at a Point of Perfection that he can never pass: In a few Years he has all the Endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human Soul thus at a Stand in her Accomplishments, were her Faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther Enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a State of Annihilation. But can we believe a thinking Being that is in a perpetual Progress of Improvements, and travelling on from Perfection to Perfection, after having just looked abroad into the Works of its Creator, and made a few Discoveries of his infinite Goodness, Wisdom and Power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very Beginning of her Inquiries?

A Man considered in his present State, seems only sent into the World to propagate his Kind. He provides himself with a Successor, and immediately quits his Post to make room for him.

Hæres

Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.

Hor. Ep. 2. l. v. 175.

—Heir

—Heir Crowds Heir, as in a rolling Flood
Wave urges Wave.

CREECH;

He does not seem born to enjoy Life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in Animals, which are formed for our Use, and can finish their Business in a short Life. The Silk-worm, after having spun her Task, lays her Eggs and dies. But a Man can never have taken in his full measure of Knowledge, has not time to subdue his Passions, establish his Soul in Virtue, and come up to the Perfection of his Nature, before he is hurried off the Stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious Creatures for so mean a Purpose? Can he delight in the Production of such abortive Intelligences, such short-lived reasonable Beings? Would he give us Talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that Wisdom which shines through all his Works, in the Formation of Man, without looking on this World as only a Nurfery for the next, and believing that the several Generations of rational Creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick Succession, are only to receive their first Rudiments of Existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly Climate, where they may spread and flourish to all Eternity?

There is not, in my Opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant Consideration in Religion than this of the perpetual Progress which the Soul makes towards the Perfection of its Nature, without ever arriving at a Period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from Strength to Strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new Accessions of Glory, and brighten to all Eternity; that she will be still adding Virtue to Virtue, and Knowledge to Knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that Ambition which is natural to the Mind of Man. Nay, it must be a Prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his Creation for ever beautifying in his Eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater Degrees of Resemblance.

Methinks this single Consideration, of the Progress of a finite Spirit to Perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish

inguish all Envy in inferior Natures, and all Contempt in superior. That Cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human Soul, knows very well that the Period will come about in Eternity, when the human Soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: Nay, when she shall look down upon that Degree of Perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher Nature still advances, and by that means preserves his Distance and Superiority in the Scale of Being; but he knows that, how high soever the Station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same Degree of Glory.

With what Astonishment and Veneration may we look into our Souls, where there are such hidden Stores of Virtue and Knowledge, such inexhausted Sources of Perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the Heart of Man to conceive the Glory that will be always in Reserve for him: The Soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of these mathematical Lines that may draw nearer to each other for all Eternity without a Possibility of touching: And can there be a Thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual Approaches to him, who is not only the Standard of Perfection but of Happiness.

L

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 111.

S I R,

‘ I am fully persuaded that one of the best Springs of generous and worthy Actions, is the having generous and worthy Thoughts of ourselves. Whoever has a mean Opinion of the Dignity of his Nature, will act in no higher a Rank than he has allotted himself in his own Estimation. If he considers his Being as circumscribed by the uncertain Term of a few Years, his Designs will be contracted into the same narrow Span he imagines is to bound his Existence. How can he exalt his Thoughts to any thing great and noble, who only believes that, after a short Turn on the Stage of this World, he is to sink into Oblivion, to lose his Consciousness for ever?

‘ For

' For this Reason I am of Opinion, that so useful and
 ' elevated a Contemplation as that of the *Soul's Immor-*
 ' *tality* cannot be resumed too often. There is not
 ' more improving Exercise to the human Mind, than to
 ' be frequently reviewing its own great Privileges and
 ' Endowments; nor a more effectual Means to awaken
 ' in us an Ambition raised above low Objects and little
 ' Pursuits, than to value ourselves as Heirs to Eternity.
 ' It is a very great Satisfaction to consider the best and
 ' wisest of Mankind in all Nations and Ages, asserting
 ' as with one Voice, this their Birth-right, and to find
 ' it ratify'd by an express Revelation. At the same
 ' time if we turn our Thoughts inward upon ourselves,
 ' we may meet with a kind of secret Sense concurring
 ' with the Proofs of our own Immortality.

' You have, in my Opinion, raised a good presump-
 ' tive Argument from the increasing Appetite the Mind
 ' has to Knowledge, and to the extending its own Fa-
 ' culties, which cannot be accomplished, as the more re-
 ' strained Perfection of lower Creatures may, in the
 ' Limits of a short Life. I think another probable Con-
 ' jecture may be raised from our Appetite to Duration
 ' itself, and from a Reflection on our Progress through
 ' the several Stages of it: *We are complaining, as you*
 ' *observe in a former Speculation, of the Shortness of*
 ' *Life, and yet are perpetually hurrying over the Parts*
 ' *of it; to arrive at certain little Settlements, or imagi-*
 ' *nary Points of Rest, which are dispersed up and down*
 ' *in it.*

' Now let us consider what happens to us when we
 ' arrive at these *imaginary Points of Rest*: Do we stop
 ' our Motion, and sit down satisfied in the Settlement
 ' we have gain'd? or are we not removing the Bounda-
 ' ry, and making out new Points of Rest, to which we
 ' press forward with the like Eagerness, and which cease
 ' to be such as fast as we attain them? Our Case is like
 ' that of a Traveller upon the *Alps*, who should fancy
 ' that the Top of the next Hill must end his Journey,
 ' because it terminates his Prospect; but he no sooner
 ' arrives at it, than he sees new Ground and other Hills
 ' beyond it, and continues to travel on as before.

' This is so plainly every Man's Condition in Life,
 ' that there is no one who has observed any thing, but
 may

may observe, that as fast as his Time wears away, his Appetite to something future remains. The Use therefore I would make of it is this, That since Nature (as some love to express it) does nothing in vain, or, to speak properly, since the Author of our Being has planted no wandering Passion in it, no Desire which has not its Object; Futurity is the proper Object of the Passion so constantly exercis'd about it; and this Restlessness in the present, this assigning ourselves over to farther Stages of Duration, this successive grasping at somewhat still to come, appears to me (whatever it may to others) as a kind of Instinct or natural Symptom which the Mind of Man has of its own Immortality.

' I take it at the same time for granted, that the Immortality of the Soul is sufficiently established by other Arguments: And if so, this Appetite, which otherwise would be very unaccountable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds Strength to the conclusion. But I am amazed when I consider there are Creatures capable of Thought, who, in spite of every Argument, can form to themselves a sullen Satisfaction in thinking otherwise. There is something so pitifully mean in the inverted Ambition of that Man who can hope for Annihilation, and please himself to think that his whole Fabric shall one Day crumble into Dust, and mix with the Mass of inanimate Beings, that it equally deserves our Admiration and Pity. The Mystery of such Mens Unbelief is not hard to be penetrated; and indeed amounts to nothing more than a sordid Hope that they shall not be immortal, because they dare not be so.

' This brings me back to my first Observation, and gives me Occasion to say farther, That as worthy Actions spring from worthy Thoughts; so, worthy Thoughts are likewise the Consequences of worthy Actions: But the Wretch who has degraded himself below the Character of Immortality, is very willing to resign his Pretensions to it, and to substitute in its Room a dark negative Happiness in the Extinction of his Being.

' The admirable *Shakespeare* has given us a strong
' Image

‘ Image of the unsupported Condition of such a Person
 ‘ in his last Minutes in the second Part of King Henry
 ‘ the Sixth, where Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had been
 ‘ concerned in the Murder of the good Duke *Humphry*,
 ‘ is represented on his Dead-bed. After some short
 ‘ confused Speeches which shew an Imagination disturb-
 ‘ ed with Guilt, just as he was expiring, King Henry
 ‘ standing by him, full of Compassion, says,

*Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on Heaven's Bliss,
 Hold up thy Hand, make Signal of that Hope!
 He dies, and makes no Sign! —————*

‘ The Despair which is here shewn, without a Word
 ‘ or Action on the Part of the dying Person, is beyond
 ‘ what could be painted by the most forcible Expressions
 ‘ whatever.

‘ I shall not pursue this Thought farther, but only
 ‘ add, That as Annihilation is not to be had with a
 ‘ Wish, so it is the most abject Thing in the World to
 ‘ wish it. What are Honour, Fame, Wealth, or Pow-
 ‘ er, when compared with the generous Expectation of
 ‘ a Being without End, and a Happiness adequate
 ‘ to that Being?

‘ I shall trouble you no farther; but with a certain
 ‘ Gravity which these Thoughts have given me. I re-
 ‘ flect upon some Things People say of you, (as they
 ‘ will of Men who distinguish themselves) which I hope
 ‘ are not true; and wish you as good a Man as you are
 ‘ an Author.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

Z

T. D.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 210.

‘ I cannot, my Friends, forbear letting you know
 ‘ what I think of Death; for methinks I view and un-
 ‘ derstand it much better, the nearer I approach to it.
 ‘ I am convinced that your Fathers, those illustrious
 ‘ Persons

Persons whom I so much loved and honoured, do not cease to live, tho' they have passed thro' what we call Death; they are undoubtedly still Living, but 'tis that sort of Life which alone deserves truly to be called Life. In effect, while we are confined to Bodies we ought to esteem ourselves no other than a sort of Gallies Slaves at the Chain, since the Soul, which is somewhat Divine, and descends from Heaven as the Place of its Original, seems debased and dishonoured by the Mixture with Flesh and Blood, and to be in a State of Banishment from its Celestial Country. I cannot help thinking too, that one main Reason of uniting Souls to Bodies was, that the great Work of the Universe might have Spectators to admire the beautiful Order of Nature, the regular Motion of heavenly Bodies, who should strive to express that Regularity in the Uniformity of their Lives. When I consider the boundless Activity of our Minds, the Remembrance we have of Things past, our Foresight of what is to come: When I reflect on the noble Discoveries, and vast Improvements, by which these Minds have advanced Arts and Sciences; I am entirely persuaded, and out of all doubt, that a Nature which has in itself a Fund of so many excellent Things cannot possibly be mortal. I observe further, that my Mind is altogether simple, without the Mixture of any Substance of Nature different from its own; I conclude from thence that 'tis indivisible, and consequently cannot perish.

By no means think therefore, my dear Friends, when I shall have quitted you, that I cease to be, or shall subsist no where. Remember that while we live together you do not see my Mind, and yet are sure that I have One actuating and moving my Body; doubt not then but that this same Mind will have a Being when 'tis separated, tho' you cannot then perceive its Actions. What Nonsense would it be to pay those Honours to great Men after their Deaths, which we constantly do, if their Souls did not then subsist? For my own part, I could never imagine that our Minds live only when united to Bodies, and die when they leave them; or that they shall cease to think and

under-

understand when disengaged from Bodies, which without them have neither Sense nor Reason; on the contrary, I believe the Soul when separated from Matter to enjoy the greatest Purity and Simplicity of its Nature, and to have much more Wisdom and Light than while it was united. We see when the Body dies what becomes of all the Parts which composed it; but we do not see the Mind, either in the Body, or when it leaves it. Nothing more resembles Death than Sleep, and 'tis in that State that the Soul chiefly shews it has something Divine in its Nature. How much more then must it shew it, when entirely disengaged?

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 93

INCONSTANCY.

— **T**HAT it should come to this!
But two Months dead! Nay, not so much, no
Two!

So excellent a King! That was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr: So loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
Visit her Face too roughly. Heaven and Earth!
Must I remember? Why she would hang on him,
As if Increase of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a Month!
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy Name is Woman
A little Month! Or e'er those Shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor Father's Body,
Like Niobe, all Tears, Why she, even she,
Oh Heav'n! A Brute, that wants Discourse of Reason
Would have mourned longer—married with mine Uncle
My Father's Brother; but no more like my Father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a Month!
E'er yet the Salt of most unrighteous Tears
Had left the Flushing of her galled Eyes,
She marry'd—O most wicked Speed, to post
With such Dexterity to incestuous Sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to Good,
But break my Heart; for I must hold my Tongue. *Hamlet*

INGRAM

INGRATITUDE.

IT is common with me to run from Book to Book to exercise my Mind with many Objects and qualify myself for my daily Labours. After an Hour spent in this loitering way of Reading, something will remain to be Food to the Imagination. The Writings that please me most on such Occasions are Stories, for the Truth of which there is a good Authority. The Mind of Man is naturally a Lover of Justice, and when we read a Story wherein a Criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no Quality which is the Object of Pity, the Soul enjoys a certain Revenge for the Offence done to Nature, in the wicked Actions committed in the preceding Part of the History. This will be better understood by the Reader from the following Narration itself, than from any thing which I can say to introduce it.

WHEN *Charles Duke of Burgundy*, surnamed *The Bold*, reigned over spacious Dominions, now swallowed up by the Power of *France*, he heaped many Favours and Honours upon *Claudius Rhynsault*, a *German*, who had serv'd him in his Wars against the Insults of his Neighbours. A great Part of *Zealand* was at that time in subjection to that Dukedom. The Prince himself was a Person of singular Humanity and Justice, *Rhynsault*, with no other real Quality than Courage, had Dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspecting Master for a Person of blunt Honesty, and Fidelity, without any Vice that could bias him from the Execution of Justice. His Highness prepossessed to his Advantage, upon the Decease of the Governor of his chief Town of *Zealand*, gave *Rhynsault* that Command. He was not long seated in that Government, before he cast his Eyes upon *Sapphira*, a Woman of Exquisite Beauty, the Wife of *Paul Danvelt*, a wealthy Merchant of the City under his Protection and Government. *Rhynsault* was a Man of a warm Constitution, and violent Inclination to Women, and not unskilled in the soft Arts which win their Favour. He knew what it was to enjoy

joy the Satisfaction which are reaped from the Possession of Beauty, but was an utter Stranger to the Decencies, Honours and Delicacies, that attend the Passion towards them in elegant Minds. However, he had so much of the World, that he had a great Share of the Language which usually prevails upon the weaker Part of that Sex, and he could with his Tongue utter a Passion with which his Heart was wholly untouch'd. He was one of those brutal Minds which can be gratified with the Violation of Innocence and Beauty without the least Pity, Passion or Love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a Vice inseparable to a lustful Man; and the Possession of a Woman by him who has no Thought but allaying a Passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by Dislike and Aversion. *Rhynsault* being resolv'd to accomplish his Will on the Wife of *Danvelt*, left no Arts untried to get into a Familiarity at her House; but she knew his Character and Disposition too well, not to shun all Occasions that might insnare her into his Conversation. The Governor despairing of Success by ordinary Means, apprehended and imprisoned her Husband, under Pretence of an Information that he was guilty of a Correspondence with the Enemies of the Duke to betray the Town into their Possession. This Design had its desired Effect; and the Wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the Day before that which was appointed for his Execution, presented herself in the Hall of the Governor's House, and as he pass'd thro' the Apartment, threw herself at his Feet, and holding his Knees, beseeched his Mercy. *Rhynsault* beheld her with a dissembled Satisfaction, and assuming an Air of Thought and Authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his Closet; and asking her whether she knew the hand of the Letter he pulled out of his Pocket, went from her, leaving this Admonition aloud, *If you will save your Husband, you must give me an Account of all you know without Prevarication; for every Body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the Names of the rest of the Conspirators, or any other Particulars whatsoever.* He went to his Closet, and soon after the Lady was sent for to an Audience. The Servant knew his Distance when Matters of State

were to be debated; and the Governor laying aside the Air with which he had appear'd in public, began to be the Suppliant, to rally an Affliction, which it was in her Power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent Man from his Imprisonment. She easily perceiv'd his Intention, and, bathed in Tears, began to deprecate so wicked a Design. Lust, like Ambition, takes all the Faculties of the Mind and Body into its Service and Subjection. Her becoming Tears, her honest Anguish, the wringing of her Hands, and the many Changes of her Posture and Figure in the Vehemence of speaking, were but so many Attitudes in which he beheld her Beauty, and farther Incentives of his Desire. All Humanity was lost in that one Appetite, and he signified to her in plain Terms, that he was unhappy till he had possess'd her, and nothing less shou'd be the Price of her Husband's Life; and that she must, before the following Noon, pronounce the Death or Enlargement of *Danvelt*.

After this Notification, when he saw *Sapphira* again enough distracted to make the Subject of their Discourse to common Eyes appear different from what it was, he called Servants to conduct her to the Gate. Loaded with insupportable Affliction, she immediately repairs to her Husband, and having signified to his Goalers, that he had a Proposal to make to her Husband from the Governor, she was left alone with him; reveal'd to him all that had pass'd, and represented the endless Conflict she was in between Love to his Person, and Fidelity to his Bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp Affliction this honest Pair was in upon such an Incident, in Lives not us'd to any but ordinary Occurrences. The Man was wriddled by Shame from speaking what his Fear prompted, upon so near an Approach of Death; but let fall Words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confess'd to him that the Governor had violated her Person, since he knew her Will had no Part in the Action. She parted from him with this oblique Permission to save a Life he had not Resolution enough to resign for the Safety of his Honour.

The next Morning the unhappy *Sapphira* attended the Governor, and being led into a remote Appartment, submitted to his Desires. *Rhynsault* commended her Charms,

Charms, claim'd a Familiarity after what had pass'd between them, and with an Air of Gayety in the Language of a Gallant, bid her return, and take her Husband out of Prison: But, continu'd she, my Fair One must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an Interruption to our future Assignations. The last Words foreboded what she found when she came to the Goal, her Husband executed by the Order of *Rhynsault*.

It was remarkable that the Woman, who was full of Tears and Lamentations during the whole Course of her Affliction, uttered neither Sigh nor Complaint, but stood fix'd with Grief at this Consummation of her Misfortunes. She betook herself to her Abode, and after having in Solitude paid her Devotions to him who is the Avenger of Innocence, she repair'd privately to Court Her Person, and a certain Grandeur of Sorrow negligent of Forms, gain'd her Passage into the Presence of the Duke her Sovereign. As soon as she came into the Presence, she broke forth into the following Words: *Behold, O mighty Charles, a Wretch weary of Life, though it has always been spent with Innocence and Virtue. It is not in your Power to redress my Injuries but it is to avenge them. And if the Protection of the Distressed, and the Punishment of Oppressors, is a Task worthy a Prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy ample Matter for doing Honour to his own great Name, and wiping off Infamy off of mine.*

When she had spoke this, she deliver'd the Duke a Paper reciting her Story. He read it with all the Emotions that Indignation and Pity could raise in a Prince jealous of his Honour in the Behaviour of his Officers and the Prosperity of his Subjects.

Upon an appointed Day, *Rhynsault* was sent for to Court, and in the Presence of a few of the Council, confronted by *Sapphira*: The Prince asking, *Do you know that Lady?* *Rhynsault*, as soon as he could recover his Surprise, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highness would please to think that a Reparation. The Duke seem'd contented with this Answer, and stood by during the immediate Solemnization of the Ceremony. At the Conclusion of it he told *Rhynsault*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR Correspondent's Letter relating to Fortune Hunters, and your subsequent Discourse upon it, have given me Encouragement to send you a State of my Case, by which you will see, that the Matter complained of, is a common Grievance both to City and Country.

I am a Country Gentleman of between five and six thousand a Year. It is my Misfortune to have a very fine Park and an only Daughter; upon which Account I have been so plagu'd with Deer-Stealers and Fops, that for these four Years past I have scarce enjoy'd a Moment's Rest. I look upon myself to be in a State of War, and am forc'd to keep as constant Watch in my Seat, as a Governor would do that commanded a Town on the Frontier of an Enemy's Country. I have indeed pretty well secured my Park, having for this Purpose provided myself of four keepers, who are left handed, and handle a Quarter-staff beyond any other Fellows in the Country. And for the Guard of my House, besides a Band of Pensioner-Matrons and an old Maiden Relation, whom I keep on constant Duty, I have Blunderbuffes always charged, and Fox-Gins planted in private Places about my Garden, of which I have given frequent Notice in the Neighbourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my Care, I shall every now and then have a saucy Rascal ride by reconnoitring (as I think you call it) under my Windows, as sprucely drest as if he was going to a Ball. I am aware of this Way of attacking a Mistress on Horseback, having heard that it is a common Practice in Spain; and have therefore taken Care to remove my Daughter from the Road-side of the House, and to lodge her next the Garden. But to cut short my Story; what can a Man do after all? I durst not stand for Member of Parliament last Election, for fear of some ill Consequences from my being off my Post. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to promote a Project I have set on foot, and upon which I have writ to some of my Friends; and that is, that Care may be taken to secure our Daughters by Law, as well as our Deer; and that some honest Gentleman of a

Vol. II.

M

public

‘ public Spirit, would move for Leave to bring in a Bill
 ‘ *For the better preserving of the Female Game.*

I am,

S I R,

Your humble Servant

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 326

The following Letters, written by two very considerable Correspondents, both under twenty Years of Age, are very good Arguments of the Necessity of taking into Consideration the many Incidents which affect the Education of Youth.

S I R,

‘ **I** Have long expected, that in the Course of your
 ‘ Observations upon the several Parts of human
 ‘ Life, you would one time or other fall upon a Subject
 ‘ which, since you have not, I take the Liberty to re-
 ‘ commend to you. What I mean, is the Patronage
 ‘ of young modest Men to such as are able to counte-
 ‘ nance and introduce them into the World. For want
 ‘ of such Assistances, a Youth of Merit languishes in
 ‘ Obscurity or Poverty, when his Circumstances are
 ‘ low, and runs into Riot and Excess when his For-
 ‘ tunes are plentiful. I cannot make myself better un-
 ‘ derstood, than by sending you an History of myself
 ‘ which I shall desire you to insert in your Paper, it
 ‘ being the only Way I have of expressing my Grati-
 ‘ tude for the highest Obligations imaginable.

‘ I am the Son of a Merchant of the City of London
 ‘ who, by many Losses, was reduced from a very luxu-
 ‘ riant Trade and Credit to very narrow Circumstances
 ‘ in comparison to that of his former Abundance. This
 ‘ took away the Vigour of his Mind, and all manner of
 ‘ Attention to a Fortune which he now thought despe-
 ‘ rate; insomuch that he died without a Will, having
 ‘ before buried my Mother in the midst of his other
 ‘ Misfortunes. I was sixteen Years of Age when I lost
 ‘ my Father; and an Estate of 200*l*. a Year came in
 ‘ to my Possession, without Friend or Guardian to in-
 ‘ struct me in the Management or Enjoyment of it.
 ‘ The natural Consequence of this was, (though I want-
 ‘ ed no Director, and soon had Fellows who found me

out for a smart young Gentleman, and led me into all the Debaucheries of which I was capable) that my Companions and I could not well be supplied without running in Debt, which I did very frankly, till I was arrested, and convey'd, with a Guard strong enough for the most desperate Assassin, to a Bailiff's House, where I lay four Days surrounded with very merry but not agreeable Company. As soon as I had extricated myself from that shameful Confinement, I reflected upon it with so much Horror, that I deserted all my old Acquaintance, and took Chambers in an Inn of Court, with a Resolution to study the Law with all possible Application. But I trifled away a whole Year in looking over a thousand Intricacies, without a Friend to apply to in any Case of Doubt, so that I only lived there among Men, as little Children are sent to school before they are capable of Improvement, only to be out of Harm's-way. In the midst of this State of Suspence, not knowing how to dispose of myself, I was sought for by a Relation of mine who, upon observing a good Inclination in me, used me with great Familiarity, and carried me to his Seat in the Country. When I came there, he introduced me to all the good Company in the Country; and the great Obligations I have to him for this kind Notice, and Residence with him ever since, has made so strong an Impression upon me, that he has the Authority of a Father over me, founded upon the Love of a Brother. I have a good Study of Books, a good Stable of Horses always at my Command; and tho' I am not quite eighteen Years of Age, familiar Converse on his part, and a strong Inclination to exert myself on mine, have had an Effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. Thus, MR. SPECTATOR, by this Gentleman's Favour and Patronage, it is my Fault if I am not wiser and richer every Day I live. I speak this as well by subscribing the initial Letters of my Name to thank him, as to incite others to an Imitation of his Virtue. It would be a worthy Work to show what great Charities are to be done without Expence, and how many noble Actions are lost, out of Inadvertency in Persons capable of performing them, if they were put

‘ put in mind of it. If a Gentleman of Figure in a
 ‘ Country would make his Family a Pattern of Sobriety,
 ‘ good Sense and Breeding, and would kindly endeavour
 ‘ to influence the Education, and growing Prospects of
 ‘ the younger Gentry about him, I am apt to believe
 ‘ it would save him a great deal of stale Beer on a pub-
 ‘ lic Occasion, and render him the Leader of his
 ‘ Country from their Gratitude to him, instead of being
 ‘ a Slave to their Riots and Tumults in order to be made
 ‘ their Representative. The same thing might be re-
 ‘ commended to all who have made any Progress in a-
 ‘ ny Parts of Knowledge, or arrived at any Degree in
 ‘ a Profession; others may gain Preferment and For-
 ‘ tunes from their Patrons, but I have, I hope received
 ‘ from mine good Habits and Virtues. I repeat to you,
 ‘ Sir, my Request to print this, in Return for all the
 ‘ Evil an helpless Orphan shall ever escape, and all the
 ‘ Good he shall receive in this Life; both which are
 ‘ wholly owing to this Gentleman’s Favour to,

S I R,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

S. P.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 330.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ I Am a Lad of about fourteen, I find a mighty Plea-
 ‘ sure in Learning. I have been at the *Latin* School
 ‘ four Years. I don’t know I ever play’d Truant, or
 ‘ neglected any Task my Master set me in my Life. I
 ‘ think on what I read in School as I go home at Night,
 ‘ and so intently, that I have often gone half a Mile out
 ‘ of my Way, not minding whither I went. Our Maid
 ‘ tells me, she often hears me talk *Latin* in my Sleep.
 ‘ And I dream two or three Nights in a Week I am
 ‘ reading *Juvenal* and *Homer*. My Master seems as
 ‘ well pleased with my Performances as any Boy’s in the
 ‘ same Class. I think, if I know my own Mind, I
 ‘ would choose rather to be a Scholar than a Prince
 ‘ without Learning. I have a very good affectionate
 ‘ Father; but tho’ very rich, yet so mighty near, that
 ‘ he thinks much of the Charges of my Education. He
 ‘ often

‘ often tells me he believes my Schooling will ruin him ;
‘ that I cost him God knows what in Books. I tremble
‘ to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my Poc-
‘ ket Money and lay it out for a Book, now and then,
‘ that he don’t know of. He has order’d my Master to
‘ buy no more Books for me, but says he will buy them
‘ himself. I asked him for *Horace* t’other Day, and he
‘ told me in a Passion he did not believe I was fit for it,
‘ but only my Master had a mind to make him think I
‘ had got a great way in my Learning. I am sometimes
‘ a Month behind other Boys in getting the Books my
‘ Master gives Orders for. All the Boys in the School,
‘ but I, have the Classic Authors *in usum Delphini*,
‘ gilt and letter’d on the Back. My Father is often
‘ reckoning up how long I have been at School, and
‘ tells me he fears I do little good. My Father’s Car-
‘ riage so discourages me, that he makes me grow dull
‘ and melancholy. My Master wonders what is the
‘ matter with me ; I am afraid to tell him ; for he is a
‘ Man that loves to encourage Learning, and would be
‘ apt to chide my Father, and not knowing my Father’s
‘ Temper, may make him worse. Sir, if you have
‘ any Love for Learning, I beg you would give me
‘ some instructions in this Case, and persuade Parents
‘ to encourage their Children when they find them dili-
‘ gent and desirous of Learning. I have heard some
‘ Parents say, they would do any thing for their Chil-
‘ dren, if they would but mind their Learning : I would
‘ be glad to be in their Place. Dear Sir, pardon my
‘ Boldness. If you will but consider and pity my Case,
‘ I will pray for your Prosperity as long as I live.’

Your Humble Servant,

James Discipulus.
SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 331.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **A**S you are the daily Endeavourer to promote
‘ Learning and good Sense, I think myself obliged
‘ to suggest to your Consideration whatever may pro-
‘ mote or prejudice them. There is an Evil which has

' prevailed from Generation, to Generation, which gray
 ' Hairs and tyrannical Custom continue to support; I
 ' hope your Spectatorial Authority will give a seasona-
 ' ble Check to the Spread of the Infection; I mean
 ' old Mens overbearing the strongest Sense of their Ju-
 ' niors by the mere Force of Seniority; so that for a
 ' young Man in the Bloom of Life and Vigour of Age
 ' to give a seasonable Contradiction to his Elders, is
 ' esteem'd an unpardonable Insolence, and regarded as
 ' a reversing the Decrees of Nature. I am a young
 ' Man, I confess, yet I honour the gray Head as much
 ' as any one; however, when, in Company with old
 ' Men, I hear them speak obscurely, or reason pre-
 ' posterously (into which Absurdities; Prejudice, Pride,
 ' or Interest, will sometimes throw the wisest) I count
 ' it no Crime to rectify their Reasonings, unless Con-
 ' science must truckle to Ceremony, and Truth fall a
 ' Sacrifice to Complaisance. The strongest Arguments
 ' are enervated, and the brightest Evidence disappears,
 ' before those tremendous Reasonings and dazzling
 ' Discoveries of venerable old Age: You are young
 ' giddy-headed Fellows, you have not yet had Expe-
 ' rience of the World. Thus we young Folks find
 ' our Ambition cramp'd, and our Laziness indulg'd,
 ' since, while young, we have little Room to display
 ' ourselves; and, when old, the Weakness of Nature
 ' must pass for Strength of Sense, and we hope that
 ' hoary Heads will raise us above the Attacks of Con-
 ' tradiction. Now, Sir, as you would enliven our
 ' Activity in the Pursuit of Learning, take our Case
 ' into Consideration; and, with a Gloss on brave
 ' Elibu's Sentiments, assert the Rights of Youth, and
 ' prevent the pernicious Incroachments of Age. The
 ' generous Reasonings of that gallant Youth would
 ' adorn your Paper; and I beg you would insert them,
 ' not doubting but that they will give good Entertain-
 ' ment to the most intelligent of your Readers,

' So these three Men ceased to answer Job, because he
 ' was righteous in his own Eyes. Then was kindled the
 ' Wrath of Elihu the Son of Barachel the Buzite, of the
 ' Kindred of Ram: Against Job was his Wrath kind-
 ' led,

led, because he justified himself rather than God. Also against his three Friends was his Wrath kindled, because they had found no Answer, and yet had condemned Job. Now Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. When Elihu saw there was no Answer in the Mouth of these three Men, then his Wrath was kindled. And Elihu the Son of Barachel the Buzite answer'd and said, I am young and ye are very old, wherefore I was afraid, and durst not shew you my Opinion. I said, Days should speak, and Multitude of Years should teach Wisdom. But there is a Spirit in Man; and the Inspiration of the Almighty giveth them Understanding. Great Men are not always wise: Neither do the Aged understand Judgment. Therefore I said, hearken to me, I also will shew mine Opinion. Behold I waited for your Words; I gave Ear to your Reasons, whilst you searched out what to say. Yea, I attended unto you: And behold there was none of you that convinced Job, or that answer'd his Words; lest ye should say, we have found out Wisdom: God thrusteth him down, not Man. Now he hath not directed his Words against me: Neither will I Answer him with your Speeches. They were amazed, they answered no more: They left off speaking. When I had waited, (for they spake not, but stood still and answered no more) I said, I will answer also my Part, I also will shew mine Opinion. For I am full of Matter, the Spirit within me constraineth me. Behold, my Belly is as Wine which hath no Vent, it is ready to burst like new Bottles. I will speak that I may be refreshed: I will open my Lips and answer. Let me not, I pray you, except any Man's Person, neither let me give flattering Titles unto Man. For I know not to give flattering Titles; in so doing my Maker would soon take me away.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 336.

Queen Ann Boleyn's last Letter to King Henry.

S I R,

Cotton Lib. ' **Y**OUR Grace's Displeasure, and my
Otho C. 10. ' Imprisonment, are Things so strange
' unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am
M 4 ' altogether

altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a Truth, and so obtain your Favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine antient professed Enemy. I no sooner received this Message by him, than I rightly conceived your Meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a Truth indeed may procure my Safety, I shall with all Willingness and Duty perform your Command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor Wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a Fault, where not so much as a Thought thereof preceded. And to speak a Truth, never Prince had Wife more Loyal in all Duty, and in all true Affection, than you have ever found in *Ann Boleyn*; with which Name and Place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's Pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any Time so far forget myself in my Exaltation, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an Alteration as I now find; for the Ground of my Perseverment being on no surer Foundation than your Grace's Fancy, the least Alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that Fancy to some other Object. You have chosen me, from a low Estate, to be your Queen and Companion, far beyond my Desert or Desire. If then you found me worthy of such Honour, good your Grace let not any light Fancy, or bad Council of mine Enemies, withdraw your Princely Favour from me; neither let that Stain, that unworthy Stain, of a Disloyal Heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a Blot on your most dutiful Wife, and the Infant Princess your Daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful Trial, and let not my sworn Enemies sit as my Accusers and Judges: Yea, let me receive an open Trial, for my Truth shall fear no open Shame; then shall you see either mine Innocence cleared, your Suspicion and Conscience satisfied; the Ignominy and Slander of the World stopped, or my Guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open Censure, and mine Offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at Liberty, both before God and

Man,

‘ Man, not only to execute worthy Punishment on me
‘ as an unlawful Wife, but to follow your Affection
‘ already settled on that Party, for whose sake I am now
‘ as I am, whose Name I could some good while since
‘ have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of
‘ my Suspicion therein.

‘ But if you have already determined of me, and that
‘ not only my Death, but an infamous Slander must
‘ bring you the enjoying of your desired Happiness;
‘ then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great
‘ Sin therein, and likewise mine Enemies, the Instru-
‘ ments thereof, and that he will not call you to a
‘ strict Account for your unprincipely and cruel Usage of
‘ me, at his general Judgment Seat, where both you
‘ and myself must shortly appear, and in whose Judg-
‘ ment I doubt not (whatsoever the World may think
‘ of me) mine Innocence shall be openly known, and
‘ sufficiently cleared.

‘ My last and only Request shall be, that myself may
‘ only bear the Burden of your Grace’s Displeasure,
‘ and that it may not touch the innocent Souls of those
‘ poor Gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise
‘ in strait Imprisonment for my Sake. If ever I have
‘ found Favour in your Sight, if ever the Name of *Ann*
‘ *Boleyn* hath been pleasing in your Ears, then let me
‘ obtain this Request, and I will so leave to trouble
‘ your Grace any farther, with mine earnest Prayers to
‘ the Trinity to have your Grace in his good Keeping,
‘ and to direct you in all your Actions. From my dole-
‘ ful Prison in the *Tower*, this sixth of *May*.

Your most Loyal

and ever faithful Wife.

Ann Boleyn.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 397.

S I R,

UPON reading your *Essay* concerning the Pleasures
of the Imagination, I find among the three Sources
of those Pleasures which you have discovered, that *Great-
ness* is one. This has suggested to me the Reason why
of all objects that I have ever seen, there is none which

M 5

affects

affects my Imagination so much as the Sea or Ocean. I cannot see the Heavings of this prodigious Bulk of Water, even in a Calm, without a very pleasing Astonishment; but when it is worked up in a Tempest, so that the Horizon on every side is nothing but foaming Billows and floating Mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable Horror that rises from such a Prospect. A troubled Ocean to a Man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest Object that he can see in motion, and consequently gives his Imagination one of the highest kinds of Pleasures that can arise from Greatness. I must confess, it is impossible for me to survey this World of fluid Matter, without thinking on the Hand that first poured it out, and made a proper Channel for its Reception. Such an Object naturally raises in my Thoughts the Idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his Existence as much as a metaphysical Demonstration. The Imagination prompts the Understanding, and, by the Greatness of the sensible Object, produces in it the Idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by Time nor Space.

As I have made several Voyages upon the Sea, I have often been tossed in Storms, and on that Occasion have frequently reflected on the Descriptions of them in antient Poets. I remember *Longinus* highly recommends one in *Homer*, because the Poet has not amused himself with little Fancies upon the Occasion, as Authors of an inferior Genius, whom he mentions, had done, but because he has gathered together those Circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the Imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a Tempest. It is for the same reason, that I prefer the following Description of a Ship in a Storm, which the Psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. *They that go down to the Sea in Ships, that do Business in great Waters: These see the Works of the Lord, and his Wonders in the Deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy Wind, which lifteth up the Waters thereof: They mount up to the Heaven; they go down again to the Depths, their Soul is melted because of Trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken Man, and are at their Wits End. Then they cry unto the Lord in their Trouble,*
and

and he bringeth them out of their Distresses. He maketh the Storm a Calm, so that the Waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired Haven.

By the way, how much more comfortable as well as rational, is this System of the Psalmist, than the Pagan Scheme in *Virgil*, and other Poets, where one Deity is represented as raising a Storm, and another as laying it? Were we only to consider the Sublime in this Piece of Poetry, what can be nobler than the Idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a Tumult among the Elements, and recovering them out of their Confusion, thus troubling and becalming Nature?

Great Painters do not only give us Landskips of Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, but very often employ their Pencils upon Sea-Pieces: I could wish you would follow their Example. If this Small Sketch may deserve a Place among your Works, I shall accompany it with a divine Ode, made by a Gentleman upon the Conclusion of his Travels.

I.

HOW are thy Servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their Defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
Their Help, Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign Realms and Lands remote,
Supported by thy Care.
Thro' burning Climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted Air.

III.

Thy Mercy sweeten'd ev'ry Soil.
Made ev'ry Region please:
The hoary Alpine Hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene Seas.

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted Eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended Deep
In all its Horrors rise!

V. Con-

V.

*Confusion dwelt on ev'ry Face,
And Fear in ev'ry Heart;
When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs on Gulphs,
O'ercame the Pilot's Art.*

VI.

*Yet then from all my Griefs, O Lord,
Thy Mercy set me free,
Whilst in the Confidence of Pray'r
My Soul took hold on thee.*

VII.

*For tho' in dreadful Whirls we bung
High on the broken Wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.*

VIII.

*The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd
Obedient to thy will;
The Sea that roar'd at thy Command,
At thy Command was still,*

IX.

*In midst of Dangers, fears, and Death,
Thy Goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy Mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.*

X.

*My Life, if thou preserv'st my Life,
Thy Sacrifice shall be;
And Death, If Death must be my Doom,
Shall join my Soul to thee.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 489.

S I R,

• **Y**OU who are so well acquainted with the Story of
• Socrates, must have read how, upon his making a
• Discourse concerning Love, he pressed his point with
• so much Success, that all the Batchelors in his Audience
• took a Resolution to marry by the first Opportunity,
• and that all the married Men immediately took Horse
• and galloped home to their Wives. I am apt to think
• your

your Discourses, in which you have drawn so many agreeable Pictures of Marriage, have had a very good Effect this way in *England*. We are obliged to you, at least for having taken off that senseless Ridicule, which for many Years the Witlings of the Town have turned upon their Fathers and Mothers. For my own part, I was born in Wedlock, and I don't care who knows it: For which Reason, among many others, I shall look upon myself as a most insufferable Coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that Cuckoldom was inseparable from Marriage, or to make use of *Husband* and *Wife* as Terms of Reproach. Nay, Sir, I will go one Step further, and declare to you before the whole World, that I am a married Man, and at the same time I have so much Assurance as not to be ashamed of what I have done.

Among the several Pleasures that accompany this State of Life, and which you have described in your former Papers, there are two you have not taken notice of, and which are seldom cast into the Account, by those who write on this Subject. You must have observed, in your Speculations on human Nature, that nothing is more gratifying to the Mind of Man than Power or Dominion; and this I think myself amply possessed of, as I am the Father of a Family. I am perpetually taken up in giving out Orders, in prescribing Duties, in hearing Parties, in administering Justice, and in distributing Rewards and Punishments. To speak in the Language of the Centurion, *I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh, and to my Servant, do This and he doth it*. In short, Sir, I look upon my Family as a Patriarchal Sovereignty, in which I am myself both King and Priest. All great Governments are nothing else but Clusters of these little private Royalties, and therefore I consider the Masters of Families as small Deputy-Governors presiding over the several little Parcels and Divisions of their Fellow Subjects. As I take great Pleasure in the Administration of my Government in particular, so I look upon myself not only as a more useful, but as a much greater and happier Man than any Bachelor in *England*, of my Rank and Condition.

There

' There is another accidental Advantage in Marriage,
 ' which has likewise fallen to my Share, I mean the
 ' having a Multitude of Children. These I cannot but
 ' regard as very great Blessings. When I see my little
 ' Troop before me, I rejoice in the Additions which I
 ' have made to my Species, to my Country, and to my
 ' Religion, in having produced such a Number of rea-
 ' sonable Creatures, Citizens, and Christians. I am
 ' pleased to see myself thus perpetuated; and as there is
 ' no Production comparable to that of a human Crea-
 ' ture, I am more proud of having been the Occasion
 ' of ten such glorious Productions, than if I had built a
 ' hundred Pyramids at my own Expence, or published
 ' as many Volumes of the finest Wit and Learning. In
 ' what a beautiful Light has the Holy Scripture repre-
 ' sented *Abdon*, one of the Judges of *Israel*, who had
 ' forty Sons and thirty Grandsons, that rode on three-
 ' score and ten Ass Colts, according to the Magnificence
 ' of the Eastern Countries? How must the Heart of the
 ' old Man rejoice, when he saw such a beautiful Pro-
 ' cession of his own Descendants, such a numerous Car-
 ' valcade of his own raising? For my own part, I can
 ' sit in my parlour with great Content, when I take a
 ' Review of half a dozen of my little Boys mounting up-
 ' on Hobby Horses, and as many little Girls tutoring
 ' their Babies, each of them endeavouring to excel the
 ' rest, and to do something that may gain my Favour
 ' and Approbation. I cannot question but he who has
 ' blessed me with so many Children, will assist my En-
 ' deavours in providing for them. There is one thing
 ' I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous
 ' Education. I think it is Sir *Francis Bacon's* Observa-
 ' tion, that in a numerous Family of Children, the eldest
 ' is often spoiled by the Prospect of an Estate, and the
 ' youngest by being the Darling of the Parent; but
 ' that some one or other in the Middle, who has not
 ' perhaps been regarded, has made his Way in the World,
 ' and over topped the rest. It is my Business to implant
 ' in every one of my Children the same Seeds of Indus-
 ' try, and the same honest Principles. By this means I
 ' think I have a fair Chance, that one or other of them
 ' may grow considerable in some or other way of Life,
 ' whether

whether it be in the Army, or in the Fleet, in Trade, or any of the three learned Professions ; for you must know, Sir, that from long Experience and Observation, I am persuaded of what seems a Paradox to most of those with whom I converse, namely, That a Man who has many Children, and gives them a good Education, is more likely to raise a Family, than he who has but one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole Estate. For this Reason I cannot forbear amusing myself with finding out a General, an Admiral, or an Alderman of *London*, a Divine, a Physician, or a Lawyer among my little People who are now perhaps in Petticoats ; and when I see the motherly Airs of my little Daughters when they are playing with their Puppets, I cannot but flatter myself that their Husbands and Children will be happy in the Possession of such Wives and Mothers.

If you are a Father, you will not perhaps think this Letter impertinent ; but if you are a single Man, you will not know the Meaning of it, and probably throw it into the Fire : Whatever you determine of it, you may assure yourself that it comes from one who is

*Your most humble Servant,
and Well-wisher,*

Philogamus,
SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 500.

The following Letter comes to me from that excellent Man in Holy Orders ; whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that Society who assists me in my Speculations. It is a *Thought in Sickness*, and of a very serious Nature, for which Reason I give it a Place in the Paper of this Day.

SIR,

THE Indisposition which has long hung upon me, is at last grown to such a Head, that it must quickly make an End of me, or of itself. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad State of Health, there are none of your Works which I read
with

‘ with greater Pleasure than your *Saturday’s* Papers.
 ‘ should be very glad if I could furnish you with an
 ‘ Hints for that Day’s Entertainment. Were I able to
 ‘ dress up several Thoughts of a serious Nature which
 ‘ have made great Impressions on my Mind during a long
 ‘ Fit of Sickness, they might not be an improper Ent
 ‘ tertainment for that Occasion.

‘ Among all the Reflections which usually rise in the
 ‘ Mind of a sick Man, who has Time and Inclination
 ‘ to consider his approaching End, there is none more
 ‘ natural than that of his going to appear, naked and
 ‘ unbodied before Him who made him. When a Man
 ‘ considers, that as soon as the vital Union is dissolved,
 ‘ he shall see that Supreme Being, whom he now con-
 ‘ templates at a Distance, and only in his Works; or, to
 ‘ speak more Philosophically, when by some Faculty in
 ‘ the Soul he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be
 ‘ more sensible of his Presence, than we are now of the
 ‘ Presence of any Object which the Eye beholds, a Man
 ‘ must be lost in Carelessness and Stupidity who is not
 ‘ alarmed at such a Thought. Dr. *Sherlock*, in his ex-
 ‘ cellent Treatise upon Death, has represented, in very
 ‘ strong and lively Colours, the State of the Soul in its
 ‘ first Separation from the Body, with regard to that
 ‘ invisible World which every where surrounds us, tho’
 ‘ we are not able to discover it through this grosser
 ‘ World of Matter, which is accommodated to our
 ‘ Senses in this Life. His Words are as follow.

‘ *That Death, which in our leaving this World, is*
 ‘ *nothing else but our putting off these Bodies, teaches us,*
 ‘ *that it is only our Union to these Bodies, which inter-*
 ‘ *cepts the Sight of the other World: The other World is*
 ‘ *not at such a Distance from us, as we may imagine;*
 ‘ *the Throne of God indeed is at a great Remove from*
 ‘ *this Earth, above the third Heavens, where he displays*
 ‘ *his Glory to those blessed Spirits which encompass his*
 ‘ *Throne; but as soon as we step out of these Bodies we*
 ‘ *Step into the other World; which is not so properly another*
 ‘ *World, (for there is the same Heaven and Earth still)*
 ‘ *as a new State of Life. To live in these Bodies is to live*
 ‘ *in this World; to live out of them is to remove into the*
 ‘ *next: For while our Souls are confined to these Bodies,*
 ‘ and

and can look only thro' these material Casements, nothing but what is material can affect us; nay, nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect Light, and convey the Shapes and Colours of Things with it to the Eye: So that though within this visible World there be a more glorious Scene of Things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this Veil of Flesh parts the visible and invisible World: But when we put off these Bodies, there are new and surprising Wonders present themselves to our Views; when these material Spectacles are taken off, the Soul with its own naked Eyes, sees what was invisible before: And then we are in the other World, when we can see it, and converse with it: Thus St. Paul tells us, That when we are at home in the Body, we are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the Body, we are present with the Lord, 2 Cor. v. 6, 8. And methinks this is enough to cure us of our Fondness for these Bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a Prison, and to look through a Grate all our Lives, which gives us but a very narrow Prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to be set at Liberty to view all the Glories of the World. What would we give now for the least Glimpse of that invisible World, which the first Step we take out of these Bodies will present us with? There are such Things as Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, neither hath it entered into the Heart of Man to conceive: Death opens our Eyes, enlarges our Prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious World, which we can never see while we are shut up in the Flesh; which should make us as willing to part with this Veil, as to take the Film off of our Eyes, which hinders our Sight.

As a thinking Man cannot but be very much affected with the Idea of his appearing in the Presence of that Being whom none can see and live; he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being whom he appears before, will examine all the Actions of his past Life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no Scheme of Religion, besides that of Christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous Person under this Thought.

- * Thought. Let a Man's Innocence be what it will
- * let his Virtues rise to the highest Pitch of Perfection
- * attainable in this Life, there will be still in him so many
- * secret Sins, so many human Frailties, so many Offences
- * of Ignorance, Passion and Prejudice, so many unguarded
- * Words and Thoughts, and in short, so many Defects
- * in his best Actions, that without the Advantages of such an
- * Expiation and Atonement as Christianity has revealed to us,
- * it is impossible that he should be cleared before his
- * Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to stand in his Sight.
- * Our Holy Religion suggests to us the only Means whereby our
- * Guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect Obedience accepted.
- * It is this Series of Thoughts that I have endeavoured to express
- * in the following Hymn, which I have composed during this my Sick-
ness.

I.

WHEN rising from the Bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,
I see my Maker, Face to Face,
O how shall I appear !

II.

If yet, while Pardon may be found,
And Mercy may be sought,
My Heart with inward Horror shrinks,
And trembles at the Thought ;

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd,
In Majesty severe,
And sit in Judgment on my Soul,
O how shall I appear ?

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears,
Shall endless Woe prevent.

V.

Then see the Sorrow of my Heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give those Sorrows Weight.

VI. For

VI.

*For never shall my Soul despair,
Her Pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd,
To make her Pardon sure*

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 513.

MADAM,

I Writ to you on Saturday by Mrs. Lucy, and give you this Trouble to urge the same Request I made then, which was, that I may be admitted to wait upon you. I should be very far from desiring this, if it were a Transgression of the most severe Rules to allow it: I know you are very much above the little Arts which are frequent in your Sex, of giving unnecessary Torments to their Admirers; therefore hope you'll do so much Justice to the generous Passion I have for you, as to let me have an Opportunity of acquainting you upon what Motives I pretend to your good Opinion. I shall not trouble you with my Sentiments, till I know how they will be received; and as I know no Reason why Difference of Sex should make our Language to each other differ from the ordinary Rules of right Reason, I shall affect Plainness and Sincerity in my Discourse to you, as much as other Lovers do Perplexity and Rapture. Instead of saying, I shall die for you, I profess I should be glad to lead my Life with you: You are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humoured, as any Woman breathing; but I must confess to you, I regard all these Excellencies as you will please to direct them, for my Happiness or Misery. With me, Madam, the only lasting Motive to Love is the Hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs. Lucy send me Word when I may attend you. I promise you, I'll talk of nothing but indifferent Things; though at the same Time I know not how I shall approach you in the tender Moment of first seeing you, after this Declaration of,

MADAM,

Your most Obedient,

and most Faithful,

Humble Servant, &c.

TATLER, Vol. I. No. 35.

S I R,

S I R,

—shire, July, 1712

THE other Day I went into the House of one of my Tenants, whose Wife was formerly a Servant in our Family, and (by my Grandmother's Kindness) had her Education with my Mother from her Infancy; so that she is of a Spirit and Understanding greatly superior to those of her own Rank. I found the poor Woman in the utmost Disorder of Mind and Attire, drowned in Tears, and reduced to a Condition that looked rather like Stupidity than Grief. She leaned upon her Arm over a Table, on which lay a Letter folded up and directed to a certain Nobleman very famous in our Parts for Low-latrigue or (in plainer Words) for debauching Country Girls in which Number is the unfortunate Daughter of my poor Tenant, as I learn from the following Letter written by her Mother. I have sent you here a Copy of it, which, made public in your Paper, may perhaps furnish useful Reflections to many Men of Figure and Quality, who indulge themselves in a Passion, which they possess but in common with the vilest Part of Mankind.

My Lord,

LAST Night I discovered the Injury you have done to my Daughter. Heaven knows how long and piercing a Torment that short-lived shameful Pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any Offence. This Consideration alone should have deterred a Noble Mind from so base and ungenerous an Act. But, alas! what is all that Grief that must be my Share, in comparison of that with which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? Loss of good Name, Anguish of Heart, Shame and Infamy, are what must inevitably fall upon her, unless she gets over them by what is much worse, open Impudence, professed Lewdness, and abandoned Prostitution. These are the Returns you have made to her, for putting in your Power all her Livelihood and Dependance, her Virtue and Reputation. O, my Lord, should my Son have practised the like on one of your Daughters?—I know you swell

with Indignation at the very mention of it, and would think he deserved a thousand Deaths, should he make such an Attempt upon the Honour of your Family, 'Tis well, my Lord. And is then the Honour of your Daughter, whom still, tho' it had been violated, you might have maintained in Plenty, and even Luxury, of greater Moment to her, than to my Daughter hers, whose only Sustenance it was? And must my Son, void of all the Advantages of a generous Education, must he, I say, consider: And may your Lordship be excused from all Reflection? Eternal Contumely attend that guilty Title which claims Exemption from Thought, and arrogates to its Wearers the Prerogative of Brutes. Ever cursed be its false Lustre, which could dazzle my poor Daughter to her Undoing. Was it for this that the exalted Merits and godlike Virtues of your great Ancestor were honoured with a Coronet, that it might be a Pander to his Posterity, and confer a Privilege of dishonouring the Innocent and Defenceless? At this Rate the Laws of Rewards should be inverted, and he who is generous and good should be made a Beggar and a Slave; that Industry and honest Diligence may keep his Posterity unspotted, and preserve them from ruining Virgins, and making whole Families unhappy. Wretchedness is now become my Everlasting Portion! Your Crime, my Lord, will draw Perdition even upon my Head. I may not sue for Forgiveness of my own Failings and Misdeeds, for I never can forgive yours; but shall curse you with my dying Breath, and at the last tremendous day shall hold forth in my Arms my much-wronged Child, and call aloud for Vengeance on her Defiler. Under these present Horrors of Mind I could be content to be your chief Tormentor, ever paying you Mock-reverence, and sounding in your Ears, to your unutterable Loathing, the empty Title which inspir'd you with Presumption to tempt, and over-awed my Daughter to comply.

Thus have I given some Vent to my Sorrow, nor fear I to awaken you to Repentance, so that your Sin may be forgiven: The Divine Laws have been broken, but much Injury, irreparable Injury, has been also
done

' done to me, and the just Judge will not pardon the
' till I do.

My Lord,

Your Conscience will help you to my Name.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 133

To the GUARDIAN.

Old NESTOR,

' **I** Believe you distance me not so much in Years as in
' Wisdom, and therefore since you have gained so
' deserved a Reputation, I beg your Assistance in cor-
' recting the Manners of an untoward Lad, who perhaps
' may listen to your Admonitions, sooner than to all
' the severe Checks, and grave Reproofs of a Father.
' Without any longer Preamble, you must know, Sir
' that about two Years ago, *Jack*, my eldest Son and
' Heir was sent up to *London*, to be admitted of the
' *Temple*, not so much with a View of his studying the
' Law, as a Desire to improve his Breeding. This was
' done out of a Complaisance to a Cousin of his, an Airy
' Lady, who was continually teizing me, that the Boy
' would shoot up into a mere Country Booby, if he did
' not see a little of the World. She herself was bred
' chiefly in Town, and since she was married into the
' Country, neither looks, nor talks, nor dresses like any
' of her Neighbours, and is grown the Admiration of
' every one but her Husband. The latter End of last
' Month some important Business called me up to Town,
' and the first Thing I did, the next Morning about ten,
' was to pay a Visit to my Son at his Chambers; but as I
' began to knock at the Door, I was interrupted by the
' Bed-maker in the Stair-case, who told me her Master
' seldom rose till about Twelve, and about One I might
' be sure to find him drinking Tea. I bid her some-
' what hastily hold her Prating, and open the Door,
' which accordingly she did. The first Thing I observed
' upon the Table was the secret Amours of — and
' by it stood a box of Pills; on a Chair lay a Snuff-
' Box with a Fan half broke, and on the Floor a Pair
' of Foils. Having seen this Furniture I enter'd his
' Bed-chamber, not without some Noise, whereupon he
' began

began to swear at his Bed maker (as he thought) for disturbing him so soon, and was turning about for the other Nap, when I discovered such a thin, pale, sickly Visage, that had I not heard his Voice, I should never have guessed him to have been my Son. How different was his Countenance from that ruddy, hale Complexion which he had at parting with me from home! After I had wak'd him, he gave me to understand, that he was but lately recover'd out of a violent Fever, and the Reason why he did not acquaint me with it, was, lest the melancholy News might occasion too many Tears among his Relations, and be an unsupportable Grief to his Mother. To be short with you, old NESTOR, I hurried my young Spark down into the Country along with me, and there am endeavouring to plump him up, so as to be no Disgrace to his Pedigree; for I assure you it was never known in the Memory of Man, that any one of the Family of the Ringwoods ever fell into a Consumption, except Mrs. Dorothy Ringwood, who died a Maid at 45. In order to bring him to himself, and to be one of us again, I make him go to bed at Ten, and rise half an Hour past Five; and when he is puling for Bohea Tea and Cream, I place upon a Table a jolly Piece of cold roast Beef, or well powder'd Ham, and bid him eat and live; then take him into the Fields to observe the Reapers, how the Harvest goes forward. There is no Body pleased with his present Constitution but his gay Cousin, who spirits him up, and tells him, he looks fair, and is grown well shaped; but the honest Tenants shake their Heads and cry, Lack-a-day, how thin is poor young Master fallen! The other Day, when I told him of it, he had the Impudence to reply, I hope, Sir, you would not have me as fat as Mr.—Alas! what would then become of me? How would the Ladies pish at such a monstrous Thing?—If you are truly, what your Title imports, a *Guardian*, pray Sir be pleased to consider what a noble Generation must in all probability ensue from the Lives which the Town-bred Gentlemen too often lead. A Friend of mine not long ago, as we were complaining of the Times, repeated two

‘ Stanzas’

‘ Stanzas out of my Lord Roscommon, which I think
‘ may here be applicable.

‘Twas not the Spawn of such as these,
That dy’d with Punic Blood the conquer’d Seas,
And quass’d the Stern Æacides:
Made the proud Asian Monarch feel,
How weak his Gold was against Europe’s Steel,
Forc’d e’en dire Hannibal to yield,
And won the long disputed World at Zama’s fatal Field.
But Soldiers of a rustic Mould,
Rough, hardy, season’d, manly, bold;
Either, they dug the stubborn Ground,
Or thro’ hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did sound.
And after the declining Sun
Had chang’d the Shadows, and their Task was done,
Home with their weary Team, they took their Way,
And drown’d in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day.

I am, S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

Jonathan Ringwood.

P. S. ‘ I forgot to tell you, that while I waited in
‘ my Son’s Anti-chamber, I found upon the Table the
‘ following Bill.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
‘ Sold to Mr. Jonathan Ringwood, a	1	18	6
‘ plain Muslin Head and Ruffles, with			
‘ Colbertine Lace,			
‘ Six Pair of white Kid Gloves for	0	14	0
‘ Madam Sally.			
‘ Three Handkerchiefs for Madam Sally.	0	15	0
‘ In his Chamber-Window I saw his			
‘ Shoe-Maker’s Bill, with this remarkable			
‘ Article.			
‘ For Mr. Ringwood three Pair of La- }	3	3	0
‘ ced Shoes.			
‘ And in the Drawer of the Table was the following			
‘ Billet.			

Mr.

Mr. Ringwood,

I desire, that because you are such a Country Booby, that you forget the Use and Care of your Snuff-Box, you would not call me a Thief. Pray see my Face no more.

Your abused Friend,

Sarah Gallop.

Under these Words my hopeful Heir had writ,
Memorandum, to send her Word I found my Box,
tho' I know she has it.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 151.

LABOUR.

BODILY Labour is of two Kinds, either that which a Man submits to for his Livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his Pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the Name of Labour for that of Exercise, but differs only from ordinary Labour as it rises from another Motive.

A Country Life abounds in both these Kinds of Labour, and for that Reason gives a Man a greater Stock of Health, and consequently a more perfect Enjoyment of himself, than any other Way of Life. I consider the Body as a System of Tubes and Glands, or to use a more Rustic Phrase, a Bundle of Pipes and Strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a Manner as to make a proper Engine for the Soul to work with. This Description does not only comprehend the Bowels, Bones, Tendons, Veins, Nerves and Arteries, but every Muscle, and every Ligature, which is a Composition of Fibres, that are so many imperceptible Tubes or Pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible Glands or Strainers.

This general Idea of a human Body, without considering it in its Niceties of Anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary Labour is for the right Preservation of it. There must be frequent Motions and Agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the Juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that Infinitude of Pipes
Vol. II. N and

and Strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid Parts a more firm and lasting Tone. Labour or Exercise ferments the Humours, casts them into their proper Channels, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in those secret Distributions, without which the Body cannot subsist in its Vigour, nor the Soul act with Chearfulness.

I might here mention the Effects which this has upon all the Faculties of the Mind, by keeping the Understanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining those Spirits that are necessary for the proper Exertion of our intellectual Faculties, during the present Laws of Union between Soul and Body. It is to a Neglect in this Particular that we must ascribe the Spleen, which is so frequent in Men of studious and sedentary Tempers, as well as the Vapours to which those of the other Sex are so often subject.

Had not Exercise been absolutely necessary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body so proper for it, by giving such an Activity to the Limbs and such a Pliancy to every Part as necessarily produces those Compressions, Extensions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other Kinds of Motions that are necessary for the Preservation of such a System of Tubes and Glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an Exercise of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Raiment are not to be come at, without the Toil of the Hands, and Sweat of the Brows. Providence furnishes Materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The Earth must be laboured before it gives its Increase, and when it is forced into its several Products, how many Hands must they pass through before they are fit for Use? Manufactures, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of Mankind, unless they indulge themselves in the voluntary Labour which goes by the Name of Exercise.

My Friend, Sir ROGER, has been an indefatigable Man in Business of this Kind, and has hung several Parts of his House with the Trophies of his former Labours. The Walls of his great Hall are covered with the Horns of several Kinds of Deer that he has killed in the Chace, which he thinks the most valuable Furniture of his House, as they afford him frequent Topicks of Discourse, and shew that he has not been idle. At the lower End of the Hall, is a large Otter's Skin stuffed with Hay, which his Mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great Satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine Years old when his Dog killed him. A little Room adjoining to the Hall is a Kind of Arsenal filled with Guns of several Sizes and Inventions, with which the Knight has made great Havock in the Woods, and destroyed many Thousands of Pheasants, Partridges and Woodcocks. His Stable-doors are patched with Noses that belonged to Foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER shewed me one of them which for Distinction sake has a Brass Nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen Hours riding, carried him through half a Dozen Counties, killed him a Brace of Geldings, and lost above half his Dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest Exploits of his Life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some Account of, was the Death of several Foxes; for Sir ROGER has often told me that in the Course of his Amours he patched the Western Door of his Stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the Foxes were sure to pay for it. In Proportion as his Passion for the Widow abated, and old Age came on, he left off Fox-hunting; but a Hare is not yet safe that sits within ten Miles of his House.

There is no Kind of Exercise which I would so recommend to my Readers of both Sexes as this of Riding, as there is none which so much conduces to Health, and is every way accommodated to the Body, according to the *Idea* which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham is very lavish in its Praises; and if the *English* Reader will see the Mechanical Effects of it describ'd, at length, he may find them in a Book published not

many Years since, under the Title of *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own Part, when I am in Town, for want of these Opportunities, I exercise myself an Hour every Morning upon a dumb Bell that is placed in the Corner of my Room, and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound Silence. My Landlady and her Daughters are so well acquainted with my Hours of Exercise, that they never come into my Room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some Years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious Diversion, which I learned from a *Latin* Treatise of Exercises that is written with great Erudition: It is then called the *σκιόμαχος*, or the fighting with a Man's own Shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short Sticks grasped in each Hand, and loaden with Plugs of Lead at either End. This opens the Chest, exercises the Limbs, and gives a Man all the Pleasure of Boxing without the Blows. I could wish the several learned Men would lay out that Time which they employ in Controversies and Disputes about nothing, in this Method of fighting with their own Shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the Spleen, which makes them uneasy to the Public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a Compound of Soul and Body, I consider myself as obliged to a double Scheme of Duties; and think I have not fulfilled the Business of the Day when I do not thus employ the one in Labour and Exercise, as well as the other in Study and Contemplation.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 11

LIBERALITY.

AS no one can be said to enjoy Health, who is not sick, without he feel within himself a vigorous and invigorating Principle, which will not suffer him to remain idle, but still spurs him on to Action; in the Practice of every Virtue, there is some additional Grace required, to give a Claim of excelling in this

that particular Action. A Diamond may want polishing, though the Value be still intrinsically the same; and the same good may be done with different Degrees of Lustre. No Man should be contented with himself that he barely does well, but he should perform every Thing in the best and most becoming manner that he is able.

Tully tells us he wrote his Book of *Offices*, because there was no Time of Life in which some correspondent Duty might not be practised; nor is there a Duty without a certain Decency accompanying it, by which every Virtue 'tis joined to will seem to be doubled. Another may do the same Thing, and yet the Action want that Air and Beauty which distinguishes it from others; like that inimitable *Sunshine Titian* is said to have diffused over his Landscips; which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other Person.

There is no one Action in which this Quality I am speaking of will be more sensibly perceived, than in granting a Request or doing an Office of Kindness. *Mummius*, by his Way of consenting to a Benefaction, shall make it lose its Name; while *Carus* doubles the Kindness and the Obligation: From the first the desired Request drops indeed at last, but from so doubtful a Brow, that the Obliged has almost as much Reason to resent the Manner of bestowing it, as to be thankful for the Favour itself. *Carus* invites with a pleasing Air, to give him an Opportunity of doing an Act of Humanity, meets the Petition half Way, and consents to a Request with a Countenance which proclaims the Satisfaction of his Mind in assisting the Distressed.

The Decency then that is to be observed in Liberality seems to consist in its being performed with such Cheerfulness, as may express the Godlike Pleasure which is to be met with in obliging one's Fellow-Creatures; that may shew Good-nature and Benevolence over-flowed, and do not, as in some Men run upon the Tilt, and taste of the Sediments of a grudging uncommunicative Disposition.

Since I have intimated that the greatest Decorum is to be preserved in the bestowing our good Offices, I will illustrate it a little by an Example drawn from private Life, which carries with it such a Profusion of Liberality,

that it can be exceeded by nothing but the Humanity and Good-nature which accompanies it. It is a Letter of *Pliny's*, which I shall here translate, because the Action will best appear in its first Dress of Thought, without any foreign or ambitious Ornaments.

PLINY to *QUINTILIAN*.

‘**T**HO’ I am fully acquainted with the Contentment and just Moderation of your Mind, and the Conformity the Education you have given your Daughter bears to your own Character; yet since, she is suddenly to be married to a Person of Distinction, whose Figure in the World makes it necessary for her to be at a more than ordinary Expence in Clothes and Equipage suitable to her Husband’s Quality; by which, tho’ her intrinsic Worth be not augmented, yet will it receive both Ornament and Lustre: And knowing your Estate to be as moderate as the Riches of your Mind are abundant, I must challenge to myself some part of the Burden; and as a Parent of your Child, I present her with Twelve hundred and fifty Crowns towards these Expences; which Sum had been much larger, had I not feared the Smallness of it would be the greatest Inducement with you to accept of it. Farewel.’

Thus should a Benefaction be done with a good Grace, and shine in the strongest Point of Light; it should not only answer all the Hopes and Exigences of the Receiver, but even out-run his Wishes: ’Tis this happy manner of Behaviour which adds new Charms to it, and softens those Gifts of Art and Nature, which otherwise would be rather distasteful than agreeable. Without it, Valour would degenerate into Brutality, Learning into Pedantry, and the genteelest Demeanour into Affectation. Even Religion itself, unless Decency be the Handmaid that waits upon her, is apt to make People appear guilty of Sourness and ill Humour; but this shews Virtue in her first original Form, adds a Comeliness to Religion, and gives its Professors the justest Title to the Beauty of Holiness. A Man fully instructed in this Art, may assume a thousand Shapes, and please in all: He may do a thousand Actions that shall be-

come

come none other but himself; not that the Things themselves are different, but the Manner of doing them.

If you examine each Feature by itself, *Aglaure* and *Calliclea* are equally handsome; but take them in the Whole, and you cannot suffer the Comparison: The one is full of numberless nameless Graces, the other of as many nameless Faults.

The Comeliness of Person, and the Decency of Behaviour, add infinite Weight to what is pronounced by any one. 'Tis the want of this that often makes the Rebukes and Advice of old rigid Persons of no Effect, and leave a Displeasure in the Minds of those they are directed to: But Youth and Beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming Severity, is of mighty Force to raise, even in the most Profligate a Sense of Shame. In *Milton*, the Devil is never described ashamed but once, and that at the Rebuke of a beauteous Angel.

*So spake the Cherub and his grave Rebuke,
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace.
Invincible: Abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful Goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her own Shape how lovely! saw and pin'd
His Loss.*

The Care of doing nothing unbecoming, has accompanied the greatest Minds to their last Moments. They avoided even an indecent Posture in the very Article of Death. Thus *Cæsar* gathered his Robe about him, that he might not fall into a manner unbecoming of himself; and the greatest Concern that appeared in the Behaviour of *Lucretia*, when she stabbed herself, was, that her Body should lie in an Attitude worthy the Mind which had inhabited it.

— *Ne non procumbat honestè,
Extrema hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.*

Ovid. Fast. l. 3. v. 833.

'Twas her last Thought, How decently to fall.
SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 292.

L I F E.

AUGUSTUS, a few Moments before his Death, asked his Friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his Part well; and upon receiving such an Answer as was due to his extraordinary Merit, *Let me then, says he, go off the Stage with your Applause;* using the Expression with which the Roman Actors made their *Exit* at the Conclusion of a dramatic Piece. I could wish that Men, while they are in Health would consider well the Nature of the Part they are engaged in, and what Figure it will make in the Minds of those they leave behind them: Whether it was worth coming into the World for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable Being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this Life, or will turn to an Advantage in the next. Let the Sycophant, or Buffoon, the Satirist, or the Good Companion, consider with himself, when his Body shall be laid in the Grave, and his Soul pass into another State of Existence, how much it would redound to his Praise to have it said of him, that no Man in England eat better, that he had an admirable Talent at turning his Friends into Ridicule, that no Body out-did him at an Ill-natured Jest, or that he never went to Bed before he had dispatched his third Bottle. These are, however, very common Funeral Orations, and Elogiums on deceased Persons who have acted among Mankind with some Figure and Reputation.

But if we look into the Bulk of our Species, they are such as are not likely to be remembred a Moment after their Disappearance. They leave behind them no Traces of their Existence, but are forgotten as tho' they had never been. They are neither wanted by the Poor, regretted by the Rich, nor celebrated by the Learned. They are neither missed in the Common wealth, nor lamented by private Persons. Their Actions are of no Significancy to Mankind, and might have been performed by Creatures of much less Dignity than those who are distinguished by the Faculty of Reason. An eminent *French* Author speaks somewhere to the following Purpose; I have often seen from my Chamber-window

window two noble Creatures, both of them of an erect Countenance and endowed with Reason. These two intellectual Beings are employed from Morning to Night, in rubbing two smooth Stones one upon another; that is, as the Vulgar phrase it, in polishing Marble.

My Friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were sitting in the Club last Night, gave us an Account of a sober Citizen, who died a few Days since. This honest Man being of greater Consequence in his own Thoughts, than in the Eye of the World, had for some Years past kept a journal of his Life. Sir ANDREW shewed us one Week of it. Since the Occurrences set down in it mark out such a Road of Action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my Reader with a faithful Copy of it; after having first inform'd him, that the Deceased Person had in his Youth been bred to Trade, but finding himself not so well turned for Business, he had for several Years last past lived altogether upon a moderate Annuity.

MONDAY, *Eight o'clock.* I put on my Clothes, and walked into the Parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my Knee strings, and washed my Hands.

Hours Ten, Eleven, and Twelve. Smoked three Pipes of Virginia. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the North. Mr. Nisby's Opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the Afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my Tobacco-Box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. *Mem.* Too many Plumbs, and no Sewet.

From three to Four. Took my Afternoon's Nap.

From Four to Six. Walked into the Fields. Wind, S. S. E.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. Nisby's Opinion about the Peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to Bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *Eight o'clock.* Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed Hands and Face, shaved, put on my double soled Shoes.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve. Took a Walk to Islington.

One. Took a Pot of Mother Cob's Mild.

Between Two and Three. Return'd, dined on a Knuckle of Veal and Bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From Four to Six. Coffee-house. Read the News, A Dish of Twist. Grand Visier strangled.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby's* Account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Visier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight o'clock.* Tongue of my Shoe-Buckle broke. Hands but not Face.

Nine. Paid off the Butcher's Bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last Leg of Mutton.

Ten, Eleven. At the Coffee-house. More Work in the North. Stranger in a Black Wig asked me how Stocks went.

From Eleven to One. Walked in the Fields. Wind to the South.

From One to Two. Smoaked a Pipe and an half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a Pewter Dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in Love, and grown careless.

From Four to Six. At the Coffee-house. Advice from *Smyrna*, that the Grand Visier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the Evening. Was half an Hour in the Club before any body else came. Mr. *Nisby* of Opinion that the Grand Visier was not strangled the Sixth Inst.

Ten at Night. Went to Bed. Slept without waking 'till Nine next Morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine o'clock.* Staid within, 'till Two o'clock for Sir *Timothy*; who did not bring me my Annuity according to his Promise.

Two in the Afternoon. Sat down to Dinner. Loss of Appetite. Small Beer four. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my Nap.

Four and Five. Gave *Ralph* a Box on the Ear. Turned off my Cook-maid. Sent a Messenger to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the Club to Night. Went to Bed at Nine o'clock.

FRIDAY.

FRIDAY. Passed the Morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a Quarter before Twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new Head to my Cane, and a Tongue to my Buckle. Drank a Glass of Purl to recover Appetite.

Two and Three. Dined and Slept well.

From Four to Six. Went to the Coffee-house. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoked several Pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of Opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the Head.

Six o'clock. At the Club as Steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to Bed, dreamt that I drank Small Beer with the Grand Visier.

SATURDAY. Waked at a Eleven, walked in the Fields. Wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a Shower.

One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dried myself.

Two. Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. First Course, Marrow-bones; Second, Ox-cheek, with a Bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*.

Three o'clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have fall'n into a Gutter. Grand Visier certainly Dead. &c.

I question not but the Reader will be surpris'd to find the above-mentioned Journalist taking so much care of a Life that was filled with such inconsiderable Actions, and received so very small Improvements; and yet, if we look into the Behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of our Hours are taken up in those three important Articles of Eating, Drinking, and Sleeping. I do not suppose that a Man loses his Time, who is not engaged in public Affairs, or in an illustrious Course of Action. On the contrary, I believe our Hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such Transactions as make no Figure in the World, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the Attention of Mankind. One may become wiser and better by several Methods of employing one's Self in Secresy and Silence, and do what is laudable without Noise or Ostentation. I would, however, recommend
to

to every one of my Readers, the keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week, and setting down punctually their whole Series of Employments during that space of Time. This Kind of Self-Examination would give them a true State of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One Day would rectify the Omissions of another, and make a Man weigh all those indifferent Actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 317.

M A N.

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched Being. He is subject every Moment to the greatest Calamities and Misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all Sides, and may become unhappy by numberless Casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our Comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many Accidents, that we are under the Care of one who directs Contingencies, and has in his Hands the Management of every Thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the Assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural Homage, which such a Creature bears to so infinitely Wise and Good a Being, is a firm Reliance on him, for the Blessings and Conveniencies of Life, and an habitual Trust in him for Deliverance out of all such Dangers and Difficulties as may befall us.

The Man who always lives in this Disposition of Mind, has not the same dark and melancholy Views of human Nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this Relation to the Supreme Being. At the same Time that he reflects upon his own Weakness and Imperfection, he comforts himself with the Contemplation of those Divine Attributes, which are employed for his safety and his Welfare. He finds his Want of Foresight made up by the Omniscience of him who is his Support. He is not sensible of his own Want

of Strength, when he knows that his Helper is Almighty. In short, the Person who has a firm Trust on the supreme Being is Powerful in *his* Power, Wise by *his* Wisdom, Happy by *his* Happiness. He reaps the Benefit of every divine Attribute, and loses his own Insufficiency in the Fulness of infinite Perfection.

To make our Lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our Trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and succour us; the divine Goodness having made such a Reliance a Duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

Among several Motives, which might be made use of to recommend this Duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow.

The first and strongest is, that we are promised, He will not fail those who put their Trust in him.

But without considering the supernatural Blessing which accompanies this Duty, we may observe that it has a natural Tendency to its own Reward, or, in other Words, that this firm Trust and Confidence in the great Disposer of all Things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any Affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A Person who believes he has his Succour at hand, and that he acts in the Sight of his Friend, often exerts himself beyond his Abilities, and does Wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a Confidence of Success. I could produce Instances, from History, of Generals, who, out of a Belief that they were under the Protection of some invisible Assistant, did not only encourage their Soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inspired by such a Belief. I might in the same manner shew how such a Trust in the Assistance of an Almighty Being naturally produces Patience, Hope, Cheerfulness, and all other Dispositions of Mind that alleviate those Calamities which we are not able to remove.

The Practice of this Virtue administers great Comfort to the Mind of Man in Times of Poverty and Affliction, but most of all in the Hour of Death. When the Soul is hovering in the last Moments of its Separation, when it is just entering on another State of
Existence,

Existence, to converse with Scenes, and Objects, and Companions that are altogether new, what can support her under such Tremblings of Thought, such Fear, such Anxiety, such Apprehensions, but the casting of all her Cares upon him who first gave her Being, who has conducted her through one Stage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her Progress through Eternity?

David has very beautifully represented this steady Reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third Psalm, which is a kind of *Pastoral Hymn*, and filled with those Allusions which are usual in that kind of Writing. As the Poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my Reader with the following Translation of it.

I.

*The Lord my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care :
His Presence shall my Wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye ;
My Noon-day Walks he shall attend,
And all my Midnight Hours defend.*

II.

*When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty Mountain punt ;
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads,
My weary wandering Step, he leads ;
Where peaceful Rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant Landskip flow.*

III.

*Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overspread,
My steadfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.*

IV.

*Tho' in the bare and rugged Way,
Through devious, lonely Wilds I stray,*

Thy

*Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile :
The barren Wilderness shall smile,
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams shall murmur all around.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 441.

MARRIAGE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM the young Widow of a Country Gentleman who has left me entire Mistress of a large Fortune, which he agreed to, as an Equivalent for the Difference of our Years. In these Circumstances it is not extraordinary to have a Croud of Admirers ; which I have abridged in my own Thoughts, and reduced to a Couple of Candidates only, both young, and neither of them disagreeable in their Persons ; according to the common way of computing, in one the Estate more than deserves my Fortune, in the other my Fortune more than deserves the Estate. When I consider the first, I own I am so far a Woman I cannot avoid being delighted with the Thoughts of living great ; but then he seems to receive such a Degree of Courage from the Knowledge of what he has, he looks as if he was going to confer an Obligation on me ; and the Readiness he accosts me with, makes me jealous I am only hearing a Repetition of the same Things he has said to a hundred Women before. When I consider the other, I see myself approached with so much Modesty and Respect, and such a Doubt of him, as betrays methinks an Affection within, and a Belief at the same time that he himself would be the only Gainer by my Consent. What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of them both ! but since that's impossible, I beg to be concluded by your Opinion ; it is absolutely in your Power to dispose for

Your most obedient Servant,

SYLVIA.

Madam,

YOU do me great Honour in your Application to me on this important Occasion ; I shall therefore talk to you with the Tenderness of a Father, in Gratitude

tude for your giving me the Authority of one. You do not seem to make any great Distinction between these Gentlemen as to their Persons; the whole Question lies upon their Circumstances and Behaviour: If the one is less respectful because he is rich, and the other more obsequious because he is not so, they are in that Point moved by the same Principle, the Consideration of Fortune, and you must place them in each others Circumstances, before you can judge of their Inclination. To avoid Confusion in discussing this Point, I will call the richer Man *Strephon* and the other *Florio*. If you believe *Florio* with *Strephon*'s Estate would behave himself as he does now, *Florio* is certainly your Man; but if you think *Strephon*, were he in *Florio*'s Condition, would be as obsequious as *Florio* is now, you ought for your own sake to choose *Strephon*; for where the Men are equal, there is no doubt Riches ought to be a Reason for Preference. After this manner, my dear Child, I would have you abstract them from their Circumstances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only because he is poor, is the very same Man in Nature with him who is haughty because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to consider the Figure they make towards you; you will please, my Dear, next to consider the Appearance you make towards them. If they are Men of Discernment, they can observe the Motives of your Heart; and *Florio* can see when he is disregarded only upon Account of Fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary Creature; and you are still the same thing to *Strephon*, in taking him for his Wealth only: You are therefore to consider whether you had rather oblige, than receive an Obligation.

The Marriage Life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or an happy Condition. The first is, when two People of no Genius or Taste for themselves meet together, upon such a Settlement as has been thought reasonable by Parents and Conveyancers, from an exact Valuation of the Land and Cash of both Parties: In this Case the young Lady's Person is no more regarded, than the House and Improvements in Purchase of an Estate; but she goes with her Fortune, rather than her Fortune with her. These make up the Croud or Vulgar of the rich,
and

and fill up the Lumber of human Race, without Beneficence towards those below them, or Respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent and useless Life, without Sense of the Laws of Kindness, Good-nature, mutual Offices, and the elegant Satisfaction which flow from Reason and Virtue.

The vexatious Life arises from a Conjunction of two People of quick Taste and Resentment, put together for Reasons well known to their Friends, in which especial Care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of Evils) Poverty, and insure to them Riches, with every Evil besides. These good People live in a constant Constraint before Company, and too great Familiarity alone; when they are within Observation they fret at each other's Carriage and Behaviour; when alone, they revile each other's Person and Conduct: In Company they are in Purgatory, when only together in an Hell.

The happy Marriage is, when two Persons meet and voluntarily make Choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the Circumstances of Fortune or Beauty. These may still love in spite of Adversity or Sickness: The former we may in some measure defend ourselves from, the other is the Portion of our very Make. When you have a true Notion of this sort of Passion, your Humour of living great will vanish out of your Imagination, and you will find Love has nothing to do with State. Solitude, with the Person beloved, has a Pleasure, even in a Woman's Mind, beyond Show or Pomp. You are therefore to consider which of your Lovers will like you best undress'd, which will bear with you most when out of Humour; and your Way to this is to ask of yourself, which of them you value most for his own sake? and by that judge which gives the greater Instances of his valuing you for yourself only.

After you have expressed some Sense of the humble Approach of *Florio*, and a little Disdain at *Strephon's* Assurance in his Address, you cry out, *What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both!* It would therefore methinks be a good Way to determine yourself: Take him, in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you choose otherwise, there is

no Hopes your Husband will ever have what you liked in his Rival ; but intrinsic Qualities in one Man may very probably purchase every Thing that is adventurous in another. In plainer Terms ; he whom you take for his Personal Perfections will sooner arrive at the Gifts of Fortune, than he whom you take for the Sake of his Fortune attain to personal Perfections. If *Strephon* is not as accomplished and agreeable as *Florio*, Marriage to you will never make him so ; but Marriage to you may make *Florio* as rich as *Strephon* : Therefore to make sure Purchase, employ Fortune upon Certainities, but do not sacrifice Certainities to Fortune.

I am,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

SPECTATOR, Vol. No. II. 149.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your Discourse on Love and Marriage is of so useful a Kind, that I cannot forbear adding my Thoughts to yours on that Subject. Methinks it is a Misfortune, that the Marriage State, which in its own Nature is adapted to give us the completest Happiness this Life is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many as it daily proves. But the Mischief generally proceeds from the unwise Choice People make for themselves, and an Expectation of Happiness from Things not capable of giving it. Nothing but the good Qualities of the Person beloved can be a Foundation for a Love of Judgment and Discretion ; and whoever expect Happiness from any Thing but Virtue, Wisdom, Good-Humour, and a Similitude of Manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few there are who seek after these Things, and do not rather make Riches their chief, if not their only Aim ? How rare is it for a Man, when he engages himself in the Thoughts of Marriage, to place his Hopes of having in such a Woman a constant, agreeable Companion ? One who will divide his Cares and double his Joys ? Who will manage that Share of his Estate he intrusts to her Conduct with Prudence and Frugality, govern his House with Oeconomy and Dis-

cretion,

cretion, and be an Ornament to himself and his Family? Where shall we find the Man who looks out for one who places her chief Happiness in the Practice of Virtue, and makes her Duty her continual Pleasure? No: Men rather seek for Money as the Complement of all their Desires; and regardless of what kind of Wives they take, they think Riches will be a Minister to all kind of Pleasures, and enable them to keep Mistresses, Horses, Hounds, to drink, feast, and game with their Companions, pay their Debts contracted by former Extravagancies, or some such vile and unworthy End; and indulge themselves in Pleasures which are a Shame and scandal to human Nature. Now as for the Women; how few of them are there who place the Happiness of their Marriage in the having a wife and virtuous Friend? One who will be faithful and just to all, and constant and loving to them? who with Care and Diligence will look after and improve the Estate, and without grudging, allow whatever is prudent and convenient? Rather, how few are there who do not place their Happiness in outshining others in Pomp and Show? and that do not think within themselves when they have married such a rich Person that none of their Acquaintance shall appear so fine in their Equipage, so adorned in their Persons, and so magnificent in their Furniture as themselves? Thus their Heads are filled with vain Ideas; and I heartily wish that I could say that Equipage and Show were not the Chief Good of so many Women as I fear it is.

After this manner do both Sexes deceive themselves, and bring Reflections and Disgrace upon the most happy and most honourable State of Life; whereas if they would but correct their depraved Taste, moderate their Ambition, and place their Happiness upon proper Objects, we should not find Felicity in the Marriage State such a Wonder in the World as it now is.

Sir, if you think these Thoughts worth inserting among your own, be pleased to give them a better Dress; and let them pass abroad; and you will oblige,

Your Admirer,

A. B.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 268.

Many

Many are the Epistles I every Day receive from Husbands, who complain of Vanity, Pride, but above all of Ill-nature in their Wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their Letters that the Cause of their Uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married Condition unhappy, but for want of Judgment or Temper in the Man. The Truth is, we generally make Love in a Stile, and with Sentiments very unfit for ordinary Life: They are half Theatrical, half Romantic. By this Means we raise our Imaginations to what is not to be expected in human Life; and because we did not beforehand think of the Creature we are enamoured of, as subject to Dishonour, Age, Sickness, Impatience or Sullenness, but altogether considered her as the Object of Joy, human Nature itself is often imputed to her as her particular Imperfection or Defect.

I take it to be a Rule proper to be observed in all Occurrences of Life, but more especially in the domestic or matrimonial Part of it, to preserve always a Disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering Things in their right Light, and as Nature has form'd them, and not as our own Fancies and Appetites would have them. He then who took a young Lady to his Bed, with no other Consideration than the Expectation of Scenes of Dalliance and thought of her (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the Gratification of Desire; as that Desire flags, will, without her Fault, think her Charms and her Merit abated: from hence must follow indifference, Dislike, Peevishness, and Rage. But the Man who brings his Reason to support his Passion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the Calamities of human Life both in Body and Mind, and even at the best what must bring upon him new Cares and new Relations; such a Lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his Mind to the Nature of his Circumstance. This latter Person will be prepared to be a Father, a Friend, an Advocate, a Steward for People yet unborn, and has proper Affections ready for every Incident in the Marriage State. Such a Man can hear the Cries of Children with Pity instead of Anger; and when they

run

run over his Head, he is not disturb'd at their Noise, but is glad of their Mirth and Health. *Tom Trusty* has told me, that he thinks it doubles his attention to the most intricate Affair he is about. to hear his Children, for whom all his Cares are applied, make a Noise in the next Room: On the other side *Will Sparkish* cannot put on his Perriwig, or adjust his Cravat at the Glass, for the Noise of those damned Nurses and squalling Brats; and then ends with a gallant Reflection upon the Comforts of Matrimony, runs out of the Hearing, and drives to the Chocolate-House.

According as the Husband is dispos'd in himself, every Circumstance of his Life is to give him Torment or Pleasure. When the Affliction is well placed, and supported by the Considerations of Duty, Honour, and Friendship, which are in the highest Degree engaged in this Alliance, there can nothing rise in the common Course of Life, or from the Blows or Favours of Fortune, in which a Man will not find Matters of some Delight unknown to a single Condition.

He who sincerely loves his Wife and Family, and studies to improve that Affection in himself, conceives Pleasures from the most indifferent Things; while the married-Man, who has not bid adieu to the Fashions and false Gallantries of the Town, is perplexed with every thing round him. In both these Cases Men cannot, indeed, make a sillier Figure, than in repeating such Pleasures and Pains to the rest of the World; but I speak of them only, as they sit upon those who are involved in them. As I visit all sorts of People, I cannot indeed but smile, when the good Lady tells her Husband, what extraordinary Things the Child spoke since he went out. No longer ago than Yesterday I was prevail'd with to go home with a fond Husband; and his Wife told him, that his Son, of his own Head, when the Clock in the Parlour struck two, said, Papa would come home to dinner presently. While the Father has him in a Rapture in his Arms and is drowning him with Kisses, the Wife tells me he was but just four Years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat this Observation of two o'Clock. I was called upon, by Looks upon
the

the Child, and then at me, to say something; and I told the Father that this Remark of the Infant of his coming home, and joining the Time with it, was a certain Indication that he would be a great Historian and Chronologer. They are neither of them Fools, yet received my Compliment with great Acknowledgment of my prescience. I fared very well at Dinner, and heard many other notable Sayings of their Heir, which would have given very little Entertainment to one less turned to Reflection than I was; but it was a pleasing Speculation to remark on the Happiness of a Life, in which Things of no Moment give Occasion of Hope, Self-Satisfaction and Triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natur'd Coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but Bulk, for want of this Disposition, silence the whole Family, as a Set of silly Women and Children, for recounting Things which were really above his own Capacity.

When I say all this, I cannot deny but there are preverse Jades that fall to Mens Lots, with whom it requires more than common Proficiency in Philosophy to be able to live. When these are joined to Men of warm Spirits without Temper or Learning, they are frequently corrected with Stripes; but one of our famous Lawyers is of Opinion, that this ought to be used sparingly; as I remember, those are his very Words: But as it is proper to draw some spiritual Use out of all Afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with Women of Spirit, to form themselves for the World by Patience at home. *Socrates*, who is by all Accounts the undoubted Head of the Sect of the Hen-peck'd, ow'd and acknowledged that he own'd great part of his Virtue to the Exercise which his useful Wife constantly gave it. There are several good Instructions may be drawn from his wife Answers to People of less Fortitude than himself on her Subject. A Friend with Indignation, asked how so good a Man could live with so violent a Creature? He observ'd to him, *That they who learn to keep a good Seat on Horseback, mount the least manageable they can get, and when they have master'd them, they are sure never to be discompos'd on the Backs of Steeds less restive.* At several times, to different

ent Persons, on the same Subject, he has said, *My dear Friend, you are beholden to Xantippe, that I bear so well your flying out in a Dispute. To another, My Hen clacks very much, but she brings me Chickens. They that live in a trading Street, are not disturbed at the Passage of Carts.* I would have, if possible, a wise Man be contented with his Lot even with a Shrew; for tho' he cannot make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her Means.

But instead of pursuing my Design of displaying Conjugal Love in its natural Beauties and Attractions I am got into Tales to the Disadvantage of that State of Life. I must say therefore, that I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful in human Life, is to be enjoy'd in greater Perfection in the marry'd, than in the single Condition. He that has this Passion in Perfection in Occasions of Joy can say to himself, besides his own Satisfaction, *How happy will this make my Wife and Children?* Upon Occurrences of Distress or Danger can comfort himself, *But all this while my Wife and Children are safe.* There is something in it that doubles Satisfaction, because others participate them; and dispels Afflictions, because others are exempt from them.

All who are marry'd, without this Relish of their Circumstance, are in either a tasteless Indolence and Negligence, which is hardly to be attain'd, or else live in the hourly Repetition of sharp Answers, eager Upbraidings, and distracting Reproaches. In a word, the married State with and without the Affection suitable to it, is the Completest Image of Heaven and Hell we are capable of receiving in this Life.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 479.

M O D E S T Y.

MR. Locke, in his Treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two Chapters upon the Abuse of Words. The first and most palpable Abuse of Words he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct Ideas: The second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady

steady in the Application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one Idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the Result of our contemplations and Reasonings, while we have no precise Ideas fixed to our Words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this Inconvenience, more especially in moral Discourses, where the same Word should constantly be used in the same Sense, he earnestly recommends the Use of Definitions. *A Definition*, says he, *is the only Way whereby the precise Meaning of moral Words can be known*. He therefore accuses those of great Negligence, who discourse of moral Things with the least Obscurity in the Terms they make use of, since upon the forementioned Ground he does not scruple to say, that he thinks *Morality is capable of Demonstration as well as the Mathematics*.

I know no two Words that have been more abused by the different and wrong Interpretations which are put upon them, than those two, *Modesty* and *Assurance*. To say, such a one is a *modest Man*, sometimes indeed passes for a good Character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward Fellow, who has neither Good-breeding, Politeness, nor any Knowledge of the World.

Again, *A Man of Assurance*, tho' at first it only denoted a Person of a free and open Carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate Wretch, who can break through all the Rules of Decency and Morality without a Blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this Essay to restore these Words to their true Meaning, to prevent the Idea of *Modesty* from being confounded with that of *Sheepishness*, and to hinder *Impudence* from passing for *Assurance*.

If I was put to define *Modesty*, I would call it, *The Reflection of an ingenuous Mind, either when a Man has committed an Action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the Censure of others*.

For this Reason a Man truly modest is as much so when he is alone, as in Company, and as subject to a Blush in his Closet, as when the Eyes of Multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any Instance of Modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated

beated one of the young Prince, whose Father, being a tributary King to the Romans, had several Complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a Tyrant and Oppressor of his Subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his Father, but coming into the Senate, and hearing a Multitude of Crimes prov'd upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his Turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a Word. The Story tells us, that the Fathers were more moved at this Instance of Modesty and Ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic Oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty Father for this early Promise of Virtue in the Son.

I take Assurance to be the Faculty of Possessing a Man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent Things without any Uneasiness or Emotion in the Mind. That which generally gives a Man Assurance, is a moderate Knowledge of the World, but above all a Mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the Rules of Honour and Decency. An open and assured Behaviour is the natural Consequence of such a Resolution. A Man thus armed, if his Words or Actions are at any Time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a Consciousness of his own Integrity, assumes Force enough to despise the little Censures of Ignorance or Malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the Modesty and Assurance I have here mentioned.

A Man without Assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the Folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A Man without Modesty is lost to all Sense of Honour and Virtue,

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both these Qualifications in a very eminent Degree. Without Assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august Assembly in the World; without Modesty he would have pleaded the Cause he had taken upon him, tho' it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain, that Modesty and Assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same Person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say a *modest Assurance*; by which

we understand the just Mean between Bashfulness and Impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same Man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same Person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent Instances of this odd kind of Mixture in People of depraved Minds and mean Education: who tho' they are not able to meet a Man's Eyes, or pronounce a Sentence without Confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest Villanies, or most indecent Actions.

Such a Person seems to have made a Resolution to do Ill even in spite of himself, and in Defiance of all those Checks and Restraints his Temper and Complexion seem to have laid in his Way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this Maxim, That the Practice of *Virtue* is the most proper Method to give a Man a becoming Assurance in his Words and Actions. *Guilt* always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

SPECTATOR, VOL. V. No. 373.

I had the Honour this Evening to visit some Ladies, where the Subject of the Conversation was *Modesty*, which they commended as a Quality quite as becoming in Men as in Women. I took the Liberty to say, It might be as beautiful in our Behaviour as in theirs, yet it could not be said, it was as successful in Life; for as it was the only Recommendation in them, so it was the greatest Obstacle to us both in Love and Business. A Gentleman present was of my Mind, and said, That we must describe the Difference between the Modesty of Women and that of Men, or we should be confounded in our Reasonings upon it; for this Virtue is to be regarded with Respect to our different Ways of Life. The Woman's Province is to be careful in her Oeconomy and chaste in her Affection: The Man's to be active in the Improvement of his Fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is consistent with his Reputation for that End. Modesty therefore in a Woman has a certain agreeable Fear in all she enters upon; and in Men it is composed of a right Judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a discreet Man is always

ways a modest one. It is to be noted, That Modesty in a Man is never to be allowed as a good Quality, but a Weakness, if it suppresses his Virtue, and hides it from the World, when he has at the same Time a Mind to exert himself. A *French* Author says very justly, That Modesty is to the other Virtues in a Man what Shade in a Picture is to the Parts of the Thing represented. It makes all the other Beauties conspicuous, which would otherwise be but a wild Heap of Colours. This Shade in our Actions must therefore be very justly applied; for if there be too much, it hides our good Qualities, instead of shewing them to Advantage. *Nestor* in *Athens* was an unhappy Instance of this Truth; for he was not only in his Profession the greatest Man of that Age, but had given more Proofs of it than any other Man ever did; yet for Want of that natural Freedom and Audacity which is necessary in Commerce with Men, his personal Modesty overthrew all his public Actions. *Nestor* was in those Days a skilful Architect, and in a Manner the Inventor of the Use of mechanic Powers, which he brought to so great Perfections, that he knew to an Atom what Foundation would bear such a Superstructure: And they record of him, that he was so prodigiously exact, that for the Experiment-sake, he built an Edifice of great Beauty, and seeming Strength; but contrived so as to bear only its own Weight, and not to admit the Addition of the least Particle. This Building was beheld with much Admiration by all the Virtuosi of that Time; but fell down with no other Pressure, but the settling of a *Wren* upon the Top of it. Yet *Nestor's* Modesty was such, that his Art and Skill were soon disregarded, for Want of that Manner with which Men of the World support and assert the Merit of their own Performances. Soon after this Instance of his Art, *Athens* was, by the Treachery of its Enemies, burnt to the Ground. This gave *Nestor* the greatest Occasion that ever Builder had to render his Name immortal, and his Person venerable: For all the new City rose according to his Disposition, and all the Monuments of the Glories and Distresses of that People were erected by that sole Artist: Nay, all their Temples, as well as Houses, were the Effects of

his Study and Labour ; infomuch that it was said by an old Sage, Sure, *Nestor* will now be famous , for the Habitations of Gods as well as Men, are built by his Contrivance. But this bashful Quality still put a Damp upon his great Knowledge, which has as fatal an Effect upon Men's Reputations as Poverty ; for as it was said, The poor Man saved the City, and the poor Man's Labour was forgot ; so here we find, The modest Man built the City, and the modest Man's Skill was unknown.

Thus we see every Man is the Maker of his own Fortune ; and what is very odd to consider, he must in some Measure be the Trumpet of his Fame ; Not that Men are to be tolerated who directly praise themselves, but they are to be endued with a Sort of defensive Eloquence, by which they shall be always capable of expressing the Rules and Arts by which they govern themselves.

Varillus was the Man of all I have read of, the happiest in the true Possession of this Quality of Modesty. My Author says of him, Modesty in *Varillus* is really a Virtue ; for it is a voluntary Quality, and the Effect of good Sense. He is naturally bold and enterprising ; but so justly discreet, that he never acts or speaks any thing, but those who behold him know he has forborn much more than he has performed or uttered, out of Deference to the Persons before whom he is. This makes *Varillus* truly amiable, and all his Attempts successful ; for as bad as the World is thought to be by those who are perhaps unskilled in it, Want of Success in our Actions is generally owing to the Want of Judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a rustic Modesty which will not give us Leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident Temper is to those who are possessed with it, may be best seen in the Success of such as are wholly acquainted with it.

We have one peculiar Elegance in our Language above all others, which is conspicuous in the Term *Fellowship*. This Word added to any of our Adjectives extremely varies, or quite alters the Sense of that with which it is joined. Thus though a modest Man is the

most

most unfortunate of all Men, yet a modest Fellow is as superlatively happy. A modest Fellow is a ready Creature, who with great Humility, and as great Forwardness, visits his Patrons at all Hours, and meets 'em in all Places, and has so moderate an Opinion of himself, that he makes his Court at large. If you won't give him a great Employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has so great a Deference for his Benefactor's Judgment, that as he thinks himself fit for any Thing he can get, so he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young Batchelor of Arts, who came to Town recommended to a Chaplain's Place; but none being vacant, modestly accepted of that of a Postillion.

We have very many conspicuous Persons of this undertaking yet modest Turn: I have a Grandson who is very happy in this Quality: I sent him in the Time of the last Peace into *France*. As soon as he landed at *Calais*, he sent me an exact Account of the Nature of the People, and the Policies of the King of *France*. I got him since chosen a Member of a Corporation: The modest Creature, as soon as he came into the Common Council, told a Senior Burgefs, he was perfectly out of the Orders of their House. In other Circumstances, he is so thoroughly modest a Fellow, that he seems to pretend only to Things he understands. He is a Citizen only at Court, and in the City a Courtier. In a Word, to speak the Characteristical Difference between a modest Man and a modest Fellow; the modest Man is in Doubt in all his Actions; a modest Fellow never has a Doubt from his Cradle to his Grave.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 52.

NATURE.

NATURE does nothing in vain; the Creator of the Universe has appointed every thing to a certain Use and Purpose, and determined it to a settled Course and Sphere of Action, from which if it in the least deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those Ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the Dispositions of Society, the civil Oeconomy is formed in a

Chain as well as the natural ; and in either Case the Breach but of one Link puts the whole in some Disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the Absurdity and Ridicule we meet with in the World, is generally owing to the impertinent Affectation of excelling in Characters Men are not fit for, and for which Nature never designed them.

Every Man has one or more Qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others : Nature never fails of pointing them out, and while the infant continues under the Guardianship, she brings him on in his Way, and then offers herself for a Guide in what remains of the Journey ; if he proceeds in that Course, he can hardly miscarry : Nature makes good her Engagements ; for as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the Misfortune is, Men despise what they may be Masters of, and affect what they are not fit for ; they reckon themselves already possessed of what their Genius inclined them to, and so bend all their Ambition to excel in what is out of their Reach. Thus they destroy the Use of their natural Talents, in the same manner as covetous Men do their Quiet and Repose ; they can enjoy no Satisfaction in what they have because of the absurd Inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good Sense, a great Memory, and a Constitution capable of the closest Application. In a Word, there was no Profession in which *Cleanthes* might not have made a very good Figure ; but this won't satisfy him, he takes up an unaccountable Fondness for the Character of a fine Gentleman ; all his Thoughts are bent upon this ; instead of attending a Dissection, frequenting the Courts of Justice, or studying the Fathers, *Cleanthes* reads Plays, dances, dresses and spends his Time in drawing-rooms ; instead of being a good Lawyer, Divine, or Physician, *Cleanthes* is a downright Coxcomb, and will remain to all that know him a contemptible Example of Talents misapplied. It is to this Affectation the World owes its whole Race of Coxcombs : Nature in her whole Drama never drew such a Part ; she has sometimes made a Fool, but a Coxcomb

is always of a Man's own making, by applying his Talents otherwise than Nature designed, who ever bears a high Resentment for being put out of her Course, and never fails of taking her Revenge on those that do so. Opposing her Tendency in the Application of a Man's Parts, has the same Success as declining from her Course in the Production of Vegetables, by the Assistance of Art and an hot Bed: We may possibly extort an unwilling Plant, or an untimely Salad; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid? Just as insipid as the poetry of *Varelio*: *Varelio* had an universal Character, was genteel, had Learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; 'twas believed there was nothing in which *Varelio* did not excel; and 'twas so far true, that there was but one; *Valerio* had no Genius for Poetry, yet he's resolved to be a Poet; he writes Verses, and takes great Pains to convince the Town, that *Valerio* is not that extraordinary Person he was taken for.

If Men would be content to graft upon Nature, and assist her Operations, what mighty Effects might we expect? *Tully* would not stand so much alone in Oratory, *Virgil* in Poetry, or *Cæsar* in War. To build upon Nature, is laying the Foundation upon a Rock; every thing disposes itself into Order as it were of Course, and the whole Work is half done as soon as undertaken. *Cicero's* Genius inclined him to Oratory, *Virgil's* to follow the Train of the Muses; they piously obeyed the Admonition, and were rewarded. Had *Virgil* attended the Bar, his modest and ingenuous Virtue would surely have made but a very indifferent Figure; and *Tully's* declamatory Inclination would have been as useless in Poetry. Nature, if left to herself, leads us on in the best Course, but will do nothing by Compulsion and Constraint; and if we are not satisfied to go her Way, we are always the greatest Sufferers by it.

Wherever Nature designs a Production, she always disposes Seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the Formation of any moral or intellectual Excellence, as they are to the Being and Growth of Plants; and I know not by what Fate and Folly it is, that Men are taught not to reckon him equally absurd that will write Verses in spite of Nature, with that Gar-

diner that should undertake to raise a Junquil or Tulip without the Help of their respective Seeds.

As there is no good or bad Quality that does not affect both Sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the fair Sex must have suffered by an Affectation of this Nature, at least as much as the other : The ill Effect of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite Characters of *Cælia* and *Iras* ; *Cælia* has all the Charms of Person, together with an abundant Sweetness of Nature, but wants Wit, and has a very ill Voice ; *Iras* is ugly and ungenteel, but has Wit and good Sense : If *Cælia* would be silent, her Beholders would adore her ; if *Iras* would talk, her Hearers would admire her ; but *Cælia*'s Tongue runs incessantly, while *Iras* gives herself silent Airs and soft Languors ; so that 'tis difficult to persuade one's self that *Cælia* has Beauty and *Iras* Wit : Each neglects her own Excellence, and is ambitious of the other's Character ; *Iras* would be thought to have as much Beauty as *Cælia*, and *Cælia* as much Wit as *Iras*.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 404.

P A S S I O N .

IT is a very common Expression, That such a one is very good natur'd, but very passionate. The Expression indeed is very good-natur'd, to allow passionate People so much Quarter: But I think a passionate Man deserves the least Indulgence imaginable. It is said, it is soon over ; that is, all the Mischief he does is quickly dispatch'd, which, I think, is no great Recommendation to Favour. I have known one of those good-natur'd passionate Men say in a mix'd Company, even to his own Wife or Child, such Things as the most inveterate Enemy of his Family would not have spoke, even in Imagination. It is certain that quick Sensibility is inseparable from a ready Understanding ; but why should not that good Understanding call to itself all its Force on such Occasions, to master that sudden Inclination to Anger ? One of the greatest Souls now in the World is the most subject by Nature to Anger, and yet so famous for a Conquest of himself this Way, that he

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is the known Example when you talk of Temper and Command of a Man's self. To contain the Spirit of Anger, is the worthiest Discipline we can put ourselves to. When a Man has made any Progress this Way, a frivolous Fellow in a Passion, is to him as contemptible as a froward Child. It ought to be the Study of every Man, for his own Quiet and Peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, Life is as uneasy to himself as it is to all about him. *Syncropius* leads, of all Men living, the most ridiculous Life; he is ever offending, and begging Pardon. If his Man enters the Room without what he sent for, *That Block-head*, begins he.—*Gentlemen, I ask your Pardon, but Servants now a-days*—The wrong Plates are laid, they are thrown into the Middle of the Room; his Wife stands by in Pain for him, which he sees in her Face, and answers, as if he had heard all she was thinking; *Why, what the Devil! Why don't you take Care to give Orders in these Things?* His Friends sit down to a tasteless Plenty of every Thing, every Minute expecting new Insults from his impertinent Passions. In a Word, to eat with, or visit *Syncropius*, is no other than going to see him exercise his Family, exercise their Patience, and his own Anger.

It is monstrous that the Shame and Confusion in which this good-natur'd angry Man must needs behold his Friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much Reflection as to create an Amendment. This is the most scandalous Disuse of Reason imaginable; all the harmless Part of him is no more than that of a Bull-Dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natur'd angry Men, shall, in an Instant, assemble together so many Allusions to secret Circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the Peace of all the Families and Friends he is acquainted with in a Quarter of an Hour, and yet the next Moment be the best-natured Man in the whole World. If you would see Passion in its Purity, without Mixture of Reason, behold it represented in a mad Hero, drawn by a mad Poet. *Nat. Lee* makes his *Alexander* say thus:

*Away, begon, and give a Whirlwind room,
 Or I will blow you up like Dust! Avaunt;
 Madness but meanly represents my Toil.
 Eternal Discord!
 Fury! Revenge! Disdain and Indignation!
 Tear my swoln Breast, make way for Fire and Tempest.
 By Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd:
 The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
 Splits with the Rack, while Passions, like the Wind,
 Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars.*

Every passionate Fellow in the Town talks half the Day with as little Consistency, and threatens things as much out of his Power.

The next disagreeable Person to the outrageous Gentleman, is one of a much lower Order of Anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish Fellow. A peevish Fellow is one who has some Reason in himself for being out of Humour, or has a natural Incapacity for Delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with Pishes and Phaws, or other well-bred Interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his Presence. There should be Physic mixed in the Food of all which these Fellows eat in good Company. This Degree of Anger passes, for-sooth, for a Delicacy of Judgment, that won't admit of being easily pleased; but none above the Character of wearing a peevish Man's Livery, ought to bear with his ill Manners. All things among Men of Sense and Condition should pass the Censure, and have the Protection of the Eye of Reason.

No Man ought to be tolerated in an habitual Humour, Whim, or Particularity of Behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for Bread. Next to the peevish Fellow is the Snarler. This Gentleman deals mightily in what we call the Irony, and as those sort of People exert themselves most against those below them, you see their Humour best, in their Talk to their Servants. That is so like you, You are a fine Fellow, Thou art the quickest Head-piece, and the like. One would think the Hectoring, the Storming, the Sullen, and all the different Species and Subordinations of the Angry

Angry should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned Men; and how pitiful is the Condition of being only suffered? But I am interrupted by the pleasantest Scene of Anger and the Disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard as I sat in the Back-room at a *French Bookseller's*. There came into the Shop a very learned Man with an erect solemn Air, and tho' a Person of great Parts otherwise, slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. The Composure of the faulty Man, and the whimsical Perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly new: After turning over many Volumes, said the Seller to the Buyer, *Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first Volume of French Sermons I formerly lent you*; Sir, said the Chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it; it is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many Years ago; *then, Sir, here is the other Volume, I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both*. My Friend, reply'd he, can't thou be so senseless as not to know that one Volume is as imperfect in my Library as in your Shop? *Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first Volume, and to be short I will be paid*. Sir, answered the Chapman, you are a young Man, your Book is lost, and learn by this little Loss to bear much greater Adversities, which you must expect to meet with. *Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must, but I have not lost now, for I say you have it and shall pay me*. Friend, you grow warm, I tell you the Book is lost, and I foresee in the Course even of a prosperous Life, that you will meet Afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this Trifle. *Sir, there is in this Case no need of bearing, for you have the Book*. I say, Sir, I have not the Book. But your Passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn Resignation of yourself to the Distresses of this Life: Nay, do not fret and fume, it is my Duty to tell you that you are of an impatient Spirit, and an impatient Spirit is never without Woe. *Was ever any Thing like this*? Yes, Sir, there have been many Things like this. The Loss is but a Trifle, but your Temper is wanton, and incapable of the least Pain; there-

therefore let me advise you, be patient, the Book is lost, but do not you for that Reason lose yourself.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 438.

PLEASURE and PAIN.

FABLES were the first Pieces of Wit that made their Appearance in the World, and have been still highly valued not only in Times of the greatest Simplicity, but among the most polite Ages of Mankind. *Æsop*'s Fable of the Trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that Time. *Nathan*'s Fable of the poor Man and his Lamb is likewise more antient than any that is extant, besides the above-mentioned, and had so good an Effect, as to convey instruction to the Ear of a King without offending it, and to bring the Man after God's own Heart to a right Sense of his Guilt and his Duty. We find *Æsop* in the most distant Ages of *Greece*; and if we look into the very Beginning of the Common-wealth of *Rome*, we see a Mutiny among the common People appeased by a Fable of the Belly and Limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the Attention of an incensed Rabble, at a Time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any Man who had preached the same Doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As Fables took their Birth in the very Infancy of Learning, they never flourished more than when Learning was at its greatest Height. To justify this Assertion, I shall put my Reader in mind of *Horace*, the greatest Wit and Critic in the *Augustan* Age; and of *Boileau*, the most correct Poet among the Moderns: Not to mention *La Fontaine*, who by his Way of Writing is come more into vogue than any other Author of our Times.

The Fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon Brutes and Vegetables, with some of our own Species mixt among them, when the Moral hath so required. But besides this Kind of Fable, there is another in which the Actors are Passions, Virtues, Vices, and other imaginary Persons of the like Nature. Some of the antient Critics will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*

Odyssey of *Homer* are Fables of this Nature; and that the several Names of Gods and Heroes are nothing else but the Affections of the Mind in a visible Shape and Character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the first Iliad, represents Anger, or the irascible Part of human Nature: That upon drawing his Sword against his Superior in a full Assembly, *Pallas* is only another Name for Reason, which checks and advises him upon that Occasion; and at her first Appearance touches him upon the Head, that Part of the Man being looked upon as the Seat of Reason. And thus of the rest of the Poem. As for the Odyssey, I think it is plain that *Horace* considered it as one of these allegorical Fables, by the Moral which he has given us of several Parts of it. The greatest *Italian* Wits have applied themselves to the writing of this latter kind of Fables: As *Spencer's Fairy Queen* is one continued Series of them from the Beginning to the End of that admirable Work. If we look into the finest Prose Authors of Antiquity, such as *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their favourite Kind of Fable. I shall only farther observe upon it, that the first of this Sort that made any considerable Figure in the World, was that of *Hercules* meeting with Pleasure and Virtue; which was invented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the first Dawnings of Philosophy. He used to travel through *Greece* by Virtue of this Fable, which procured him a kind Reception in all the Market-Towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an Audience about him.

After this short Preface, which I have made up of such Materials as my Memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my Reader with a Fable of this Kind, which I design as the Entertainment of the present Paper, I must in a few Words open the Occasion of it.

In the Account which *Plato* gives us of the Conversation and Behaviour of *Socrates*, the Morning he was to die, he tells the following Circumstance.

When *Socrates* his Fetters were knock'd off (as was usual to be done on the Day that the condemned Person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his Disciples,

ciples, and laying one of his Legs over the other, in a very unconcerned Posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the Iron; and whether it was to shew the Indifference with which he entertained the Thoughts of his approaching Death, or (after his usual manner) to take every Occasion of Philosophizing upon some useful Subject, he observed the Pleasure of that Sensation which now arose in those very Parts of his Leg, that just before had been so much pained by the Fetter. Upon this he reflected on the Nature of Pleasure and Pain in general, and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added, That if a Man of a good Genius for a Fable were to represent the Nature of Pleasure and Pain in that Way of Writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any Place without being followed by the other.

It is possible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at such a Time to describe *Socrates* launching out into a Discourse which was not of a piece with the Business of the Day, he would have enlarged upon this Hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful Allegory or Fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the Spirit of that divine Author.

There were two Families, which from the Beginning of the World were as opposite to each other as Light and Darknesh. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngest Descendant of the first Family was Pleasure, who was the Daughter of Happiness, who was the Child of Virtue, who was the Offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their Habitation in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite Family was Pain, who was the Son of Misery, who was the Child of Vice, who was the Offspring of the Furies. The Habitation of this Race of Beings was in Hell.

The middle Station of Nature between these two opposite Extremes was the Earth, which was inhabited by Creatures of the middle Kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad Qualities of these two opposite Families. Jupiter considering that this Species commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that

he

he might make a Distinction between the Good and the Bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned Families, Pleasure who was the Daughter of Happiness, and Pain who was the Son of Misery, to meet one another upon this Part of Nature which lay in the Half-way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the Division of it, so as to share Mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new Habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this Point, that Pleasure should take Possession of the Virtuous, and Pain of the vicious Part of that Species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any Individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a Right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen, in their old Places of Residence, there was no Person so vicious who had not some Good in him, nor any Person so virtuous who had not in him some Evil. The Truth of it is, they generally found upon Search, that in the most vicious Man Pleasure might lay a Claim to an hundredeth Part, and that in the most virtuous Man Pain might come in for at least two Thirds. This they saw would occasion endless Disputes between them, unless they could come to some Accommodation. To this End there was a Marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: By this Means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant Yoke-fellows, and that they either make their Visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into an Heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this Marriage was very convenient for the two Parties, it did not seem to answer the Intention of Jupiter in sending them among Mankind. To remedy therefore this Inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by Article, and confirmed by the Consent of each Family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the Species indifferently, upon the Death of every single Person, if he was found to have in him a certain Proportion of Evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal Regions by a Passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the Furies. Or, on the contrary, if he had in him a certain Proportion of Good, he should be dispatched into Hea-

PROVERBS, Chap. VII. in Verse.

MY Son, th' Instruction that my Words impart,
Grave on the living Tablet of thy Heart ;
And all the wholesome Precepts that I give,
Observe with strictest Reverence, and live.

Let all thy Homage be to Wisdom paid,
Seek her Protection and implore her Aid ;
That she may keep thy Soul from Harm secure,
And turn thy Footsteps from the Harlot's Door,
Who with curs'd Charms lures th' Unwary in,
And sooths with Flattery their Souls to Sin.

Once from my Window as I cast mine Eye,
On those that pass'd in giddy Numbers by,
A Youth among the foolish Youths I spy'd,
Who took not sacred Wisdom for his Guide.

Just as the Sun withdrew his cooler Light,
And Evening soft led on the Shades of Night,
He stole in covert Twilight to his Fate,
And pass'd the Corner near the Harlot's Gate ;
When lo, a Woman comes !

Loose her Attire, and such her glaring Dress,
As aptly did the Harlot's Mind express :
Subtle she is, and practis'd in the Arts,
By which the Wanton conquer heedless Hearts :
Stubborn and loud she is, she hates her Home,
Varying her Place and Form ; she loves to roam ;
Now she's within, now in the Streets does stray,
Now at each Corner stands, and waits her Prey.
The Youth she seiz'd, and laying now aside
All Modesty, the Female's justest Pride,
She said, with an Embrace, Here at my House
Peace-offerings are, this Day I paid my Vows.
I therefore came abroad to meet my Dear,
And lo, in happy Hour I find thee here.

My Chamber Pave adorned, and o'er my Bed,
Are Coverings of the richest Tap'stry spread,

With

*With Linen it is deck'd from Egypt brought,
 And Carvings by the curious Artist wrought :
 It wants no glad Perfume Arabia yields
 In all their Citron Groves, and spicy Fields ;
 Here all her Store of richest Odours meets,
 I'll lay thee in a Wilderness of Sweets.
 Whatever to the Sense can grateful be
 I have collected there—— I want but thee.
 My Husband's gone a Journey far away.
 Much Gold he took abroad, and long will stay :
 He nam'd for his Return a distant Day.* }
*Upon her Tongue did such smooth Mischiefs dwell,
 And from her Lips such welcome Flattery fell,
 The unguarded Youth, in silken Fetters ty'd,
 Resign'd his Reason, and with Ease comply'd.
 Thus does the Ox to his own Slaughter go,
 And thus is senseless of th' impending Blow.
 Thus flies the simple Bird into the Snare,
 That skilful Fowlers for his Life prepare.
 But let my Sons attend. Attend may they
 Whom youthful Vigour may to Sin betray ;
 Let them false Charmers fly, and guard their Hearts
 Against the wily Wanton's pleasing Arts ;
 With Care direct their Steps nor turn astray,
 To tread the Paths of her deceitful Way ;
 Lest they too late of her fell Power complain,
 And fall, where many mightier have been Slain.*

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 410.

P R O V I D E N C E.

IT is very reasonable to believe, that Part of the
 Pleasure which happy Minds shall enjoy in a future
 State, will arise from an enlarged Contemplation of the
 Divine Wisdom in the Government of the World, and
 a Discovery of the secret and amazing Steps of Provi-
 dence, from the Beginning to the End of Time. No-
 thing seems to be an Entertainment more adapted to the
 Nature of Men, if we consider that Curiosity is one of
 the strongest and most lasting Appetites implanted in us,
 and that Admiration is one of our most pleasing Passions :
 and

and what a perpetual Succession of Enjoyments will be afforded to both these in a Scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to their View in the Society of superior Spirits, who perhaps will join with us in so delightful a Prospect!

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that Part of the Punishment of such as are excluded from Bliss, may consist not only in their being denied this Privilege, but in having their Appetites at the same time vastly increased, without any Satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain Pursuit of Knowledge shall, perhaps, add to their Infelicity, and bewilder them into Labyrinths of Error, Darkness, Distraction and Uncertainty of every thing but their own evil State. Milton has thus represented the fallen Angels reasoning together in a kind of Respite from their Torments, and creating to themselves a new Disquiet amidst their very Amusements; he could not properly have described the Sports of condemned Spirits without that Cast of Horror and Melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them.

*Others apart sat on a Hill retired,
In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge absolute,
And found no End in wandering Mazes lost.*

In our present Condition, which is a middle State, our Minds are, as it were, chequered with Truth and Falshood; and as our Faculties are narrow, and our Views imperfect, it is impossible but our Curiosity must meet with many Repulses. The Business of Mankind in this Life being rather to act than to know, their Portion of Knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the Reason of the Inquisitive has so long been exercised with Difficulties, in accounting for the promiscuous Distribution of Good and Evil to the Virtuous and Wicked in this World. From hence comes all those pathetic Complaints of so many tragical Events, which happen to the Wise and the Good; and of such surprising Prosperity, which is often the Reward of the Guilty and the Foolish; that Reason

is sometimes puzzled, and at a Loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a Dispensation.

Plato expresses his Abhorrence of some Fables of the Poets, which seem to reflect on the Gods as the Authors of Injustice; and lays it down as a Principle, That whatever is permitted to befall a just Man, whether Poverty, Sicknefs, or any of those Things which seem to be Evils, shall either in Life or Death conduce to his Good. My Reader will observe how agreeable this Maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater Authority. *Seneca* has written a Discourse purposely on this Subject, in which he takes Pains, after the Doctrine of the *Stoics*, to shew that Adversity is not in itself an Evil; and mentions a noble Saying of *Demetrius*. That nothing would be more unhappy than a Man who had never known Affliction. He compares Prosperity to the Indulgence of a fond Mother to a Child, which often proves his Ruin; but the Affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise Father, who would have his Sons exercised with Labour, Disappointment, and Pain, that they may gather Strength and improve their Fortitude. On this Occasion the Philosopher rises into that celebrated Sentiment, That there is not on Earth a Spectacle more worthy the Regard of a Creator intent on his Work than a brave Man superior to his Sufferings; to which he adds, That it must be a Pleasure to *Jupiter* himself to look down from Heaven, and see *Cato* amidst the Ruins of his Country preserving his Integrity.

This Thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human Life as a State of Probation, and Adversity as the Post of Honour in it, assigned often to the best and most select Spirits.

But what I would chiefly insist on here, is, that we are not at present in a proper Situation to judge of the Counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our Knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or, according to the elegant Figure in Holy Writ, *We see but in part, and as in a Glass darkly*. It is to be considered, that Providence in its Oeconomy regards the whole System of Time and Things together, so that we cannot discover the beautiful Connections

ons between Incidents which lie widely separate in Time, and by losing so many links of the Chain, our Reasonings become broken and imperfect. Thus those Parts of the moral World which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative Beauty, in respect of some other Parts concealed from us, but open to his Eye before whom *Past*, *Present*, and *To come*, are set together in one Point of View; and those Events, the Permission of which seems now to accuse his Goodness, may in the Consummation of Things both magnify his Goodness, and exalt his Wisdom. And this is enough to check our Presumption, since it is in vain to apply our Measures of Regularity to Matters of which we know neither the Antecedents nor the Consequents, the Beginning nor the End.

I shall relieve my Readers from this abstracted Thought, by relating here a *Jewish* Tradition concerning *Moses*, which seems to be a kind of Parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great Prophet, it is said, was called up by a Voice from Heaven to the Top of a Mountain; where, in a Conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some Questions concerning his Administration of the Universe. In the midst of this Divine Colloquy he was commanded to look down on the Plain below. At the Foot of the Mountain there issued out a clear Spring of Water, at which a Soldier alighted from his Horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little Boy came to the same Place, and finding a Purse of Gold which the Soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old Man, weary with Age and Travelling, and having quenched his Thirst, sat down to rest himself by the Side of the Spring. The Soldier missing his Purse returns to search for it, and demands it of the old Man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his Innocence. The Soldier not believing his Protestations, kills him. *Moses* fell on his Face with Horror and Amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his Expostulation; ‘Be not surprised, ‘*Moses*, nor ask why the Judge of the whole Earth ‘has suffered this Thing to come to pass: The Child

‘ is

' is the Occasion that the Blood of the old Man is spilt ;
' but know, that the old Man whom thou saw'st, was
' the Murderer of that Child's Father.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 237.

RELIGION.

ABOUT an Age ago it was the Fashion in *Eng-*
land, for every one that would be thought religi-
ous, to throw as much Sanctity as possible into his Face,
and in particular to abstain from all Appearances of Mirth
and Pleasantry, which were looked upon as the Marks
of a carnal Mind. The Saint was of a sorrowful Coun-
tenance, and generally eaten up with Spleen and Melan-
choly. A Gentleman, who was lately a great Orna-
ment to the learned World, has diverted me more than
once with an Account of the Reception which he met
with from a very famous Independent Minister, who was
Head of a College in those Times. This Gentleman was
then a young Adventurer in the Republic of Letters,
and just fitted out for the University with a good Cargo
of *Latin* and *Greek*. His Friends were resolved that he
should try his Fortune at an Election which was drawing
near in the College, of which the Independent Minister
whom I have before mentioned was Governor. The
Youth, according to Custom, waited on him in order to
be examined. He was received at the Door by a Servant,
who was one of the gloomy Generation that were then
in Fashion. He conducted him, with great Silence and
Seriousness, to a long Gallery which was darkned at
Noon-day, and had only a single Candle burning in it.
After a short Stay in this melancholy Apartment, he was
led into a Chamber hung with Black, where he enter-
tained himself for some time by the glimmering of a Ta-
per, 'till at length the Head of the College came out to
him, from an inner Room, with half a dozen Night-caps
upon his Head, and religious Horror in his Countenance.
The young Man trembled ; but his Fears increased,
when, instead of being ask'd what Progress he had made
in Learning, he was examined how he abounded in
Grace. His *Latin* and *Greek* stood him in little stead ;
he

he was to give an Account only of the State of his Soul, whether he was of the Number of the Elect; what was the Occasion of his Conversion; upon what Day of the Month, and Hour of the Day it happened; how it was carried on, and when compleated. The whole Examination was summed up with one short Question, namely, *Whether he was prepared for Death?* The Boy, who had been bred up by honest Parents, was frightened out of his Wits at the Solemnity of the Proceeding, and by the last dreadful Interrogatory; so that upon making his Escape out of the House of Mourning, he could never be brought a second Time to the Examination, as not being able to go through the Terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general Form and Outline of Religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many Persons, who, by a natural Uncheerfulness of Heart, mistaken Notions of Piety, or Weakness of Understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable Way of Life, and give up themselves a Prey to Grief and Melancholy. Superstitious Fears and groundless Scruples cut them off from the Pleasures of Conversation, and all those social Entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if Mirth was made for Reprobates, and Cheerfulness of Heart denied those who are the only Persons who have a proper Title to it.

Sombrius is one of these Sons of Sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in Duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden Fit of Laughter as a Breach of his baptismal Vow. An innocent Jest startles him like Blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a Title of Honour, he lifts up his Hands and Eyes; describe a public Ceremony, he shakes his Head; shew him a gay Equipage, he blesses himself. All the little Ornaments of Life are Poms and Vanities. Mirth is wanton, and Wit profane. He is scandalized at Youth for being lively, and at Childhood for being playful. He sits at a Christening, or a Marriage-Feast, as at a Funeral; sighs at the Conclusion of a merry Story, and grows devout when the rest of the Company grows pleasant. After all, *Sombrius* is a religious Man, and would have behaved himself very properly; had he lived when Christianity was under a general Persecution.

I would by no Means presume to tax such Characters with Hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a Vice which I think none but he, who knew the Secrets of Mens Hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the Proofs of it do not amount to a Demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent Persons, who are weighed down by this habitual Sorrow of Heart, they rather deserve our Compassion than our Reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider whether such a Behaviour does not deter Men from a religious Life, by representing it as an unfociable State, that extinguishes all Joy and Gladness, darkens the Face of Nature, and destroys the Relish of Being itself.

I have, in former Papers, shewn how great a Tendency there is to Chearfulness in Religion, and how such a Frame of Mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous Person. In short, those who represent Religion in so unamiable a Light, are like the Spies, sent by *Moses*, to make a Discovery of the Land of *Promise*, when by their Reports they discouraged the People from entering upon it. Those who shew us the Joy, the Chearfulness, the Good-humour, that naturally spring up in this happy State, are like the Spies bringing along with them the Clusters of Grapes, and delicious Fruits, that might invite their Companions into the pleasant Country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan Writer has made a Discourse, to shew that the Atheist, who denies a God, does himself Dishonour than the Man who owns his Being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human Nature. For my own Part, says he, I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such Man as *Plutarch*, than that *Plutarch*, was ill-natured, capricious, or inhumane.

If we may believe our Logicians, Man is distinguished from all other Creatures by the faculty of Laughter. He has an Heart capable of Mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the Business of Virtue to extirpate the Affections of the Mind; but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish Gladness from the Heart of Man. Religion contracts the Circle of our Pleasures, but
leaves

leaves it wide enough for her Votaries to expatiate in. The Contemplation of the Divine Being, and the Exercise of Virtue, are in their own Nature so far from excluding all Gladness of Heart that they are perpetual Sources of it. In a word, the true Spirit of Religion cheers, as well as composes the Soul; it banishes indeed all Levity of Behaviour, all vicious and dissolute Mirth; but in exchange fills the Mind with a perpetual Serenity, uninterrupted Chearfulness, and an habitual Inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No 494.

SCRIPTURES.

‘ **T**O persuade men to believe the Scriptures, I only offer this to Mens Consideration. If there be
 ‘ a God, whose Providence governs the World, and all
 ‘ the Creatures in it, is it not reasonable to think that he
 ‘ hath a particular Care of Men, the noblest part of this
 ‘ visible World? And seeing he hath made them capable
 ‘ of eternal Duration; that he hath provided for their
 ‘ eternal Happiness, and sufficiently revealed to them
 ‘ the way to it, and the Terms and Conditions of it!
 ‘ Now let any Man produce any Book in the World,
 ‘ that pretends to be from God, and to do this; that
 ‘ for the Matter of it is worthy of God, the Doctrines
 ‘ whereof are so useful, and the Precepts so reason-
 ‘ able, and the Arguments so powerful, the Truth
 ‘ of all which was confirmed by so many great and un-
 ‘ questionable Miracles, the Relation of which has been
 ‘ transmitted to Posterity in public and authentic Re-
 ‘ cords, written by those who were Eye and Ear Wit-
 ‘ nesses of what they wrote, and free from Suspicion
 ‘ of any worldly Interest and Design; let any produce
 ‘ a Book like to this, in all these Respects; and which,
 ‘ over and besides, hath by the Power and Reasona-
 ‘ bleness of the Doctrines contained in it, prevailed
 ‘ so miraculously in the World, by weak and inconfi-
 ‘ derable Means, in Opposition to all the Wit and
 ‘ Power of the World, and under such Discouragements
 ‘ as no other Religion was ever assaulted with; let any
 ‘ Man

Man bring forth such a Book, and he hath my Leave to believe it as soon as the Bible. But if there be none such, as I am well assured there is not, then every one that thinks God hath revealed himself to Men, ought to embrace and entertain the Doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, as revealed by God.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 75.

SELF-DENIAL.

THERE are none who deserve Superiority over others in the Esteem of Mankind, who do not make it their Endeavour to be beneficial to Society; and who upon all Occasions which their Circumstances of Life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned Pleasure in conferring Benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great Talents and high Birth have placed them in conspicuous Stations of Life, are indispensibly obliged to exert some noble Inclinations for the Service of the World, or else, such Advantages become Misfortunes, and Shade and Privacy are a more eligible Portion. Where Opportunities and Inclinations are given to the same Person, we sometimes see sublime Instances of Virtue which so dazzle our Imaginations, that we look with Scorn on all which in lower Scenes of Life we may ourselves be able to practice. But this is a vicious Way of thinking; and it bears some Spice of romantic Madness, for a Man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek Adventures to be able to do great Actions. It is in every Man's Power in the World, who is above mere Poverty, not only to do Things worthy, but heroic. The great Foundation of civil Virtue is Self-denial; and there is no one above the Necessities of Life, but has Opportunities of exercising that noble Quality, and doing as much as his Circumstances will bear for the Ease and Convenience of other Men; and he who does more than ordinary Men practice upon such Occasions as occur in his Life, deserves the Value of his Friends as if he had done Enterprises which are usually attended with the highest Glory. Men of public Spirit differ rather in their Circumstances than

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their Virtue ; and the Man who does all he can in a low Station, is more a Hero than he who omits any worthy Action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many Years ago since *Lapirius*, in Wrong of his elder Brother, came to a great Estate by Gift of his Father, by reason of the dissolute Behaviour of the first-born. Shame and Contrition reformed the Life of the disinherited Youth, and he became as remarkable for his good Qualities as formerly for his Errors. *Lapirius*, who observed his Brother's Amendment, sent him on a New-Year's-Day in the Morning the following Letter :

Honoured Brother,

‘ I Inclose to you the Deeds whereby my Father gave me this House and Land : Had he lived ’till now, he would not have bestowed it in that manner ; he took it from the Man you were, and I restore it to the Man you are. I am,

*S I R, your affectionate Brother,
and humble Servant, P. T.*

People whose Hearts are wholly bent towards Pleasure, or intent upon Gain, never hear of the noble Occurrences among Men of Industry and Humanity. It would look like a City Romance, to tell them of the generous Merchant, who the other Day sent this Billet to an eminent Trader under Difficulties to support himself, in whose Fall many hundreds besides himself had perished ; but because I think there is more Spirit and true Gallantry in it than in any Letter I have ever read from *Strephon* to *Phillis*, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest Stile in which it was sent.

S I R,

‘ I Have heard of the Casualties which have involved you in extreme Distress at this Time ; and knowing you to be a Man of great Good-nature, Industry and Probity, have resolved to stand by you. Be of good Cheer, the Bearer brings with him five thousand Pounds, and has my Order to answer your drawing for as much more on my Account. I did this in haste, for
‘ fear

‘ fear I should come too late for your Relief; but you
‘ may value yourself with me to the Sum of fifty thou-
‘ sand Pounds; for I can very chearfully run the Hazard
‘ of being so much less rich than I am now, to save an
‘ honest Man whom I love.

Your Friend and Servant, W. P.

I think there is somewhere in *Montaigne* mention made of a Family-book, wherein all the Occurrences that happened from one Generation of that House to another were recorded. Were there such a Method in the Families which are concerned in this Generosity, it would be an hard Task for the greatest in *Europe* to give, in their own, an Instance of a Benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful Air. It has been heretofore urged how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust Step made to the Disadvantage of a Trader; and by how much such an Act towards him is detestable, by so much an Act of Kindness towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a Benchers of the *Temple* tell a Story of Tradition in their House, where they had formerly a Custom of choosing Kings, for such a Season, and allowing him his Expences at the Charge of the Society: One of our Kings, said my Friend, carried his Royal Inclination a little too far, and there was a Committee ordered to look into the Management of his Treasury. Among other Things it appeared, that his Majesty walking *incog.* in the Cloister, had overheard a poor Man say to another, such a small Sum would make me the happiest Man in the World. The King out of his Royal Compassion privately inquired into his Character, and finding him a proper Object of Charity, sent him the Money. When the Committee read the Report, the House passed his Accounts with a Plaudite without farther Examination, upon the Recital of this Article in them,

l. s. d.

For making a Man happy. 10: 00: 00

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 248.

STORY-TELLING.

TOM Lizard told us a Story, the other Day, of some Persons which our Family knew very well, with so much Humour and Life, that it caused a great deal of Mirth at the Tea-table. His Brother *Will*, the *Templar*, was highly delighted with it, and the next Day being with some of his Inns-of-Court Acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the Benevolence, or the Pride of his Heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called a *pleasant Humour enough*. I was in great Pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surpris'd to find the Company very little moved by it. *Will* blush'd, look'd round the Room, and with a forced Laugh, *Faith, Gentlemen*, said he, *I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable Story when I heard it.*

When I came home I fell into a profound Contemplation upon Story-telling, and as I have nothing so much at Heart as the Good of my Country, I resolv'd to lay down some Precautions upon this Subject.

I have often thought that a Story-teller is born, as well as a Poet. It is, I think, certain, that some Men have such a peculiar Cast of Mind, that they see Things in another Light, than Men of grave Dispositions, Men of a lively Imagination, and a mirthful Temper, will represent Things to their Hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious Spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the Sight of some odd Occurrences in Life, yet the very same Occurrences shall please them in a well-told Story, where the disagreeable Parts of the Images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the Fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an Art, but what we call a *Knack*; it doth not so much subsist upon Wit as upon Humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper Gesticulations of the Body, which naturally attend such merry Emotions of the Mind. I know very well, that a certain Gravity of Countenance sets some Stories off to Advantage, where the Hearer is to be surpris'd in the End; but

but this is by no Means a general Rule ; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist, by chearful Looks, and whimsical Agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the Success of a Story very often depends upon the Make of the Body, and Formation of the Features, of him who relates it. I have been of this Opinion ever since I criticised upon the Chin of *Dick Dewlap*. I very often had the Weakness to repine at the Prosperity of his Conceits, which made him pass for a Wit with the Widow at the Coffee-house, and the ordinary Mechanics that frequent it ; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily tho' upon Examination I thought most of them very flat and intipid. I found after some Time, that the Merit of his Wit was founded upon the skaking of a fat Paunch, and the tossing up of a Pair of rosy Jowls. Poor *Dick* had a Fit of Sickness, which robbed him of his Fat and his Fame at once ; and it was full three Months before he regained his Reputation, which rose in Proportion to his Floridity. He is now very Jolly and ingenious, and hath a good Constitution for Wit.

Those, who are thus adorned with the Gifts of Nature, are apt to shew their Parts with too much Ostentation : I would therefore advise all the Professors of this Art never to tell Stories, but as they seem to grow out of the Subject Matter of the Conversation, or, as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories, that are very common are generally irksome ; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of Allusion. Those, that are altogether new, should never be ushered in, without a short and pertinent Character of the chief Persons concerned ; because, by that Means, you make the Company acquainted with them ; and it is a certain Rule, that slight and trivial Accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more Mirth, than the brightest Points of Wit in unknown Characters. A little Circumstance, in the Complexion or Dress of the Man you are talking of, sets his Image before the Hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the Story. Thus, I remember *Tom Lizard*, after having made his Sisters merry with an Account of a formal old Man's Way of Complimenting, owned very frankly, that his Story would not have been worth one Farthing, if he had

made the Hat of him whom he represented one Inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct Characters, and selecting pertinent Circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in Time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of Drama in forming of a Story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an Epigram. It is a miserable Thing, after one hath raised the Expectation of the Company by humorous Characters, and a pretty Conceit, to pursue the Matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a Story-teller to end his Relation by saying, *That's all!*

As the choosing of pertinent Circumstances is the Life of a Story, and that wherein Humour principally consists; so the Collectors of impertinent Particulars are the very Bane and Opiates of Conversation. Old Men are great Transgressors this Way. Poor *Ned Poppy*—He's gone!—was a very honest Man, but was so excessively tedious over his Pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for Dinner when such a Thing happened; in what Ditch his bay Stone-horse had his Sprain at that Time, and how his Man *John*—no! 'twas *William*, started a Hare in the Common Field, that he never got to the End of his Tale. Then he was extremely particular in Marriages and Intermarriages, and Cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a Thing happened at the latter End of *July* or the beginning of *August*. He had a marvellous Tendency likewise to Digressions; insomuch that if a considerable Person was mentioned in his Story, he would straightway launch out into an Episode of him; and again, if in that Person's Story he had occasion to remember a third Man, he broke off, and gave us his History, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir *William Temple* informs us of the Tale-tellers in the North of *Ireland*, who are hired to tell Stories of Giants and Inchanters to lull People asleep. These Historians are obliged, by their Bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the Patient hath, by this Benefit, enjoy'd a long Nap, he is sure to find the Operator proceeding in his Work. *Ned* procured the like Effect in me the last Time I was with him. As he was in the third Hour of his Story, and very thankful that his Memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the Elbow-

Elbow-Chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, *Old Friend, you have your Infirmary, and I have mine.*

But of all Evils in Story-telling, the Humour of telling Tales one after another, in great Numbers, is the least supportable. Sir *Harry Pandolf* and his Son give my Lady *Lizard* great Offence in this Particular. Sir *Harry* hath what they call a String of Stories, which he tells over every *Christmas*. When our Family visits there, we are constantly, after Supper, entertain'd with the *Glastonbury Thorn*. When we have wonder'd at that a little, *Ay, but Father*, saith the Son, *let us have the Spirit in the Wood*. After that hath been laughed at, *Ay, but Father*, cries the Booby again, *tell us how you served the Robber*. *Alack a-day*, saith Sir *Harry*, with a Smile, and rubbing his Forehead, *I have almost forgot that, but 'tis a pleasant Conceit to be sure*. Accordingly he tells that, and twenty more in the same independent Order; and without the least Variation, at this Day, as he hath done, to my Knowledge, ever since the Revolution. I must not forget a very odd Compliment that Sir *Harry* always makes my Lady when he dines here. After Dinner he strokes his Belly, and says with a feigned Concern in his Countenance, *Madam, I have lost by you to day*. *How so*, Sir *Harry*, replies my Lady. *Madam*, says he, *I have lost an excellent Stomach*. At this, his Son and Heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. *Annabella*. This is the thirty-third time that Sir *Harry* hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of Stories is a great Help and Life to Conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in Opposition to those gloomy Mortals, who disdain every Thing but Matter of Fact. Those grave Fellows are my Aversion, who sift every Thing with the utmost Nicety, and find the Malignity of a Lye in a Piece of Humour, pushed a little beyond exact Truth. I likewise have a poor Opinion of those, who have got a Trick of keeping a steady Countenance, that cock their Hats, and look glum when a pleasant Thing is said, and ask, *Well! and what then?* Men of Wit and Parts should treat one another with Benevolence; and I will lay it down as a Maxim, that if you

seem to have a good Opinion of another Man's Wit, he will allow you to have Judgment.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 42.

TIME.

I Was Yesterday pursuing the Hint which I mentioned in my last Paper, and comparing together the Industry of Man with that of other Creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we were obliged by Duty to keep ourselves in constant Employ, after the same manner as inferior Animals are prompted to it by Instinct, we fall very short of them in this Particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater Variety of Business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large Field of Affairs, which other Creatures are not capable of. Beasts of Prey, and I believe of all other Kinds, in their natural State of Being, divide their Time between Action and Rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short their walking Hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their Food, or in consuming it. The human Species only, to the great Reproach of our Natures, are filled with Complaints, that *the Day hangs heavy on 'em*, that *they do not know what to do with themselves*, that *they are at a Loss how to pass away their Time*, with many of the like shameful Murmurs, which we often find in the Mouths of those who are stiled reasonable Beings. How monstrous are such Expressions among Creatures, who have the Labours of the Mind, as well as those of the Body, to furnish them with proper Employments, who, besides the Business of their proper Callings and Professions, can apply themselves to the Duties of Religion, to Meditation, to the reading of useful Books, to Discourse; in a Word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded Pursuits of Knowledge and Virtue, and every Hour of their Lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for some Time in this Course of Thought, I diverted myself with a Book, according to my usual Custom, in order to unbend my Mind

Mind before I went to Sleep. The Book I made use of on this Occasion was *Lucian*, where I amused my Thoughts for about an Hour among the Dialogues of the Dead; which in all Probability produced the following Dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the Entrance of the Infernal Regions, where I saw *Rhadamanthus*, one of the Judges of the Dead, seated in his Tribunal. On his Left-hand stood the Keeper of *Erebus*, on his Right the Keeper of *Elysium*, I was told he sat upon Women that Day; there being several of the Sex lately arrived, who had not yet their Mansions assigned them. I was surprized to hear him ask every one of them the same Question, namely, *What they had been doing?* Upon this Question being proposed to the whole Assembly they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he, to the first of them, you have been upon the Earth about fifty Years: What have you been doing all this While? Doing, says she, really I don't know what I have been doing: I desire I may have Time given me to recollect. After about half an Hour's Pause she told him, that she had been playing at Crimp; upon which *Rhadamanthus* beckoned to the Keeper on his Left-hand, to take her into Custody. And you, Madam, says the Judge, that look with a such a soft and languishing Air; I think you set out for this Place in your nine and twentieth Year, what have you been doing all this While? I had a great Deal of Business on my Hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve Years of my Life, in dressing a jointed Baby, and all the remaining Part of it in reading Plays and Romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your Time to good Purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain Country-Woman; well, Mistress, says *Rhadamanthus*, and what have you been doing? An't please your Worship, says she, I did not live quite forty Years, and in that Time brought my Husband seven Daughters, made him nine thousand Cheeses, and left my eldest Girl with him, to look after his House in my Absence, and who I may venture to say is as pretty a Housewife as any in the Country. *Rhadamanthus* smiled at the Simplicity of the good Woman, and ordered the

Keeper of *Elysium* to take her into his Care. And your fair Lady, says he, what have you been doing these five and thirty Years? I have been doing no Hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, says he, but what Good have you been doing? The Lady was in great Confusion at this Question, and not knowing what to answer, the two Keepers leaped out to seize her at the same Time: the one took her by the Hand to convey her to *Elysium*, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to *Erebus*. But *Rhadamanthus* observing an ingenuous Modesty in her Countenance and Behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a Re-examination when he was more at Leisure. An old Woman, of a proud and sour Look, presented herself next at the Bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten Years in a very wicked World, and was so angry at the Behaviour of a Parcel of young Flirts, that I past most of my last Years in condemning the Follies of the Times; I was every Day blaming the silly Conduct of People about me, in order to deter those I conversed with, from falling into the like Errors and Miscarriages. Very well, says *Rhadamanthus*, but did you keep the same watchful Eye over your own Actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the Faults of others, that I had no Time to consider my own. Madam, says *Rhadamanthus*, be pleased to file off to the Left, and make Room for the venerable Matron that stands behind you. Old Gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore? You have heard the Question, what have you been doing so long in the World? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm Resolution to have changed my Life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely End. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your Leader; and spying another of the same Age, interrogated her in the same Form. To which the Matron replied, I have been the Wife of a Husband who was as dear to me in his old Age as in his Youth. I have been a Mother, and very happy in my Children, whom I have endeavoured to bring up in every Thing that is good. My eldest Son is blest by the Poor, and beloved by every one that knows him.

him. I lived within my own Family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. *Rhadamanthus*, who knew the Value of the old Lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the Keeper of *Elysium*, who knew his Office, reached out his Hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her Wrinkles vanished, her Eyes sparkled, her Cheeks glow'd with Blushes, and she appeared in full Bloom and Beauty. A young Woman observing that this Officer, who conducted the Happy to *Elysium*, was so great a *Beautifier*, long'd to be in his Hands, so that pressing through the Croud, she was the next that appeared at the Bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty Years that she had past in the World, I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to Years of Discretion, to make myself lovely and gain Admirers. In order to it I past my Time in bottling up *Maydew*, inventing White-washes, mixing Colours, cutting out Patches, consulting my Glafs, suiting my Complexion, tearing off my Tucker, sinking my Stays—*Rhadamanthus*, without hearing her out, gave the Sign to take her off. Upon the Approach of the Keeper of *Erebus* her Colour faded, her Face was pucker'd up with Wrinkles, and her whole Person lost in Deformity.

I was then surprized with a distant Sound of a whole Troop of Females that came forward laughing, singing and dancing. I was very desirous to know the Reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive, that *Rhadamanthus* would spoil their Mirth: But at their nearer Approach the Noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some Time, reflecting in myself on the Oddness of this Dream, and could not forbear asking my own Heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my Readers make as good a Use of this Work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a Work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude with recommending to them the same short Self-Examination. If every one of them frequently lays his Hand upon his Heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious Moments of Life, lift up his Mind when it
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is running on in a Series of indifferent Actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a Word, it will very much alleviate that Guilt which the best of Men have Reason to acknowledge in their daily Confessions, of *leaving undone those Things which they ought to have done, and doing those Things which they ought not to have done.*

GUARDIAN, VOL. II. No. 158.

TRAVELLING.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

A LADY of my Acquaintance, for whom I have too much Respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet Action, has given Occasion to this Trouble: She is a Widow, to whom the Indulgence of a tender Husband has intrusted the Management of a very great Fortune, and a Son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The Boy has Parts of the middle Size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common Exercises of his Years with tolerable Advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward Youth: By the Help of this last Qualification, which serves as a Varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best Use of his Learning, and display it at full Length upon all Occasions. Last Summer he distinguished himself two or three Times very remarkably, by puzzling the Vicar before an Assembly of most of the Ladies in the Neighbourhood; and from such weighty Considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the Mother is become invincibly persuaded that her Son is a great Scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary Methods of Education with others of his Age, would be to cramp his Faculties, and do an irreparable Injury to his wonderful Capacity.

I happened to visit at the House last Week, and missing the young Gentleman at the Tea-Table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a Circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My Lady told me, he was gone out with her Woman, in order to make some Preparations for their Equipage; for that
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she intended very speedily to carry him to travel. The Oddness of the Expression shock'd me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this Summer to shew her Son his Estate in a distant County, in which he has never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable Mistake, and let me into the whole Affair. She enlarged upon young Master's prodigious Improvements, and his comprehensive Knowledge of all Book-Learning; concluding, that it was now high Time he should be made acquainted with Men and Things; that she had resolved he should make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, but could not bear to have him out of her Sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

I was going to rally her for so extravagant a Resolution, but found myself not in a fit Humour to meddle with a Subject that demanded the most soft and delicate Touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the Son's Abilities, or the Mother's Discretion; being sensible that in both these Cases, tho' supported with all the Powers of Reason, I should, instead of gaining her Ladyship over to my Opinion, only expose myself to her Disesteem; I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole Matter to the SPECTATOR.

When I came to reflect at Night, as my Custom is, upon the Occurrences of the Day, I could not but believe that this Humour of carrying a Boy to travel in his Mother's Lap, and that upon Pretence of learning Men and Things, is a Case of an extraordinary Nature, and carries on it a particular Stamp of Folly. I did not remember to have met with its Parallel within the Compass of my Observation, tho' I could call to mind some not extremely unlike it: From hence my Thoughts took Occasion to ramble into the general Notion of Travelling, as it is now made a Part of Education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a Lad from Grammar and Taw, and under the Tuition of some poor Scholar, who is willing to be banished for thirty Pounds a Year, and a little Victuals, send him crying and sniveling into foreign Countries. Thus he spends his Time as Children
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do at Puppet-Shows, and with much the same Advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing Variety of strange Things; strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the Reasons and Meaning of them; while he should be laying the solid Foundations of Knowledge in his Mind, and furnishing it with just Rules to direct his future Progress in Life under some skilful Masters of the Art of Instruction.

Can there be a more astonishing Thought in Nature, than to consider how Men should fall into so palpable a Mistake? It is a large Field, and may very well exercise a sprightly Genius; but I don't remember you have yet taken a Turn in it. I wish, Sir, you would make People understand, that *Travel* is really the last Step to be taken in the Institution of Youth; and to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

Certainly the true End of visiting foreign Parts, is to look into their Customs and Policies, and observe in what Particulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd Peculiarities in our Manners, and wear off such awkward Stiffnesses and Affectations in our Behaviour, as possibly may have been contracted from constantly associating with one Nation of Men, by a more free, general, and mixed Conversation. But how can any of these Advantages be attained by one who is a mere Stranger to the Customs and Policies of his native Country, and has not yet fixed in his Mind the first Principles of Manners and Behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy Structure without any Foundation; or, if I may be allowed the Expression, to work a rich Embroidery upon a Cob-web.

Another End of Travelling, which deserves to be consider'd, is the improving our Taste of the best Authors of Antiquity, by seeing the Places where they lived, and of which they wrote; to compare the natural Face of the Country with the Description they have given us, and observe how well the Picture agrees with the Original. This must certainly be a most charming Exercise to the Mind that is rightly turn'd for it; besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient to Morality, if the Person is capable of drawing just Conclusions concerning the Uncertainty of human Things, from the rui-

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nous Alterations Time and Barbarity have brought upon so many Palaces, Cities and whole Countries, which make the most illustrious Figure in History. And this Hint may be not a little improved by examining every little Spot of Ground that we find celebrated as the Scene of some famous Action, or retaining any Footsteps of a *Cato*, *Cicero*, or *Brutus*, or some such great virtuous Man. A nearer View of any such Particular, tho' really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous Mind to an Emulation of their Virtues, and a greater Ardency of Ambition to imitate their bright Examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the Impression. But this I believe you'll hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the Sense and Spirit of the Antients, that they don't yet understand their Language with any Exactness.

But I have wander'd from my Purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond *English* Mother, and Mother's *own* Son, from being shewn a ridiculous Spectacle thro' the most polite Parts of *Europe*. Pray tell them, that tho' to be Sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish Stage-Coach, may perhaps be healthful for the Constitution of the Body, yet it is apt to cause such a Dizziness in young empty Heads, as too often lasts their Life-time.

I am, SIR, your most humble Servant,

Philip Homebred.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 364.

V I R T U E.

THERE are but few Men, who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the Nation or Country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a Kind of Grandeur and Respect, which the meanest and most insignificant Part of Mankind endeavour to procure in the little Circle of their Friends and Acquaintance. The poorest Mechanic, nay the Man who lives upon common Alms, gets him his Set of Admirers, and delights in that Superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some Respects beneath him.

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All Superiority and Pre-eminence that one Man can have over another, may be reduced to the Notion of *Quality*, which considered at large, is either that of Fortune, Body, or Mind. The first is that which consists in Birth, Title, or Riches; and is the most foreign to our Natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three Kinds of Quality. In relation to the Body, Quality arises from Health, Strength, or Beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a Part of ourselves than the former. Quality as it regards the Mind, has its Rise from Knowledge or Virtue; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

As Virtue is the most reasonable and genuine Source of Honour, we generally find in Titles an Intimation of some particular Merit that should recommend Men to the high Stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the Pope; Majesty to Kings; Serenity or Mildness of Temper to Princes; Excellence or Perfection to Ambassadors; Grace to Archbishops; Honour to Peers; Worship or Venerable Behaviour to Magistrates; and Reverence, which is of the same Import as the former, to the inferior Clergy.

The Death-bed shews the Emptiness of Titles in a true Light. A poor dispirited Sinner lies trembling under the Apprehensions of the State he is entering on; and is asked by a grave Attendant how his Holiness does? Another hears himself addressed to under the Title of Highness or Excellency, who lies under such mean Circumstances of Mortality as are the Disgrace of Human Nature. Titles at such a Time look rather like Insults and Mockery than Respect.

The Truth of it is, Honours are in this World under no Regulation; true Quality is neglected, Virtue is oppressed, and Vice triumphant. The last Day will rectify this Disorder, and assign to every one a Station suitable to the Dignity of his Character; Ranks will be then adjusted, and Precedency set right.

Men in Scripture are called *Strangers* and *Sojourners upon Earth*, and Life a *Pilgrimage*. Several Heathen, as well as Christian Authors, under the same Kind of Metaphor, have represented the World as an Inn, which
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was only designed to furnish us with Accommodations in this our Passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our Rest before we come to our Journey's End, and not rather to take care of the Reception we shall there meet, than to fix our Thoughts on the little Conveniencies and Advantages which we enjoy one above another in the Way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another Kind of Allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the Post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a Theatre, where every one has a Part allotted to him. The great Duty which lies upon a Man is to act his Part in Perfection. We may indeed say, that our Part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this (says the Philosopher) is not our Business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the Part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the Fault is not in us, but in him who has *cast* our several Parts, and is the great Disposer of the Drama.

The Part that was acted by this Philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a Slave. His Motive to Contentment in this Particular, receives a very great Enforcement from the above-mentioned Consideration, if we remember that our Parts in the other World will be *new cast*, and that Mankind will be there ranged in different Stations of Superiority and Pre-eminence, in Proportion as they have here excelled one another in Virtue, and performed in their several Posts of Life the Duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful Passages in the little Apocryphal Book, entitled, *The Wisdom of Solomon*, to set forth the Vanity of Honour, and the like temporal Blessings which are in so great Repute among Men, and to comfort those who have not the Possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble Terms this Advancement of a good Man in the other World, and the great Surprise which it will produce among those who are his Superiors in this. *Then shall the righteous Man stand in great Boldness before the Face of such as have afflicted him, and made no Account of his Labours. When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible Fear, and shall*

shall be amazed at the Strangeness of his Salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they repenting and groaning for Anguish of Spirit, shall say within themselves; This was he whom we had sometime in Derision, and a Proverb of Reproach. We Fools accounted his Life Madness, and his End to be without Honour. How is he numbered among the Children of God, and his Lot is among the Saints!

If the Reader would see the Description of a Life that is passed away in Vanity, and among the Shadows of Pomp and Greatness, he may see it finely drawn in the same Place. In the mean time, since it is necessary in the present Constitution of Things, that Order and Distinction should be kept in the World, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper Stations in it, would endeavour to surpass others in Virtue, as much as in Rank, and by their Humanity and Condescension make their Superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner Posts of Life, would consider how they may better their Condition hereafter, and by a just Deference and Submission to their Superiors, make them happy in those Blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 219.

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

WHEN I am in a serious Humour, I very often walk by myself in *Westminster-Abbey*; where the Gloominess of the Place, and the Use to which it is applied, with the Solemnity of the Building, and the Condition of the People who lie in it, are apt to fill the Mind with a kind of Melancholy, or rather Thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I Yesterday passed a whole Afternoon in the Church-yard, the Cloisters, and the Church, amusing myself with the Tombstones and Inscriptions that I meet with in those several Regions of the Dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried Person, but that he was born upon one Day and died upon another: The whole History of his Life being com-
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prehended in those two Circumstances, that are common to all Mankind. I could not but look upon those Registers of Existence, whether of Brass or Marble, as a kind of Satyr upon the departed Persons; who had left no other Memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died.

Upon my going into the Church, I entertained myself with the digging of a Grave; and saw in every Shovelful of it that was thrown up, the Fragment of a Bone or Skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering Earth that some time or other had a Place in the Composition of an human Body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of People lay confused together under the Pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Priests and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common Mass; how Beauty, Strength, and Youth, with Old Age, Weakness, and Deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous Heap of Matter.

After having thus surveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were in the Lump; I examined it more particularly by the Accounts which I found on several of the Monuments which are raised in every Quarter of that antient Fabrick. Some of them were covered with such extravagant Epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead Person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the Praises which his Friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively Modest, that they deliver the Character of the Person departed in *Greek* or *Hebrew*, and by that Means are not understood once in a Twelve-month. In the poetical Quarter, I found there were Poets who had no Monuments, and Monuments who had no Poets; I observed indeed that the present war had filled the Church with many of these uninhabited Monuments which had been erected to the Memory of Persons whose Bodies were perhaps buried in the Plains of *Blenheim*, or in the Bosom of the Ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern Epitaphs, which are written with great Elegance of Expression and Justness of Thought, and therefore do Honour to the Living as well as to the Dead. As a
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Foreigner is very apt to conceive an Idea of the Ignorance or Politeness of a Nation from the Turn of their public Monuments and Inscriptions, they should be submitted to the Perusal of Men of Learning and Genius before they are put in Execution. Sir *Cloudefley Shovel's* Monument has very often given me great Offence: Instead of the brave rough *English* Admiral, which was the distinguishing Character of that plain gallant Man, he is represented on his Tomb by the Figure of a Beau, dressed in a long Perriwig, and reposing himself upon Velvet Cushions under a Canopy of State. The Inscription is answerable to the Monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable Actions he had performed in the Service of his Country, it acquaints us only with the Manner of his Death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any Honour. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to despise for want of Genius, shew an infinitely greater Taste of Antiquity and Politeness in their Buildings and Works of this Nature, than what we meet with in those of our own Country. The Monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the public Expence, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral Crowns and naval Ornaments, with beautiful Festoons of Sea-weed, Shells, and Coral.

But to return to our Subject, I have left the Repository of our *English* Kings for the Contemplation of another Day, when I shall find my Mind disposed for so serious an Amusement. I know that Entertainments of this Nature are apt to raise dark and dismal Thoughts in timorous Minds, and gloomy Imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a View of Nature in her deep and Solemn Scenes, with the same Pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this Means I can improve myself with those Objects, which others consider with Terror. When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, every Emotion of Envy dies in me; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate Desire goes out; when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tomb stone, my Heart melts with Compassion; when I see the Tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the Vanity of grieving
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for these whom we must quickly follow: When I see Kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival Wits placed Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Contests and Disputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Astonishment on the little Competitions, Factions, and Debates of Mankind. When I read the several Dates of the Tombs, of some that died Yesterday, and some six hundred Years ago, I consider that great Day when we shall all of us be Contemporaries, and make our Appearance together.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 26.

YARICO, *her Story.*

ARIETTA is visited by all Persons of both Sexes, who have any Pretence to Wit and Gallantry. She is in that Time of Life which is neither affected with the Follies of Youth, or Infirmities of Age; and her Conversation is so mix'd with Gaiety and Prudence, that she is agreeable both to the Young and the Old. Her Behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable: and as she is out of the Track of any amorous or ambitious Pursuits of her own, her Visitants entertain her with Accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their Passions or their interests. I made her a Visit this Afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the Honour of her Acquaintance, by my Friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has prevail'd upon her to admit me sometimes into her Assembly, as a civil inoffensive Man. I found her accompanied with one Person only, a Common-Place Talker, who, upon my Entrance, arose, and after a very slight Civility sat down again; then turning to *Arietta*, pursued his Discourse, which I found was upon the old Topic of Constancy in Love. He went on with great Facility in repeating what he talks every Day of his Life; and with the Ornaments of insignificant Laughs and Gestures enforced his Arguments by Quotations out of Plays and Songs, which allude to the Perjuries of the Fair, and the general Levity of Women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative Way, that he might insult my Silence, and distinguish himself before a Woman

man of *Arietta's* Taste and Understanding. She had often an Inclination to interrupt him, but could find no Opportunity, till the Larum ceased of itself; which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated Story of the *Ephesian* Matron.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious Anger she was in, she replied in the following manner.

Sir, When I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this Subject is, and that the Story you have given us is not quite two Thousand Years old, I cannot but think it a Piece of Presumption to dispute with you. But your Quotations put me in Mind of the Fable of the Lion and the Man. The Man walking with that noble Animal, shewed him, in the Ostentation of Human Superiority, a Sign of a Man killing a Lion. Upon which the Lion said very justly, *We Lions are none of us Painters, else we could shew a hundred Men killed by Lions, for one Lion killed by a Man.* You Men are Writers, and can represent us Women as unbecoming as you please in your Works, while we are unable to return the Injury. Such a Writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated *Petronius*, who invented the pleasant Aggravations of the Frailty of the *Ephesian* Lady, but when we consider this Question between the Sexes, which has been either a Point of Dispute or Raillery ever since there were Men and Women, let us take Facts from plain People, and from such as have not either Ambition or Capacity to embellish their Narrations with any Beauties of Imagination. I was the other Day amusing myself with *Ligon's* Account of *Barbadoes*; and, in Answer to your well-wrought Tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my Memory) out of that honest Traveller, in his fifty fifth Page, the History of *Inkle* and *Yarico*.

Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty Years, embarked in the *Downs* on the good Ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the *West-Indies*, on the 16th of *June*, 1674, in order to improve his Fortune by Trade and Merchandise. Our Adventurer was the third Son of an eminent Citizen, who had taken particular Care to instil into his Mind an early Love of Gain, by making him a perfect Master of Numbers, and consequently giving him a quick View of Loss and Advantage, and

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preventing the natural Impulses of his Passions, by Prepossession towards his Interests. With a Mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a Person every way agreeable, a ruddy Vigour in his Countenance, Strength in his Limbs, with Ringlets of fair Hair loosely flowing on his Shoulders. It happened, in the Course of the Voyage, that the *Achilles*, in some Distress, put into a Creek on the Main of *America*, in Search of Provisions. The Youth, who is the Hero of my Story, among others went ashore on this Occasion. From their first Landing they were observed by a Party of *Indians*, who hid themselves in the Woods for that Purpose. The *English* unadvisedly marched a great Distance from the Shore into the Country, and were intercepted by the Natives, who slew the greatest Number of them. Our Adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a Forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless Part of the Wood, he threw himself, tired, and breathless, on a little Hillock, when an *Indian* Maid rushed from a Thicket behind him. After the first Surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly charmed with the Limbs, Features, and wild Graces of the Naked *American*; the *American* was no less taken with the Dress, Complexion, and Shape of an *European*, covered from Head to Foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his Preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a Cave, where she gave him a delicious Repast of Fruits, and led him to a Stream to slack his Thirst. In the midst of these good Offices, she would sometimes play with his Hair, and delight in the Opposition of its Colour to that of her Fingers: Then open his Bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a Person of Distinction, for she every Day came to him in a different Dress, of the most beautiful Shells, Bugles, and Brèdes. She likewise brought him a great many Spoils, which her other Lovers had presented to her, so that his Cave was richly adorned with all the spotted Skins of Beasts, and most Party-coloured Feathers of Fowls, which that World afforded. To make his Confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the Dusk of the Evening, or by the Favour of Moonlight,

to

to unfrequented Groves and Solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in Safety, and sleep amidst the Falls of Waters, and Melody of Nightingales. Her Part was to watch and hold him awake in her Arms, for fear of her Countrymen, and awake him on Occasions to consult his Safety. In this manner did the Lovers pass away their Time, till they had learned a Language of their own, in which the Voyager communicated to his Mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his Country, where she should be clothed in such Silks as his Waistcoat was made of, and be carried in Houses drawn by Horses, without being exposed to Wind or Weather. All this he promised her the Enjoyment of, without such Fears and Alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender Correspondence these Lovers lived for several Months, when *Yarico*, instructed by her Lover, discovered a Vessel on the Coast to which she made Signals: and in the Night, with the utmost Joy and Satisfaction, accompanied him to a Ship's Crew of his Countrymen, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a Vessel from the Main arrived in that Island, it seems the Planters come to the Shore, where there is an immediate Market of the *Indians* and other Slaves, as with us of Horses and Oxen.

To be short Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *English* Territories, began seriously to reflect upon his Loss of Time, and to weigh with himself how many Days Interest of his Money he had lost during his Stay with *Yarico*. This Thought made the young Man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his Friends of his Voyage. Upon this Consideration, the prudent and frugal young Man sold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* Merchant; notwithstanding that the poor Girl, to incline him to commiserate her Condition, told him that she was with Child by him: But he only made use of that Information, to rise in his Demands upon the Purchaser.

I was so touch'd with this Story (which I think should be always a Counterpart to the *Ephesian* Matron) that I left the Room with Tears in my Eyes; which a Woman of *Arietta's* Good Sense, did, I am sure, take for greater Applause, than any Compliments I could make her.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 11.

F I N I S.

